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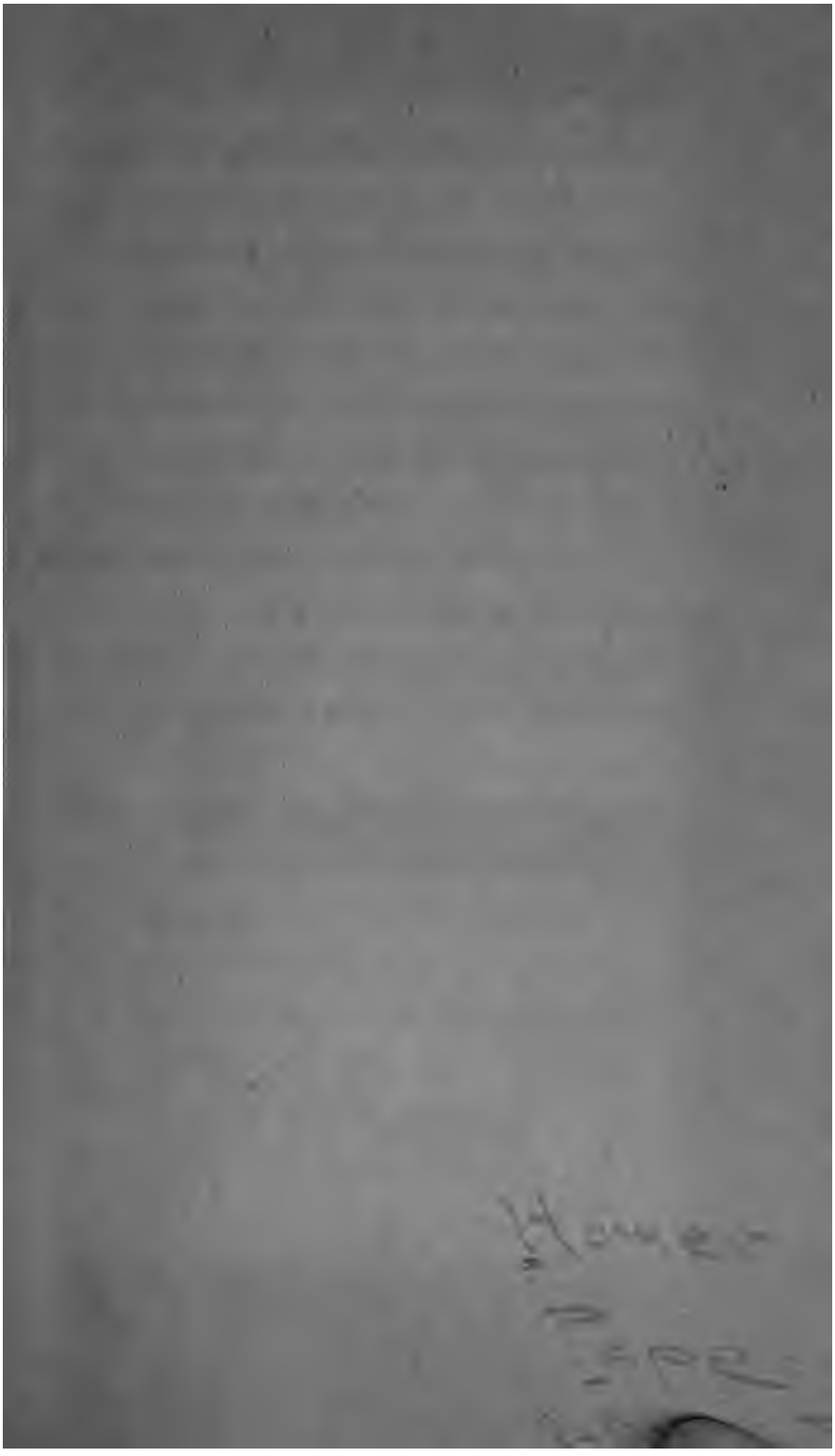

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THE

ILIAD

OF

HOMER.

Tranſlated by

ALEXANDER POPE, Eſq;

——— Sanctos auſus recludere fontes. VIRG.

VOLUME THE FIFTH.

LONDON,

Printed by Charles Rivington,

For T. OSBORNE, C. HITCH and L. HAWES, JOHN RIVINGTON, R. BALDWIN, W. JOHNSTON, J. RICHARDSON, S. CROWDER, P. DAVEY and B. LAW, T. LONGMAN, T. CASLON, T. FIELD, T. POTE, H. WOODGATE and S. BROOKS, S. BAKER, and T. PAYNE.

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THE

SEVENTEENTH BOOK

OF THE

ILIAD.

The ARGUMENT.

The ſeventh battle, for the body of *Patroclus*: the acts of *Menelaus*.

MENELAUS, *upon the death of* Patroclus, *defends his body from the enemy:* Euphorbus *who attempts it, is ſlain.* Hector *advancing*, Menelaus *retires*; *but ſoon returns with* Ajax, *and drives him off. This* Glaucus *objects to* Hector *as a flight, who thereupon puts on the armour he had won from* Patroclus, *and renews the battle. The* Greeks *give way, till* Ajax *rallies them:* Æneas *ſuſtains the* Trojans. Æneas *and* Hector *attempt the chariot of* Achilles, *which is borne off by* Automedon. *The horſes of* Achilles *deplore the loſs of* Patroclus: Jupiter *covers his body with a thick darkneſs: the noble prayer of* Ajax *on that occaſion.* Menelaus *ſends* Antilochus *to* Achilles, *with the news of* Patroclus's *death: then returns to the fight, where, though attacked with the utmoſt fury, he and* Meriones *aſſiſted by the* Ajaxes, *bear off the body to the ſhips.*

The time is the evening of the eight and twentieth day. The ſcene lies in the fields before Troy.

THE

*SEVENTEENTH BOOK

OF THE

ILIAD.

ON the cold earth divine *Patroclus* ſpread,
Lies pierc'd with wounds among the vulgar dead.

* This is the only book of the *Iliad* which is a continued deſcription of a battle, without any digreſſion or epiſode, that ſerves for an interval to refreſh the reader. The heavenly machines too are fewer than in any other. *Homer* ſeems to have truſted wholly to the force of his own genius, as ſufficient to ſupport him, whatſoever lengths he was carried by it. But that ſpirit which animates the original, is what I am ſenſible evaporates ſo much in my hands; that, though I cannot think my author tedious, I ſhould have made him ſeem

Great *Menelaüs*, touch'd with gen'rous woe,
Springs to the front, and guards him from the foe:
Thus round her new-fall'n young the heifer moves,
Fruit of her throes, and firſt-born of her loves; 6

ſo, if I had not tranſlated this book with all poſſible conciſeneſs. I hope there is nothing material omitted, though the verſion conſiſts but of ſixty-five lines more than the original.

However, one may obſerve there are more turns of fortune, more defeats, more rallyings, more accidents in this battle, than in any other; becauſe it was to be the laſt wherein the *Greeks* and *Trojans* were upon equal terms, before the return of *Achilles:* and beſides, all this ſerves to introduce the chief hero with the greater pomp and dignity.

ỳ. 3. *Great* Menelaüs —] The poet here takes occaſion to clear *Menelaus* from the imputations of idle and effeminate, caſt on him in ſome Parts of the Poem; he ſets him in the front of the army, expoſing himſelf to dangers in defending the body of *Patroclus*, and gives him the conqueſt of *Euphorbus*, who had the firſt hand in his death. He is repreſented as the foremoſt who appears in his defence, not only as one of a like diſpoſition of mind with *Patroclus*, a kind and generous friend; but as being more immediately concerned in honour to protect from injuries the body of a hero that fell in his cauſe. *Euſtathius.* See the Note on *ỳ.* 271. of the third book.

ỳ. 5. *Thus round her new-fall'n young*, &c.] In this compariſon, as *Euſtathius* has very well obſerved, the Poet accommodating himſelf to the occaſion, means only to deſcribe the affection *Menelaus* had for *Patroclus*, and the manner in which he preſented himſelf to defend his body: and this compariſon is ſo much the more juſt and agreeable, as *Menelaus* was a Prince full of goodneſs and mildneſs. He muſt have little ſenſe or knowledge in poetry, who thinks that it ought to be ſuppreſſed. It is true, we ſhould not uſe it now-a-days,

And anxious, (helpleſs as he lies, and bare)
Turns, and re-turns her, with a mother's care.
Oppoſs'd to each that near the carcaſe came,
His broad ſhield glimmers, and his lances flame.

by reaſon of the low ideas we have of the animals from which it is derived; but thoſe not being the ideas of *Homer*'s time, they could not hinder him from making a proper uſe of ſuch a compariſon. *Dacier.*

ỳ. 5. *Thus round her new-fall'n young*, &c.] It ſeems to me remarkable, that the ſeveral compariſons to illuſtrate the concern for *Patroclus* are taken from the moſt tender ſentiments of nature. *Achilles*, in the beginning of the ſixteenth book, conſiders him as a child, and himſelf as his mother. The ſorrow of *Menelaus* is here deſcribed as that of a heifer for her young one. Perhaps theſe are deſigned to intimate the excellent temper and goodneſs of *Patroclus*, which is expreſſed in that fine elogy of him in this book, ỳ. 671. Πᾶσιν γὰρ ἐπίστατο μείλιχος εἶναι, *He knew how to be good-natured to all men.* This gave all mankind theſe ſentiments for him, and no doubt the ſame is ſtrongly pointed at by the uncommon concern of the whole army to reſcue his body.

The diſſimilitude of manners between theſe two friends, *Achilles* and *Patroclus*, is very obſervable: ſuch friendſhips are not uncommon, and I have often aſſigned this reaſon for them, that it is natural for men to ſeek the aſſiſtance of thoſe qualities in others which they want themſelves. That is ſtill better if applied to Providence, which aſſociates men of different and contrary qualities, in order to make a more perfect ſyſtem. But, whatever is cuſtomary in nature, *Homer* had a good poetical reaſon for it; for it affords many incidents to illuſtrate the manners of them both more ſtrongly; and is what they call a contraſt in painting.

The ſon of *Panthus* ſkill'd the dart to ſend,
Eyes the dead hero, and inſults the friend.
This hand, *Atrides*, laid *Patroclus* low;
Warriour! deſiſt, nor tempt an equal blow:
To me the ſpoils my proweſs won, reſign;
Depart with life, and leave the glory mine.
The *Trojan* thus: the *Spartan* monarch burn'd
With gen'rous anguiſh, and in ſcorn return'd.
Laugh'ſt thou not, *Jove!* from thy ſuperiour throne,
When mortals boaſt of proweſs not their own?
Not thus the lion glories in his might,
Nor panther braves his ſpotted foe in fight,

℣. 11. *The ſon of* Panthus.] The conduct of *Homer* is admirable, in bringing *Euphorbus* and *Menelaus* together upon this occaſion; for hardly any thing but ſuch a ſignal revenge for the death of his brother, could have made *Euphorbus* ſtand the encounter. *Menelaus* putting him in mind of the death of his brother, gives occaſion (I think) to one of the fineſt anſwers in all *Homer*; in which the inſolence of *Menelaus* is retorted in a way to draw pity from every reader; and I believe there is hardly one, after ſuch a ſpeech, that would not wiſh *Euphorbus* had the better of *Menelaus*: a writer of Romances would not have failed to have given *Euphorbus* the victory. But however, it was fitter to make *Menelaus*, who had received the greateſt injury, do the moſt revengeful actions.

Nor thus the boar (thoſe terrours of the plain)
Man only vaunts his force, and vaunts in vain.
But far the vaineſt of the boaſtful kind
Theſe ſons of *Panthus* vent their haughty mind.
Yet 'twas but late, beneath my conqu'ring ſteel
This boaſter's brother, *Hyperenor*, fell,
Againſt our arm which raſhly he defy'd,
Vain was his vigour, and as vain his pride.
Theſe eyes beheld him on the duſt expire,
No more to chear his ſpouſe, or glad his ſire.
Preſumptuous youth! like his ſhall be thy doom,
Go, wait thy brother to the *Stygian* gloom;
Or while thou may'ſt, avoid the threaten'd fate;
Fools ſtay to feel it, and are wiſe too late.

Unmov'd, *Euphorbus* thus: That action known,
Come, for my brother's blood repay thy own.
His weeping father claims thy deſtin'd head,
And ſpouſe, a widow in her bridal bed.
On theſe thy conquer'd ſpoils I ſhall beſtow,
To ſoothe a conſort's and a parent's woe.
No longer then defer the glorious ſtrife,
Let heav'n decide our fortune, fame, and life.

Swift as the word the miſſile lance he flings,
The well-aim'd weapon on the buckler rings,
But blunted by the braſs innoxious falls.
On *Jove* the father, great *Atrides* calls,
Nor flies the jav'lin from his arm in vain,
It pierc'd his throat, and bent him to the plain;
Wide thro' the neck appears the griſly wound,
Prone ſinks the warriour, and his arms reſound.
The ſhining circlets of his golden hair,
Which ev'n the Graces might be proud to wear,
Inſtarr'd with gems and gold, beſtrow the ſhore,
With duſt diſhonour'd, and deform'd with gore.

As the young olive, in ſome ſilvan ſcene,
Crown'd by freſh fountains with eternal green,

℣. 55. *Inſtarr'd with gems and gold.*] We have ſeen here a *Trojan* who uſed gold and ſilver to adorn his hair; which made *Pliny* ſay, that he doubted whether the women were the firſt that uſed thoſe ornaments. *Eſt quidem apud eundem* [Homerum] *virorum crinibus aurum implexum, ideo neſcio an prior uſus à fœminis cœperit.* lib. xxxiii. cap. 1. He might likewiſe have ſtrengthened his doubt by the cuſtom of the *Athenians*, who put into their hair little graſhoppers of gold. *Dacier.*

℣. 57. *As the young olive*, &c.] This exquiſite ſimile finely illuſtrates the beauty and ſudden fall of *Euphorbus*, in which the alluſion to that circumſtance of his comely hair is peculiarly happy. *Porphyry* and *Jamblicus* acquaint us of the particular affection *Pythagoras* had for theſe verſes, which he ſet

Lifts the gay head, in ſnowy flow'rets fair,
And plays and dances to the gentle air;
When lo! a whirlwind from high heav'n invades
The tender plant, and withers all its ſhades;
It lies uprooted from its genial bed,
A lovely ruin now defac'd and dead.
Thus young, thus beautiful, *Euphorbus* lay,
While the fierce *Spartan* tore his arms away.
Proud of his deed, and glorious in the prize,
Affrighted *Troy* the tow'ring victor flies:

to the harp, and uſed to repeat as his own *Epicedion*. Perhaps it was his fondneſs of them, which put it into his head to ſay, that his ſoul tranſmigrated to him from this hero. However it was, this conceit of *Pythagoras* is famous in antiquity, and has given occaſion to a dialogue in *Lucian* entitled *The Cock*, which is, I think, the fineſt piece of that author.

℣. 65. *Thus young, thus beautiful* Euphorbus *lay.*] This is the only *Trojan* whoſe death the Poet laments, that he might do the more honour to *Patroclus*, his hero's friend. The compariſon here uſed is very proper, for the olive always preſerves its beauty. But where the Poet ſpeaks of the *Lapithæ*, a hardy and warlike people, he compares them to *Oaks*, that ſtand unmoved in ſtorms and tempeſts; and where *Hector* falls by *Ajax*, he likens him to an *Oak* ſtruck down by *Jove*'s thunder. Juſt after this ſoft compariſon upon the beauty of *Euphorbus*, he paſſes to another full of ſtrength and terrour, that of the lion. *Euſtathius.*

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OF THE

ILIAD.

Still would we turn, ſtill battle on the plains,
And give *Achilles* all that yet remains
Of his and our *Patroclus* — This, no more,
The time allow'd: *Troy* thicken'd on the ſhore,
A fable ſcene! The terrours *Hector* led.
Slow he recedes, and ſighing, quits the dead.

So from the fold th' unwilling lion parts,
Forc'd by loud clamours, and a ſtorm of darts;
He flies indeed, but threatens as he flies,
With heart indignant and retorted eyes.
Now enter'd in the *Spartan* ranks, he turn'd
His manly breaſt, and with new fury burn'd,
O'er all the black battalions ſent his view,
And thro' the cloud the god-like *Ajax* knew;

ruſhing upon him, would not retire if *Apollo* did not ſupport them; and though *Apollo* does ſupport them, he would oppoſe even *Apollo*, were *Ajax* but near him. This is glorious for *Menelaus*, and yet more glorious for *Ajax*, and very ſuitable to his character; for *Ajax* was the braveſt of the *Greeks*, next to *Achilles*. *Dacier*. *Euſtathius*.

ỳ. 117. *So from the fold th' unwilling lion.*] The beauty of the retreat of *Menelaus* is worthy notice. *Homer* is a great obſerver of natural imagery, that brings the thing repreſented before our view. It is indeed true, that lions, tygers, and beaſts of prey are the only objects that can properly repreſent warriours; and therefore it is no wonder they are ſo often introduced: the inanimate things, as floods, fires, and ſtorms, are the beſt, and only images of battles.

Where lab'ring on the left the warriour ſtood,
All grim in arms, and cover'd o'er with blood,
There breathing courage, where the God of day
Had ſunk each heart with terrour and diſmay.
To him the King. Oh *Ajax*, oh my friend;
Haſte, and *Patroclus*' lov'd remains defend:
The body to *Achilles* to reſtore,
Demands our care; alas, we can no more!
For naked now, deſpoil'd of arms he lies;
And *Hector* glories in the dazling prize.
He ſaid, and touch'd his heart. The raging pair
Pierce the thick battle, and provoke the war.
Already had ſtern *Hector* ſeiz'd his head,
And doom'd to *Trojan* dogs th' unhappy dead;
But ſoon (as *Ajax* rear'd his tow'r-like ſhield,)
Sprung to his car, and meaſur'd back the field.

℣. 137. *Already had ſtern* Hector, *&c.*] *Homer* takes care, ſo long before hand, to leſſen in his reader's mind the horrour he may conceive from the cruelty that *Achilles* will exerciſe upon the body of *Hector*. That cruelty will be only the puniſhment of this which *Hector* here exerciſes upon the body of *Patroclus*; he drags him, he deſigns to cut off his head, and to leave his body upon the ramparts, expoſed to dogs and birds of prey. *Euſtathius.*

His train to *Troy* the radiant armour bear,
To ſtand a trophy of his fame in war.
Meanwhile great *Ajax* (his broad ſhield diſplay'd)
Guards the dead hero with the dreadful ſhade;
And now before, and now behind he ſtood:
Thus in the center of ſome gloomy wood,
With many a ſtep the lioneſs ſurrounds
Her tawny young, beſet by men and hounds;
Elate her heart, and rouſing all her pow'rs,
Dark o'er the fiery balls each hanging eye-brow low'rs.
Faſt by his ſide, the gen'rous *Spartan* glows
With great revenge, and feeds his inward woes.
But *Glaucus*, leader of the *Lycian* aids,
On *Hector* frowning, thus his flight upbraids.
Where now in *Hector* ſhall we *Hector* find?
A manly form, without a manly mind.
Is this, O Chief! a hero's boaſted fame?
How vain, without the merit, is the name?
Since battle is renounc'd, thy thoughts employ
What other methods may preſerve thy *Troy*:

'Tis time to try if *Ilion*'s ſtate can ſtand
By thee alone, nor aſk a foreign hand;
Mean, empty boaſt! but ſhall the *Lycians* ſtake
Their lives for you? thoſe *Lycians* you forſake?
What from thy thankleſs arms can we expect?
Thy friend *Sarpedon* proves thy baſe neglect:
Say, ſhall our ſlaughter'd bodies guard your walls,
While unreveng'd the great *Sarpedon* falls?
Ev'n where he dy'd for *Troy*, you left him there,
A feaſt for dogs, and all the fowls of air.
On my command if any *Lycian* wait,
Hence let him march, and give up *Troy* to fate.
Did ſuch a ſpirit as the Gods impart
Impel one *Trojan* hand, or *Trojan* heart;
(Such, as ſhou'd burn in ev'ry ſoul, that draws
The ſword for glory, and his country's cauſe)
Ev'n yet our mutual arms we might employ,
And drag yon' carcaſe to the walls of *Troy*.

℣. 169. *You left him there A feaſt for dogs.*] It was highly diſhonourable in *Hector* to forſake the body of a friend and gueſt, and againſt the laws of *Jupiter Xenius*, or *Hoſpitalis*. For *Glaucus* knew nothing of *Sarpedon*'s being honoured with burial by the Gods, and ſent embalmed into *Lycia*. *Euſtathius*.

Oh! were *Patroclus* ours, we might obtain
Sarpedon's arms, and honour'd corſe again!
Greece with *Achilles*' friend ſhould be repaid,
And thus due honours purchas'd to his ſhade.
But words are vain — Let *Ajax* once appear,
And *Hector* trembles and recedes with fear;
Thou dar'ſt not meet the terrours of his eye;
And lo! already thou prepar'ſt to fly.

The *Trojan* chief with fix'd reſentment ey'd
The *Lycian* leader, and ſedate reply'd.

Say, is it juſt (my friend) that *Hector*'s ear
From ſuch a warriour ſuch a ſpeech ſhould hear?
I deem'd thee once the wiſeſt of thy kind,
But ill this inſult ſuits a prudent mind.
I ſhun great *Ajax*? I deſert my train?
'Tis mine to prove the raſh aſſertion vain;
I joy to mingle where the battle bleeds,
And hear the thunder of the ſounding ſteeds.

℣. 193. *I ſhun great* Ajax?] *Hector* takes no notice of the affronts that *Glaucus* had thrown upon him, as knowing he had in ſome reſpect a juſt cauſe to be angry; but he cannot put up what he had ſaid of his fearing *Ajax*, to which part he only replies: this is very agreeable to his heroick character. *Euſtathius.*

But *Jove*'s high will is ever uncontroll'd,
The ſtrong he withers, and confounds the bold;
Now crowns with fame the mighty man, and now
Strikes the freſh garland from the victor's brow!
Come, thro' yon' ſquadrons let us hew the way,
And thou be witneſs, if I fear to-day;
If yet a *Greek* the ſight of *Hector* dread,
Or yet their hero dare defend the dead.
Then turning to the martial hoſts, he cries,
Ye *Trojans*, *Dardans*, *Lycians*, and Allies!
Be men (my friends) in action as in name,
And yet be mindful of your ancient fame.
Hector in proud *Achilles*' arms ſhall ſhine,
Torn from his friend, by right of conqueſt mine.

℣. 209. Hector *in proud* Achilles' *arms ſhall ſhine.*] The ancients have obſerved that *Homer* cauſes the arms of *Achilles* to fall into *Hector*'s power, to equal in ſome ſort thoſe two heroes, in the battle wherein he is going to engage them. Otherwiſe it might be urged, that *Achilles* could not have killed *Hector* without the advantage of having his armour made by the hand of a God, whereas *Hector*'s was only of the hand of a mortal; but ſince both were clad in armour made by *Vulcan*, *Achilles*'s victory will be compleat, and in its full luſtre. Beſides this reaſon (which is for neceſſity and probability) there is alſo another, for ornament; for *Homer* here prepares to introduce that beautiful Epiſode of the divine armour, which *Vulcan* makes for *Achilles*. *Euſtathius*.

Swift as the word the miſſile lance he flings,
The well-aim'd weapon on the buckler rings,
But blunted by the braſs innoxious falls.
On *Jove* the father, great *Atrides* calls,
Nor flies the jav'lin from his arm in vain,
It pierc'd his throat, and bent him to the plain;
Wide thro' the neck appears the griſly wound,
Prone ſinks the warriour, and his arms reſound.
The ſhining circlets of his golden hair,
Which ev'n the Graces might be proud to wear,
Inſtarr'd with gems and gold, beſtrow the ſhore,
With duſt diſhonour'd, and deform'd with gore.
As the young olive, in ſome ſilvan ſcene,
Crown'd by freſh fountains with eternal green,

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Thus young, thus beautiful, *Euphorbus* lay,
While the fierce *Spartan* tore his arms away.
Proud of his deed, and glorious in the prize,
Affrighted *Troy* the tow'ring victor flies:

to the harp, and used to repeat as his own *Epicedion*. Perhaps it was his fondness of them, which put it into his head to say, that his soul transmigrated to him from this hero. However it was, this conceit of *Pythagoras* is famous in antiquity, and has given occasion to a dialogue in *Lucian* entitled *The Cock*, which is, I think, the finest piece of that author.

℣. 65. *Thus young, thus beautiful* Euphorbus *lay.*] This is the only *Trojan* whose death the Poet laments, that he might do the more honour to *Patroclus*, his hero's friend. The comparison here used is very proper, for the olive always preserves its beauty. But where the Poet speaks of the *Lapithæ*, a hardy and warlike people, he compares them to *Oaks*, that stand unmoved in storms and tempests; and where *Hector* falls by *Ajax*, he likens him to an *Oak* struck down by *Jove*'s thunder. Just after this soft comparison upon the beauty of *Euphorbus*, he passes to another full of strength and terrour, that of the lion. *Eustathius.*

In heav'nly Panoply divinely bright
Thou ſtand'ſt, and armies tremble at thy ſight,
As at *Achilles* ſelf! beneath thy dart
Lies ſlain the great *Achilles*' dearer part:
Thou from the mighty dead thoſe arms haſt torn,
Which once the greateſt of mankind had worn.
Yet live! I give thee one illuſtrious day,
A blaze of glory e'er thou fad'ſt away.
For ah! no more *Andromache* ſhall come,
With joyful tears to welcome *Hector* home;
No more officious, with endearing charms,
From thy tir'd limbs unbrace *Pelides*' arms!
Then with his ſable brow he gave the Nod,
That ſeals his word; the ſanction of the God.
The ſtubborn arms (by *Jove*'s command diſpos'd)
Conform'd ſpontaneous, and around him clos'd;

ſtance of *Andromache*'s diſappointment, when ſhe ſhall no more receive her hero glorious from the battle, in the armour of his conquered enemy!

℣. 247. *The ſtubborn arms*, &c.] The words are,

Ἦ, καὶ κυανέῃσιν ἐπ' ὀφρύσι νεῦσε Κρονίων,
Ἑκτορι δ' ἥρμοσε τεύχε' ἐπὶ χροΐ.

If we give ἥρμοσε a paſſive ſignification, it will be, the arms fitted *Hector*; but if an active (as thoſe take it who would put

Fill'd with the God, enlarg'd his members grew,
Thro' all his veins a ſudden vigour flew,
The blood in briſker tides began to roll,
And *Mars* himſelf came ruſhing on his ſoul.
Exhorting loud thro' all the field he ſtrode,
And look'd, and mov'd, *Achilles*, or a God.
Now *Meſthles*, *Glaucus*, *Medon* he inſpires,
Now *Phorcys*, *Chromius*, and *Hippothous* fires;
The great *Therſilochus* like fury found,
Aſteropæus kindled at the ſound,
And *Ennomus*, in augury renown'd.
Hear all ye hoſts, and hear, unnumber'd bands
Of neighb'ring nations, or of diſtant lands!

a greater difference between *Hector* and *Achilles*) then it belongs to *Jupiter*; and the ſenſe will be, *Jupiter* made the arms fit for him, which were too large before: I have choſen the laſt as the more poetical ſenſe.

ỳ. 260. *Unnumber'd bands of neighb'ring nations.*] *Euſtathius* has very well explained the artifice of this ſpeech of *Hector*, who indirectly anſwers all *Glaucus*'s invectives, and humbles his vanity. *Glaucus* had juſt ſpoken as if the *Lycians* were the only allies of *Troy*; and *Hector* here ſpeaks of the numerous troops of different nations, which he expreſly deſigns by calling them borderers upon his kingdom, thereby in ſome manner to exclude the *Lycians*, who were of a country more remote; as if he did not vouchſafe to reckon them. He afterwards confutes what *Glaucus* ſaid, "That if the *Lycians* would take "his advice, they would return home;" for he gives them

'Twas not for ſtate we ſummon'd you ſo far,
To boaſt our numbers, and the pomp of war;
Ye came to fight; a valiant foe to chaſe,
To ſave our preſent, and our future race.
For this, our wealth, our products you enjoy,
And glean the relicks of exhauſted *Troy*.
Now then to conquer or to die prepare,
To die or conquer, are the terms of war.
Whatever hand ſhall win *Patroclus* ſlain,
Whoe'er ſhall drag him to the *Trojan* train,
With *Hector*'s ſelf ſhall equal honours claim;
With *Hector* part the ſpoil, and ſhare the fame.
Fir'd by his words, the troops diſmiſs their fears,
They join, they thicken, they protend their ſpears;
Full on the *Greeks* they drive in firm array,
And each from *Ajax* hopes the glorious prey:
Vain hope! what numbers ſhall the field o'erſpread,
What victims periſh round the mighty dead?
Great *Ajax* mark'd the growing ſtorm from far,
And thus beſpoke his brother of the war.

to underſtand, that being hired troops, they are obliged to perform their bargain, and to fight till the war is at an end. *Dacier.*

Our fatal day, alas! is come (my friend)
And all our wars and glories at an end!
'Tis not this corſe alone we guard in vain,
Condemn'd to vultures on the *Trojan* plain;
We too muſt yield: the ſame ſad fate muſt fall
On thee, on me, perhaps (my friend) on all.
See what a tempeſt direful *Hector* ſpreads,
And lo! it burſts, it thunders on our heads!
Call on our *Greeks*, if any hear the call,
The braveſt *Greeks*: this hour demands them all.
The warriour rais'd his voice, and wide around
The field re-echo'd the diſtreſsful ſound.
Oh chiefs! oh princes! to whoſe hand is giv'n
The rule of men; whoſe glory is from heav'n!
Whom with due honours both *Atrides* grace:
Ye guides and guardians of our *Argive* race!

ỳ. 290. *Call on our* Greeks.] *Euſtathius* gives three reaſons why *Ajax* bids *Menelaus* call the *Greeks* to their aſſiſtance; inſtead of calling them himſelf. He might be aſhamed to do it, leſt it ſhould look like fear, and turn to his diſhonour: or the chiefs were more likely to obey *Menelaus*: or he had too much buſineſs of the war upon his hands, and wanted leiſure more than the other.

All, whom this well-known voice ſhall reach
from far,
All, whom I ſee not thro' this cloud of war;
Come all! let gen'rous rage your arms employ,
And ſave *Patroclus* from the dogs of *Troy*.
Oïlean Ajax firſt the voice obey'd,
Swift was his pace and ready was his aid;
Next him *Idomeneus*, more ſlow with age,
And *Merion*, burning with a hero's rage.
The long-ſucceeding numbers who can name?
But all were *Greeks*, and eager all for fame.
Fierce to the charge great *Hector* led the throng;
Whole *Troy* embodied, ruſh'd with ſhouts along.
Thus, when a mountain-billow foams and raves,
Where ſome ſwoln river diſembogues his waves,
Full in the mouth is ſtopp'd the ruſhing tide,
The boiling ocean works from ſide to ſide,
The river trembles to his utmoſt ſhore,
And diſtant rocks rebellow to the roar.

ỳ. 302. Oïlean Ajax *firſt.*] *Ajax Oïleus* (ſays *Euſtathius*) is the firſt that comes, being brought by his love to the other *Ajax*, as it is natural for one friend to fly to the aſſiſtance of another: to which we may add, he might very probably come firſt, becauſe he was the ſwifteſt of all the heroes.

Nor leſs reſolv'd, the firm *Achaian* band
With brazen ſhields in horrid circle ſtand:
Jove, pouring darkneſs o'er the mingled fight,
Conceals the warriours ſhining helms in Night:
To him, the chief for whom the hoſts contend,
Had liv'd not hateful, for he liv'd a Friend:
Dead he protects him with ſuperiour care,
Nor dooms his carcaſe to the birds of air.

The firſt attack the *Grecians* ſcarce ſuſtain,
Repuls'd, they yield; the *Trojans* ſeize the ſlain:
Then fierce they rally, to revenge led on
By the ſwift rage of *Ajax Telamon*.
(*Ajax* to *Peleus'* ſon the ſecond name,
In graceful ſtature next, and next in fame.)
With headlong force the foremoſt ranks he tore;
So thro' the thicket burſts the mountain-boar,

ỳ. 318. Jove *pouring darkneſs.*] *Homer*, who in all his former deſcriptions of battles is ſo fond of mentioning the luſtre of the arms, here ſhades them in darkneſs; perhaps alluding to the clouds of duſt that were raiſed; or to the throng of combatants: or elſe to denote the loſs of *Greece* in *Patroclus*; or laſtly, that as the heavens had mourned *Sarpedon* in ſhowers of blood, ſo they might *Patroclus* in clouds of darkneſs. *Euſtathius.*

And rudely ſcatters, far to diſtance round,
The frighted hunter and the baying hound.
The ſon of *Lethus*, brave *Pelaſgus*' heir,
Hippothous, dragg'd the carcaſe thro' the war;
The ſinewy ancles bor'd, the feet he bound
With thongs, inſerted thro' the double wound:
Inevitable fate o'ertakes the deed;
Doom'd by great *Ajax*' vengeful lance to bleed;
It cleft the helmet's brazen cheeks in twain;
The ſhatter'd creſt, and horſe-hair ſtrow the plain:
With nerves relax'd he tumbles to the ground:
The brain comes guſhing thro' the ghaſtly wound:
He drops *Patroclus*' foot, and o'er him ſpread
Now lies, a ſad companion of the dead:
Far from *Lariſſa* lies, his native air,
And ill requites his parent's tender care.
Lamented youth! in life's firſt bloom he fell,
Sent by great *Ajax* to the ſhades of hell.

Once more at *Ajax*, *Hector*'s jav'lin flies;
The *Grecian* marking as it cut the ſkies,
Shunn'd the deſcending death; which hiſſing on,
Stretch'd in the duſt the great *Iphytus*' ſon,

Schedius the brave, of all the *Phocian* kind
The boldeſt warriour, and the nobleſt mind:
In little *Panope* for ſtrength renown'd,
He held his ſeat, and rul'd the realms around.
Plung'd in his throat, the weapon drank his blood,
And deep tranſpiercing, thro' the ſhoulder ſtood;
In clanging arms the hero fell, and all
The fields reſounded with his weighty fall.
Phorcys, as ſlain *Hippothous* he defends,
The *Telamonian* lance his belly rends;
The hollow armour burſt before the ſtroke,
And thro' the wound the ruſhing entrails broke.
In ſtrong convulſions panting on the ſands
He lies, and graſps the duſt with dying hands.

ỳ. 356. Panope *renown'd.*] *Panope* was a ſmall town twenty *ſtadia* from *Chæronea*, on the ſide of mount *Parnaſſus*, and it is hard to know why *Homer* gives it the epithet of *renown'd*, and makes it the reſidence of *Schedius*, King of the *Phocians*; when it was but nine hundred paces in circuit, and had no palace, nor gymnaſium, nor theatre, nor market, nor fountain; nothing in ſhort that ought to have been in a town which is the reſidence of a King. *Pauſanias* (in *Phocic.*) gives the reaſon of it; he ſays, that as *Phocis* was expoſed on that ſide to the inroads of the *Bæotians*, *Schedius* made uſe of *Panope* as a ſort of citadel, or place of arms. *Dacier.*

Struck at the ſight, recede the *Trojan* train:
The ſhouting *Argives* ſtrip the heroes ſlain.
And now had *Troy*, by *Greece* compell'd to yield,
Fled to her ramparts, and reſign'd the field;
Greece, in her native fortitude elate,
With *Jove* averſe, had turn'd the ſcale of fate:
But *Phœbus* urg'd *Æneas* to the fight;
He ſeem'd like aged *Periphas* to fight:
(A herald in *Anchiſes'* love grown old,
Rever'd for prudence; and with prudence, bold.)
Thus he — what methods yet, oh chief! remain,
To ſave your *Troy*, tho' heav'n its fall ordain?
There have been heroes, who by virtuous care,
By valour, numbers, and by arts of war,
Have forc'd the pow'rs to ſpare a ſinking ſtate,
And gain'd at length the glorious odds of fate.
But you, when fortune ſmiles, when *Jove* declares
His partial favour, and aſſiſts your wars,

℣. 375. *He ſeem'd like aged* Periphas.] The ſpeech of *Periphas* to *Æneas* hints at the double fate, and the neceſſity of means. It is much like that of St. *Paul*, after he was promiſed that no body ſhould periſh; he ſays, *Except theſe abide, ye cannot be ſaved.*

Your ſhameful efforts 'gainſt yourſelves employ,
And force th' unwilling God to ruin *Troy*.
Æneas thro' the form aſſum'd deſcries
The pow'r conceal'd, and thus to *Hector* cries.
Oh laſting ſhame! to our own fears a prey,
We ſeek our ramparts, and deſert the day.
A God (nor is he leſs) my boſom warms,
And tells me, *Jove* aſſerts the *Trojan* arms.
He ſpoke, and foremoſt to the combat flew:
The bold example all his hoſts purſue.
Then firſt, *Leocritus* beneath him bled,
In vain belov'd by valiant *Lycomede*;
Who view'd his fall, and grieving at the chance,
Swift to revenge it, ſent his angry lance:
The whirling lance, with vig'rous force addreſt,
Deſcends, and pants in *Apiſaon*'s breaſt:
From rich *Pæonia*'s vales the warriour came,
Next thee, *Aſteropeus!* in place and fame.
Aſteropeus with grief beheld the ſlain,
And ruſh'd to combat, but he ruſh'd in vain:
Indiſſolubly firm, around the dead,
Rank within rank, on buckler buckler ſpread,

And hemm'd with briſtled ſpears, the *Grecians* ſtood;
A brazen bulwark, and an iron wood.
Great *Ajax* eyes them with inceſſant care,
And in an orb contracts the crouded war,
Cloſe in their ranks commands to fight or fall,
And ſtands the centre and the ſoul of all:
Fixt on the ſpot they war, and wounded, wound;
A ſanguine torrent ſteeps the reeking ground;
On heaps the *Greeks*, on heaps the *Trojans* bled,
And thick'ning round 'em, riſe the hills of dead.
Greece, in cloſe order, and collected might,
Yet ſuffers leaſt, and ſways the wav'ring fight;
Fierce as conflicting fires, the combat burns,
And now it riſes, now it ſinks by turns.
In one thick darkneſs all the fight was loſt;
The ſun, the moon, and all th' ethereal hoſt

ℽ. 422. *In one thick darkneſs*, &c.] The darkneſs ſpread over the body of *Patroclus* is artful upon ſeveral accounts. Firſt, a fine image of poetry. Next, a token of *Jupiter's* love to a righteous man: but the chief deſign is to protract the action; which, if the *Trojans* had ſeen the ſpot, muſt have been decided one way or other in a very ſhort time. Beſides, the *Trojans* having the better in the action, muſt have ſeized the body contrary to the intention of the author. There are innumerable inſtances of theſe little niceties and particularities of conduct in *Homer*.

Seem'd as extinct: day raviſh'd from their eyes,
And all heav'n's ſplendours blotted from the ſkies.
Such o'er *Patroclus'* body hung the Night,
The reſt in ſunſhine fought, and open light:
Unclouded there, th' aerial azure ſpread,
No vapour reſted on the mountain's head,
The golden ſun pour'd forth a ſtronger ray,
And all the broad expanſion flam'd with day.
Diſpers'd around the plain, by fits they fight,
And here, and there, their ſcatter'd arrows light:
But death and darkneſs o'er the carcaſe ſpread,
There burn'd the war, and there the mighty bled.
Meanwhile the ſons of *Neſtor*, in the rear,
(Their fellows routed) toſs the diſtant ſpear,
And ſkirmiſh wide: ſo *Neſtor* gave command,
When from the ſhips he ſent the *Pylian* band.
The youthful brothers thus for fame contend,
Nor knew the fortune of *Achilles'* friend;

℣. 436. *Meanwhile the ſons of* Neſtor, *in the rear*, &c.] It is not without reaſon *Homer* in this place makes particular mention of the ſons of *Neſtor*. It is to prepare us againſt he ſends one of them to *Achilles*, to tell him the death of his friend.

In thought they view'd him ſtill, with martial joy,
Glorious in arms, and dealing deaths to *Troy*.
But round the corſe, the heroes pant for breath,
And thick and heavy grows the work of death:
O'erlabour'd now, with duſt, and ſweat, and gore,
Their knees, their legs, their feet are cover'd o'er;
Drops follow drops, the clouds on clouds ariſe,
And carnage clogs their hands, and darkneſs fills their eyes.
As when a ſlaughter'd bull's yet reeking hide,
Strain'd with full force, and tugg'd from ſide to ſide,
The brawny curriers ſtretch; and labour o'er,
Th' extended ſurface, drunk with fat and gore;
So tugging round the corpſe both armies ſtood;
The mangled body bath'd in ſweat and blood:
While *Greeks* and *Ilians* equal ſtrength employ,
Now to the ſhips to force it, now to *Troy*.

ỳ. 450. *As when a ſlaughter'd bull's yet reeking hide.*] *Homer* gives us a moſt lively deſcription of their drawing the body on all ſides, and inſtructs in the ancient manner of ſtretching hides, being firſt made ſoft and ſupple with oil. And though this compariſon be one of thoſe mean and humble ones which ſome have objected to, yet it has alſo its admirers for being ſo expreſſive, and for repreſenting to the imagination the moſt ſtrong and exact idea of the ſubject in hand. *Euſtathius.*

Not *Pallas'* ſelf, her breaſt when fury warms,
Nor he, whoſe anger ſets the world in arms,
Could blame this ſcene; ſuch rage, ſuch horrour reign'd;
Such, *Jove* to honour the great dead ordain'd.
Achilles in his ſhips at diſtance lay,
Nor knew the fatal fortune of the day;
He, yet unconſcious of *Patroclus'* fall,
In duſt extended under *Ilion's* wall,
Expects him glorious from the conquer'd plain,
And for his wiſh'd return prepares in vain;
Tho' well he knew, to make proud *Ilion* bend,
Was more than heav'n had deſtin'd to his friend;

℣. 458. *Not* Pallas' *ſelf.*] *Homer* ſays in the original, "*Minerva* could not have found fault, though ſhe were "angry." Upon which *Euſtathius* ingeniouſly obſerves, how common and natural it is for perſons in anger to turn criticks, and find faults where there are none.

℣. 468. — — — *To make proud* Ilion *bend,*
Was more than heav'n had promis'd to his friend:
Perhaps to him: ——]

In theſe words the Poet artfully hints at *Achilles's* death; he makes him not abſolutely to flatter himſelf with the hopes of ever taking *Troy*, in his own perſon; however he does not ſay this expreſly, but paſſes it over as an ungrateful ſubject. *Euſtathius.*

Perhaps to him: this *Thetis* had reveal'd;
The reſt, in pity to her ſon, conceal'd.
Still rag'd the conflict round the hero dead,
And heaps on heaps, by mutual wounds they bled.
Curs'd be the man (ev'n private *Greeks* would ſay)
Who dares deſert this well-diſputed day!
Firſt may the cleaving earth before our eyes
Gape wide, and drink our blood for ſacrifice!
Firſt periſh all, e'er haughty *Troy* ſhall boaſt
We loſt *Patroclus*, and our glory loſt.

℣. 471. *The reſt, in pity to her ſon, conceal'd.*] Here (ſays the ſame author) we have two rules laid down for common uſe. One, not to tell our friends all their miſchances at once, it being often neceſſary to hide part of them, as *Thetis* does from *Achilles:* the other, not to puſh men of courage upon all that is poſſible for them to do. Thus *Achilles*, though he thought *Patroclus* able to drive the *Trojans* back to their gates, yet he does not order him to do ſo much; but only to ſave the ſhips, and beat them back into the field.

Homer's admoniſhing the reader that *Achilles*'s mother had concealed the circumſtance of the death of his friend when ſhe inſtructed him in his fate; and that all he knew, was only that *Troy* could not be taken at that time; this is a great inſtance of his care of the probability, and of his having the whole plan of the Poem at once in his head. For upon the ſuppoſition that *Achilles* was inſtructed in his fate, it was a natural objection, how came he to hazard his friend? If he was ignorant on the other hand of the impoſſibility of *Troy*'s being taken at that time, he might for all he knew, be robbed by his friend (of whoſe valour he had ſo good an opinion) of that glory, which he was unwilling to part with.

Thus they. While with one voice the *Trojans* ſaid,
Grant this day, *Jove!* or heap us on the dead!
Then claſh their ſounding arms; the clangors riſe,
And ſhake the brazen concave of the ſkies.
Meantime, at diſtance from the ſcene of blood,
The penſive ſteeds of great *Achilles* ſtood;

ỳ. 484. *At diſtance from the ſcene of blood.*] If the horſes had not gone aſide out of the war, *Homer* could not have introduced ſo well what he deſigned to their honour. So he makes them weep in ſecret (as their Maſter *Achilles* uſed to do) and afterwards come into the battle, where they are taken notice of and purſued by *Hector*. *Euſtathius*.

ỳ. 485. *The penſive ſteeds of great* Achilles, *&c.*] It adds a great beauty to the poem when inanimate things act like animate. Thus the heavens tremble at *Jupiter*'s nod, the ſea parts itſelf to receive *Neptune*, the groves of *Ida* ſhake beneath *Juno*'s feet, *&c.* As alſo to find animate or brute creatures addreſt to, as if rational: ſo *Hector* encourages his horſes; and one of *Achilles*'s is not only endued with ſpeech, but with foreknowledge of future events. Here they weep for *Patroclus*, and ſtand fixed and immoveable with grief: thus is this hero univerſally mourned, and every thing concurs to lament his loſs. *Euſtathius*.

As to the particular fiction of the horſes weeping, it is countenanced both by naturaliſts and hiſtorians. *Ariſtotle* and *Pliny* write, that theſe animals often deplore their maſters loſt in battle, and even ſhed tears for them. So *Solinus*, cap. 47. *Ælian* relates the like of elephants, when they are carried from their native country, *De Animal.* lib. x. cap. 17. *Sue-*

Their god-like maſter ſlain before their eyes,
They wept, and ſhar'd in human miſeries.
In vain *Automedon* now ſhakes the rein,
Now plies the laſh, and ſoothes and threats in vain;
Nor to the fight, nor *Helleſpont* they go,
Reſtive they ſtood, and obſtinate in woe:
Still as a tomb-ſtone, never to be mov'd,
On ſome good man, or woman unreprov'd
Lays its eternal weight; or fix'd as ſtands
A marble courſer by the ſculptor's hands,

tonius in the life of *Cæſar*, tells us, that ſeveral horſes which at the paſſage of the *Rubicon* had been conſecrated to *Mars*, and turned looſe on the banks, were obſerved for ſome days after to abſtain from feeding, and to weep abundantly. *Proximis diebus, equorum greges quos in trajiciendo* Rubicone *flumine Marti conſecrârat, ac ſine cuſtode vagos dimiſerat, comperit pabulo pertinaciſſimè abſtinere, ubertimque flere*, cap. 81.

Virgil could not forbear copying this beautiful circumſtance in thoſe fine lines on the horſe of *Pallas*.

" Poſt bellator equus, poſitis inſignibus, Æthon
" It lacrymans, guttiſque humectat grandibus ora."

ϒ. 494. *Or fix'd, as ſtands A marble courſer*, &c.] *Homer* alludes to the cuſtom in thoſe days of placing columns upon tombs, on which columns there were frequently chariots with two or four horſes. This furniſhed *Homer* with this beautiful image, as if theſe horſes meant to remain there, to ſerve for an immortal monument to *Patroclus*. *Dacier*.

I believe M. *Dacier* refines too much in this note. *Homer* ſays, — ἠΰτε γυναικὸς, and ſeems to turn the thought only on the firmneſs of the column, and not on the imagery of it: which would give it an air a little too modern, like that of *Shake-*

Plac'd on the hero's grave. Along their face,
The big round drops cours'd down with ſilent pace,
Conglobing on the duſt. Their manes, that late
Circled their arched necks, and wav'd in ſtate,
Trail'd on the duſt beneath the yoke were ſpread,
And prone to earth was hung their languid head:
Nor *Jove* diſdain'd to caſt a pitying look,
While thus relenting to the ſteeds he ſpoke.
Unhappy courſers of immortal ſtrain!
Exempt from age, and deathleſs now in vain;
Did we your race on mortal man beſtow,
Only alas! to ſhare in mortal woe?
For ah! what is there, of inferiour birth,
That breathes or creeps upon the duſt of earth;
What wretched creature of what wretched kind,
Than man more weak, calamitous, and blind?

ſpear, She ſat like Patience *on a monument, ſmiling at* Grief.— Be it as it will, this conjecture is ingenious; and the whole compariſon is as beautiful as juſt. The horſes ſtanding ſtill to mourn for their maſter, could not be more finely repreſented than by the dumb ſorrow of images ſtanding over a tomb. Perhaps the very poſture in which theſe horſes are deſcribed, their heads bowed down, and their manes falling in the duſt, has an alluſion to the attitude in which thoſe ſtatues on monuments were uſually repreſented: there are *Baſs-Reliefs* that favour this conjecture.

A miſerable race! but ceaſe to mourn:
For not by you ſhall *Priam*'s ſon be borne
High on the ſplendid car: one glorious prize
He raſhly boaſts; the reſt our will denies.
Ourſelf will ſwiftneſs to your nerves impart,
Ourſelf with riſing ſpirits ſwell your heart.
Automedon your rapid flight ſhall bear
Safe to the navy thro' the ſtorm of war.
For yet 'tis giv'n to *Troy*, to ravage o'er
The field, and ſpread her ſlaughters to the ſhore;
The ſun ſhall ſee her conquer, 'till his fall
With ſacred darkneſs ſhades the face of all.

He ſaid; and breathing in th' immortal horſe
Exceſſive ſpirit, urg'd 'em to the courſe;
From their high manes they ſhake the duſt, and bear
The kindling chariot thro' the parted war:

℣. 522. *The ſun ſhall ſee* Troy *conquer.*] It is worth obſerving with what art and œconomy *Homer* conducts his fable, to bring on the cataſtrophe. *Achilles* muſt hear *Patroclus*'s death; *Hector* muſt fall by his hand: this cannot happen if the armies continue fighting about the body of *Patroclus* under the walls of *Troy*. Therefore, to change the face of affairs, *Jupiter* is going to raiſe the courage of the *Trojans*, and make them repulſe and chaſe the *Greeks* again as far as their fleet; this obliges *Achilles* to go forth though without arms, and thereby every thing comes to an iſſue. *Dacier*.

So flies a vulture thro' the clam'rous train
Of geeſe, that ſcream, and ſcatter round the plain.
From danger now with ſwifteſt ſpeed they flew,
And now to conqueſt with like ſpeed purſue;
Sole in the ſeat the charioteer remains,
Now plies the jav'lin, now directs the reins:
Him brave *Alcimedon* beheld diſtreſt,
Approach'd the chariot, and the chief addreſt.

What God provokes thee, raſhly thus to dare,
Alone, unaided, in the thickeſt war?
Alas! thy friend is ſlain, and *Hector* wields
Achilles' arms triumphant in the fields.

In happy time (the charioteer replies)
The bold *Alcimedon* now greets my eyes;
No *Greek* like him, the heav'nly ſteeds reſtrains,
Or holds their fury in ſuſpended reins:
Patroclus, while he liv'd, their rage could tame,
But now *Patroclus* is an empty name!
To thee I yield the ſeat, to thee reſign
The ruling charge: the taſk of fight be mine.

He ſaid. *Alcimedon*, with active heat,
Snatches the reins, and vaults into the ſeat.

His friend deſcends. The chief of *Troy* deſcry'd,
And call'd *Æneas* fighting near his ſide.
Lo, to my ſight beyond our hope reſtor'd,
Achilles' car, deſerted of its Lord!
The glorious ſteeds our ready arms invite,
Scarce their weak drivers guide them thro' the fight:
Can ſuch opponents ſtand, when we aſſail?
Unite thy force, my friend, and we prevail.
The ſon of *Venus* to the counſel yields;
Then o'er their backs they ſpread their ſolid ſhields;

℣. 555. *Scarce their weak drivers.*] There was but one driver ſince *Alcimedon* was alone upon the chariot, and *Automedon* was got down to fight. But in poetry, as well as in painting, there is often but one moment to be taken hold on. *Hector* ſees *Alcimedon* mount the chariot, before *Automedon* was deſcended from it; and thereupon judging of their intention, and ſeeing them both as yet upon the chariot, he calls to *Æneas*. He terms them both drivers in mockery, becauſe he ſaw them take the reins one after the other; as if he ſaid, that chariot had two drivers, but never a fighter. It is one ſingle *moment* that makes this image. In reading the Poets one often falls into great perplexities, for want of rightly diſtinguiſhing the point of time in which they ſpeak. *Dacier.*

The art of *Homer*, in this whole paſſage concerning *Automedon*, is very remarkable; in finding out the only proper occaſion, for ſo renowned a perſon as the charioteer of *Achilles* to ſignalize his valour.

With braſs refulgent the broad ſurface ſhin'd,
And thick bull-hides the ſpacious concave lin'd.
Them *Chromius* follows, *Aretus* ſucceeds,
Each hopes the conqueſt of the lofty ſteeds;
In vain, brave youths, with glorious hopes ye burn,
In vain advance! not fated to return.
Unmov'd, *Automedon* attends the fight,
Implores th' Eternal, and collects his might.

ỳ. 564. *In vain, brave youths, with glorious hopes ye burn,*
In vain advance! not fated to return.]

Theſe beautiful anticipations are frequent in the Poets, who affect to ſpeak in the character of prophets, and men inſpired with the knowledge of futurity. Thus *Virgil* to *Turnus*,

" Neſcia mens hominum fati.—Turno tempus erit, &c."

So *Taſſo*, Cant. xii. when *Argante* had vowed the deſtruction of *Tancred*;

" O vani giuramenti! Ecco contrari
" Seguir toſto gli effetti a l' alta ſpeme:
" E cader queſti in teneon pari eſtinto
" Sotto colui, ch' ei fà già preſo, e vinto."

And *Milton* makes the like apoſtrophe to *Eve* at her leaving *Adam* before ſhe met the ſerpent;

— — — — — She to him engag'd
To be return'd by noon amid the bower,
And all things in beſt order to invite
Noontide repaſt, or afternoon's repoſe.
O much deceiv'd, much failing, hapleſs *Eve!*
Thou never from that hour, in paradiſe,
Found'ſt either ſweet repaſt, or ſound repoſe.

Then turning to his friend, with dauntleſs mind:
Oh keep the foaming courſers cloſe behind!
Full on my ſhoulders let their noſtrils blow,
For hard the fight, determin'd is the foe;
'Tis *Hector* comes; and when he ſeeks the prize,
War knows no mean: he wins it, or he dies.
Then thro' the field he ſends his voice aloud,
And calls th' *Ajaces* from the warring croud,
With great *Atrides*. Hither turn (he ſaid)
Turn, where diſtreſs demands immediate aid;
The dead, encircled by his friends, forego,
And ſave the living from a fiercer foe.
Unhelp'd we ſtand, unequal to engage
The force of *Hector*, and *Æneas*' rage:
Yet mighty as they are, my force to prove
Is only mine: th' event belongs to *Jove*.
He ſpoke, and high the ſounding jav'lin flung,
Which paſs'd the ſhield of *Aretus* the young;
It pierc'd his belt, emboſs'd with curious art;
Then in the lower belly ſtuck the dart.
As when a pond'rous ax deſcending full,
Cleaves the broad forehead of ſome brawny bull;

Struck 'twixt the horns, he ſprings with many a bound,
Then tumbling rolls enormous on the ground:
Thus fell the youth; the air his ſoul receiv'd,
And the ſpear trembled as his entrails heav'd.
Now at *Automedon* the *Trojan* foe
Diſcharg'd his lance; the meditated blow,
Stooping, he ſhunn'd; the jav'lin idly fled,
And hiſs'd innoxious o'er the hero's head:
Deep rooted in the ground, the forceful ſpear
In long vibrations ſpent its fury there.
With claſhing falchions now the chiefs had clos'd,
But each brave *Ajax* heard, and interpos'd;
Nor longer *Hector* with his *Trojans* ſtood,
But left their ſlain companion in his blood:
His arms *Automedon* diveſts, and cries,
Accept, *Patroclus*, this mean ſacrifice.
Thus have I ſooth'd my griefs, and thus have paid,
Poor as it is, ſome off'ring to thy ſhade.
So looks the lion o'er a mangled boar,
All grim with rage, and horrible with gore;

High on the chariot at one bound he ſprung,
And o'er his ſeat the bloody trophies hung.
And now *Minerva*, from the realms of air
Deſcends impetuous, and renews the war;
For, pleas'd at length the *Grecian* arms to aid,
The Lord of Thunders ſent the blue-ey'd Maid.
As when high *Jove* denouncing future woe,
O'er the dark clouds extends his purple bow,
(In ſign of tempeſts from the troubled air,
Or from the rage of man, deſtructive war)
The drooping cattle dread th'impending ſkies,
And from his half-till'd field the lab'rer flies.
In ſuch a form the Goddeſs round her drew,
A livid cloud, and to the battle flew.
Aſſuming *Phœnix'* ſhape, on earth ſhe falls,
And in his well-known voice to *Sparta* calls.
And lies *Achilles'* friend belov'd by all,
A prey to dogs beneath the *Trojan* wall?
What ſhame to *Greece* for future times to tell,
To thee the greateſt in whoſe cauſe he fell!
O chief, oh father! (*Atreus'* ſon replies)
O full of days! by long experience wiſe!

What more deſires my ſoul, than here unmov'd,
To guard the body of the man I lov'd?
Ah would *Minerva* ſend me ſtrength to rear
This weary'd arm, and ward the ſtorm of war!
But *Hector*, like the rage of fire we dread,
And *Jove*'s own glories blaze around his head.
Pleas'd to be firſt of all the pow'rs addreſt,
She breathes new vigour in her hero's breaſt,
And fills with keen revenge, with fell deſpight,
Deſire of blood, and rage, and luſt of fight.
So burns the vengeful hornet (ſoul all o'er)
Repuls'd in vain, and thirſty ſtill of gore;
(Bold ſon of Air and Heat) on angry wings
Untam'd, untir'd, he turns, attacks, and ſtings.

†. 642. *So burns the vengeful hornet*, &c.] It is literally in the *Greek*, *She inſpir'd the hero with the boldneſs of a fly*. There is no impropriety in the compariſon, this animal being of all others the moſt perſevering in its attacks, and the moſt difficult to be beaten off: the occaſion alſo of the compariſon being the reſolute perſiſtance of *Menelaus* about the dead body, renders it ſtill the more juſt. But our preſent idea of the fly is indeed very low, as taken from the littleneſs and inſignificancy of this creature. However, ſince there is really no meanneſs in it, there ought to be none in expreſſing it; and I have done my beſt in the tranſlation to keep up the dignity of my author.

Fir'd with like ardour fierce *Atrides* flew,
And ſent his ſoul with ev'ry lance he threw.
There ſtood a *Trojan*, not unknown to fame,
Eëtion's ſon, and *Podes* was his name;
With riches honour'd, and with courage bleſt,
By *Hector* lov'd, his comrade, and his gueſt;
Thro' his broad belt the ſpear a paſſage found,
And pond'rous as he falls, his arms reſound.
Sudden at *Hector*'s ſide *Apollo* ſtood,
Like *Phœnops*, *Aſius*' ſon, appear'd the God;
(*Aſius* the great, who held his wealthy reign
In fair *Abydos*, by the rolling main.)
Oh Prince (he cry'd) oh foremoſt once in fame!
What *Grecian* now ſhall tremble at thy name?
Doſt thou at length to *Meneläus* yield,
A chief once thought no terrour of the field;
Yet ſingly, now, the long-diſputed prize
He bears victorious, while our army flies.

ỳ. 651. *By* Hector *lov'd, his comrade, and his gueſt.*] *Podes* the favourite and companion of *Hector*, being killed on this occaſion, ſeems a parallel circumſtance to the death of *Achilles*'s favourite and companion; and was probably put in here on purpoſe to engage *Hector* on the like occaſion with *Achilles*.

By the ſame arm illuſtrious *Podes* bled;
The friend of *Hector*, unreveng'd, is dead!
This heard, o'er *Hector* ſpreads a cloud of woe,
Rage lifts his lance, and drives him on the foe.
But now th' Eternal ſhook his ſable ſhield,
That ſhaded *Ide* and all the ſubject field,
Beneath its ample verge. A rolling cloud
Involv'd the mount; the thunder roar'd aloud;
Th' affrighted hills from their foundations nod,
And blaze beneath the light'nings of the God:
At one regard of his all-ſeeing eye,
The vanquiſh'd triumph, and the victors fly.
Then trembled *Greece:* the flight *Peneleus* led:
For as the brave *Bœotian* turn'd his head
To face the foe, *Polydamas* drew near,
And raz'd his ſhoulder with a ſhorten'd ſpear:
By *Hector* wounded, *Leitus* quits the plain,
Pierc'd thro' the wriſt; and raging with the pain,
Graſps his once formidable lance in vain.
As *Hector* follow'd, *Idomen* addreſt
The flaming jav'lin to his manly breaſt;

The brittle point before his corſelet yields ;
Exulting *Troy* with clamour fills the fields :
High on his chariot as the *Cretan* ſtood,
The ſon of *Priam* whirl'd the miſſive wood ;
But erring from its aim, th' impetuous ſpear
Struck to the duſt the 'ſquire and charioteer
Of martial *Merion* : *Cæranus* his name,
Who left fair *Lyctus* for the fields of fame.
On foot bold *Merion* fought ; and now laid low,
Had grac'd the triumphs of his *Trojan* foe ;
But the brave 'ſquire the ready courſers brought,
And with his life his maſter's ſafety bought.
Between his cheek and ear the weapon went,
The teeth it ſhatter'd, and the tongue it rent.
Prone from the ſeat he tumbles to the plain ;
His dying hand forgets the falling rein :
This *Merion* reaches, bending from the car,
And urges to deſert the hopeleſs war ;
Idomeneus conſents ; the laſh applies ;
And the ſwift chariot to the navy flies.
Nor *Ajax* leſs the will of heav'n deſcry'd,
And conqueſt ſhifting to the *Trojan* ſide,

Turn'd by the hand of *Jove*. Then thus begun,
To *Atreus'* ſeed, the god-like *Telamon*.
Alas! who ſees not *Jove*'s almighty hand
Transfers the glory to the *Trojan* band?
Whether the weak or ſtrong diſcharge the dart,
He guides each arrow to a *Grecian* heart:
Not ſo our ſpears: inceſſant tho' they rain,
He ſuffers ev'ry lance to fall in vain.
Deſerted of the God, yet let us try
What human ſtrength and prudence can ſupply;
If yet this honour'd corſe, in triumph born,
May glad the fleets that hope not our return,
Who tremble yet, ſcarce reſcu'd from their fates,
And ſtill hear *Hector* thund'ring at their gates.
Some hero too muſt be diſpatch'd to bear
The mournful meſſage to *Pelides'* ear;

℣. 721. *Some hero too muſt be diſpatch'd*, &c.] It ſeems odd that they did not ſooner ſend this meſſage to *Achilles*; but there is ſome apology for it from the darkneſs, and the difficulty of finding a proper perſon. It was not every body that was proper to ſend, but one who was a particular friend to *Achilles*, who might condole with him. Such was *Antilochus* who is ſent afterwards, and who, beſides, had that neceſſary qualification of being πόδας ὠκὺς. *Euſtathius*.

For ſure he knows not, diſtant on the ſhore,
His friend, his lov'd *Patroclus*, is no more.
But ſuch a chief I ſpy not thro' the hoſt:
The men, the ſteeds, the armies, all are loſt
In gen'ral darkneſs — Lord of Earth and Air!
Oh King! oh Father! hear my humble pray'r:
Diſpel this cloud, the light of heav'n reſtore;
Give me to ſee, and *Ajax* aſks no more:
If *Greece* muſt periſh, we thy will obey,
But let us periſh in the face of day!

ℳ. 731. *If* Greece *muſt periſh, we thy will obey,*
But let us periſh in the face of day!]

This thought has been looked upon as one of the ſublimeſt in *Homer*. *Longinus* repreſents it in this manner: "The thickeſt darkneſs had on a ſudden covered the *Grecian* army, and hindered them from fighting: when *Ajax* not knowing what courſe to take, cries out, *Oh* Jove! *diſperſe this darkneſs which covers the* Greeks, *and if we muſt periſh, let us periſh in the light!* This is a ſentiment truly worthy of *Ajax*. He does not pray for life; that had been unworthy a hero: but becauſe in that darkneſs he could not employ his valour to any glorious purpoſe, and vexed to ſtand idle in the field of battle, he only prays that the day may appear, as being aſſured of putting an end to it worthy his great heart, though *Jupiter* himſelf ſhould happen to oppoſe his efforts."

M. *l'Abbè Teraſſon* (in his diſſertation on the *Iliad*) endeavours to prove that *Longinus* has miſrepreſented the whole context and ſenſe of this paſſage of *Homer*. The fact (ſays he) *is*, that *Ajax* is in a very different ſituation in *Homer*

With tears the hero ſpoke, and at his pray'r
The God relenting, clear'd the clouded air;

from that wherein *Longinus* deſcribes him. He has not the leaſt intention of fighting, he thinks only of finding out ſome fit perſon to ſend to *Achilles*; and this darkneſs hindering him from ſeeing ſuch a one, is the occaſion of his prayer. Accordingly it appears by what follows, that as ſoon as *Jupiter* had diſperſed the cloud, *Ajax* never falls upon the enemy, but in conſequence of his former thought orders *Menelaus* to look for *Antilochus*, to diſpatch him to *Achilles* with the news of the death of his friend. *Longinus* (continues this author) had certainly forgot the place from whence he took this thought; and it is not the firſt citation from *Homer* which the ancients have quoted wrong. Thus *Ariſtotle* attributes to *Calypſo*, the words of *Ulyſſes* in the twelfth book of the *Odyſſey*; and confounds together two paſſages, one of the ſecond, the other of the fifteenth book of the *Iliad*. [*Ethic. ad Nicom.* l. ii. c. 9. and l. iii. c. 11.] And thus *Cicero* aſcribed to *Agamemnon* a long diſcourſe of *Ulyſſes* in the ſecond *Iliad*; [*De divinatione*, l. ii.] and cited as *Ajax*'s, the ſpeech of *Hector* in the ſeventh. [See *Aul. Gellius*, l. xv. c. 6.] One has no cauſe to wonder at this, ſince the ancients having *Homer* almoſt by heart, were for that very reaſon the more ſubject to miſtake in citing him by memory.

To this I think one may anſwer, that granting it was partly the occaſion of *Ajax*'s prayer to obtain light, in order to ſend to *Achilles*, (which he afterwards does) yet the thought which *Longinus* attributes to him, is very conſiſtent with it; and the laſt line expreſſes nothing elſe but an heroick deſire rather to die in the light, than eſcape with ſafety in the darkneſs.

Ἐν δὲ φάει καὶ ὄλεσσον, ἐπεὶ νύ τοι ὧδε ἔοικε.

But indeed the whole ſpeech is only meant to paint the concern and diſtreſs of a brave general; the thought of ſending a meſſenger is only a reſult from that concern and diſtreſs, and

Forth burſt the ſun with all-enlight'ning ray;
The blaze of armour flaſh'd againſt the day.
Now, now, *Atrides!* caſt around thy ſight,
If yet *Antilochus* ſurvives the fight,
Let him to great *Achilles'* ear convey
The fatal news —— *Atrides* haſtes away.

So turns the lion from the nightly fold,
Tho' high in courage, and with hunger bold,
Long gall'd by herdſmen, and long vex'd by hounds,
Stiff with fatigue, and fretted ſore with wounds;
The darts fly round him from an hundred hands,
And the red terrours of the blazing brands:

ſo but a ſmall circumſtance, which cannot be ſaid to occaſion the prayer.

Monſ. *Boileau* has tranſlated this paſſage in two lines;

" Grand Dieu! chaſſe la nuit qui nous couvre les yeux,
" Et combats contre nous à la clarté des cieux."

And Mr. *la Motte* yet better in one,

" Grand Dieu! rends nous le jour, & combats contre nous!"

But both theſe (as *Dacier* very juſtly obſerves) are contrary to *Homer*'s ſenſe. He is far from repreſenting *Ajax* of ſuch a daring impiety, as to bid *Jupiter* combat againſt him; but only makes him aſk for light, that if it be his will the *Greeks* ſhall periſh, they may periſh in open day. Καὶ ὄλεσσον —— (ſays he) that is, *abandon us, withdraw from us your Aſſiſtance*; for thoſe who are deſerted by *Jove* muſt periſh infallibly. This decorum of *Homer* ought to have been preſerved.

'Till late, reluctant, at the dawn of day
Sour he departs, and quits th' untaſted prey.
So mov'd *Atrides* from his dang'rous place
With weary limbs, but with unwilling pace;
The foe, he fear'd, might yet *Patroclus* gain,
And much admoniſh'd, much adjur'd his train.

Oh guard theſe relicks to your charge conſign'd,
And bear the merits of the dead in mind;
How ſkill'd he was in each obliging art;
The mildeſt manners, and the gentleſt heart:
He was, alas! but fate decreed his end;
In death a hero, as in life a friend!

So parts the chief; from rank to rank he flew,
And round on all ſides ſent his piercing view.
As the bold bird, endu'd with ſharpeſt eye
Of all that wing the mid aërial ſky,

℣. 756. *The mildeſt manners, and the gentleſt heart.*] This is a fine elogium of *Patroclus*: *Homer* dwells upon it on purpoſe, leſt *Achilles*'s character ſhould be miſtaken; and ſhews by the praiſes he beſtows here upon goodneſs, that *Achilles*'s character is not commendable for morality. *Achilles*'s manners, entirely oppoſite to thoſe of *Patroclus*, are not morally good; they are only poetically ſo, that is to ſay, they are well marked; and diſcover before-hand what reſolutions that hero will take: as hath been at large explained upon *Ariſtotle*'s Poeticks. *Dacier.*

The ſacred eagle, from his walks above
Looks down, and ſees the diſtant thicket move;
Then ſtoops, and ſouſing on the quiv'ring hare,
Snatches his life amid the clouds of air.
Not with leſs quickneſs, his exerted ſight
Paſs'd this, and that way, thro' the ranks of fight:
'Till on the left the chief he ſought, he found;
Chearing his men, and ſpreading deaths around.

To him the King. Belov'd of *Jove!* draw near,
For ſadder tidings never touch'd thy ear,
Thy eyes have witneſs'd, what a fatal turn!
How *Ilion* triumphs, and th' *Achaians* mourn;
This is not all: *Patroclus*, on the ſhore
Now pale and dead, ſhall ſuccour *Greece* no more.
Fly to the fleet, this inſtant fly, and tell
The ſad *Achilles*, how his lov'd-one fell:
He too may haſte the naked corpſe to gain;
The arms are *Hector*'s, who deſpoil'd the ſlain.

The youthful warriour heard with ſilent woe,
From his fair eyes the tears began to flow;

℣. 781. *The youthful warriour heard with ſilent woe.*] *Homer* ever repreſents an exceſs of grief by a deep horrour, ſilence, weeping, and not enquiring into the manner of the friend's

Big with the mighty grief, he ſtrove to ſay
What ſorrow dictates, but no word found way.
To brave *Laodocus* his arms he flung,
Who near him wheeling, drove his ſteeds along;
Then ran, the mournful meſſage to impart,
With tear-full eyes, and with dejected heart.

Swift fled the youth: nor *Menelaüs* ſtands,
(Tho' ſore diſtreſt) to aid the *Pylian* bands;
But bids bold *Thraſymede* thoſe troops ſuſtain;
Himſelf returns to his *Patroclus* ſlain.
Gone is *Antilochus* (the hero ſaid)
But hope not, warriours, for *Achilles'* aid:
Tho' fierce his rage, unbounded be his woe,
Unarm'd, he fights not with the *Trojan* foe.

death: nor could *Antilochus* have expreſſed his ſorrow in any manner ſo moving as ſilence. *Euſtathius.*

ỳ. 785. *To brave* Laodocus *his arms he flung.*] *Antilochus* leaves his armour, not only that he might make the more haſte, but (as the ancients conjecture) that he might not be thought to be abſent by the enemies; and that ſeeing his armour on ſome other perſon, they might think him ſtill in the fight. *Euſtathius.*

ỳ. 794. *But hope not, warriours, for* Achilles' *aid: Unarm'd.* ———] This is an ingenious way of making the valour of *Achilles* appear the greater; who, though without arms, goes forth, in the next book, contrary to the expectation of *Ajax* and *Menelaus.* *Dacier.*

'Tis in our hands alone our hopes remain,
'Tis our own vigour muſt the dead regain;
And ſave ourſelves, while with impetuous hate
Troy pours along, and this way rolls our fate.
'Tis well (ſaid *Ajax*) be it then thy care
With *Merion*'s aid, the weighty corſe to rear;
Myſelf, and my bold brother will ſuſtain
The ſhock of *Hector* and his charging train:
Nor fear we armies, fighting ſide by ſide;
What *Troy* can dare, we have already try'd,
Have try'd it, and have ſtood. The hero ſaid.
High from the ground the warriours heave the dead.
A gen'ral clamour riſes at the ſight:
Loud ſhout the *Trojans*, and renew the fight.
Not fiercer ruſh along the gloomy wood,
With rage inſatiate and with thirſt of blood,
Voracious hounds, that many a length before
Their furious hunters, drive the wounded boar;
But if the ſavage turns his glaring eye,
They howl aloof, and round the foreſt fly.
Thus on retreating *Greece* the *Trojans* pour,
Wave their thick falchions, and their jav'lins ſhow'r:

But *Ajax* turning, to their fears they yield,
All pale they tremble, and forſake the field.
While thus aloft the hero's corſe they bear,
Behind them rages all the ſtorm of war;
Confuſion, tumult, horrour, o'er the throng
Of men, ſteeds, chariots, urg'd the rout along:
Leſs fierce the winds with riſing flames conſpire,
To whelm ſome city under waves of fire;
Now ſink in gloomy clouds the proud abodes;
Now crack the blazing temples of the Gods;

℣. 825, &c.] The heap of images which *Homer* throws together at the end of this book, makes the ſame action appear with a very beautiful variety. The deſcription of the burning of a city is ſhort, but very lively. That of *Ajax* alone bringing up the rear-guard, and ſhielding thoſe that bore the body of *Patroclus* from the whole *Trojan* hoſt, gives a prodigious idea of *Ajax*, and as *Homer* has often hinted, makes him juſt ſecond to *Achilles*. The image of the beam paints the great ſtature of *Patroclus*: that of the hill dividing the ſtream is noble and natural.

He compares the *Ajaces* to a boar, for their fierceneſs and boldneſs; to a long bank that keeps off the courſe of the waters, for their ſtanding firm and immoveable in the battle: thoſe that carry the dead body, to mules dragging a vaſt beam through rugged paths for their laborioufneſs: the body carried, to a beam, for being heavy and inanimate: the *Trojans* to dogs, for their boldneſs; and to water, for their agility and moving backwards and forwards: the *Greeks* to a flight of ſtarlings and jays, for their timorouſneſs and ſwiftneſs. *Euſtathius*.

The rumbling torrent thro' the ruin rolls,
And ſheets of ſmoke mount heavy to the poles.
The heroes ſweat beneath their honour'd load:
As when two mules, along the rugged road,
From the ſteep mountain with exerted ſtrength
Drag ſome vaſt beam, or maſt's unweildy length;
Inly they groan, big drops of ſweat diſtill,
Th' enormous timber lumb'ring down the hill:
So theſe —— Behind, the bulk of *Ajax* ſtands,
And breaks the torrent of the ruſhing bands.
Thus when a river ſwell'd with ſudden rains
Spreads his broad waters o'er the level plains,
Some interpoſing hill the ſtream divides,
And breaks its force, and turns the winding tides.
Still cloſe they follow, cloſe the rear engage;
Æneas ſtorms, and *Hector* foams with rage:
While *Greece* a heavy, thick retreat maintains,
Wedg'd in one body, like a flight of cranes,
That ſhriek inceſſant while the falcon, hung
High on pois'd pinions, threats their callow young.

So from the *Trojan* chiefs the *Grecians* fly,
Such the wild terrour, and the mingled cry:
Within, without the trench, and all the way,
Strow'd in bright heaps, their arms and armour lay;
Such horrour *Jove* impreſt! yet ſtill proceeds
The work of death, and ſtill the battle bleeds.

THE EIGHTEENTH BOOK OF THE ILIAD.

The ARGUMENT.

The grief of *Achilles*, and new armour made him by *Vulcan*.

THE news of the death of Patroclus, *is brought to* Achilles *by* Antilochus. Thetis *hearing his lamentations, comes with all her ſea-nymphs to comfort him. The ſpeeches of the mother and ſon on this occaſion.* Iris *appears to* Achilles *by the command of* Juno, *and orders him to ſhew himſelf at the head of the intrenchments. The ſight of him turns the fortune of the day, and the body of* Patroclus *is carried off by the* Greeks. *The* Trojans *call a council, where* Hector *and* Polydamas *diſagree in their opinions; but the advice of the former prevails, to remain encamped in the field: the grief of* Achilles *over the body of* Patroclus.

Thetis *goes to the Palace of* Vulcan *to obtain new arms for her ſon. The deſcription of the wonderful works of* Vulcan; *and laſtly, that noble one of the ſhield of* Achilles.

The latter part of the nine and twentieth day, and the night enſuing, take up this book. The ſcene is at Achilles's *tent on the ſea-ſhore, from whence it changes to the palace of* Vulcan.

THE

EIGHTEENTH BOOK

OF THE

I L I A D.

THUS like the rage of fire the combat burns,
And now it riſes, now it ſinks by turns.
Meanwhile, where *Helleſpont*'s broad waters flow,
Stood *Neſtor*'s ſon, the meſſenger of woe:

ỳ. 1. *Thus like the rage of fire*, &c.] This phraſe is uſual in our Author, to ſignify a ſharp battle fought with heat and fury on both parts; ſuch an engagement like a flame, preying upon all ſides, and dying the ſooner, the fiercer it burns. *Euſtathius.*

There ſat *Achilles*, ſhaded by his ſails,
On hoiſted yards extended to the gales;
Penſive he ſat; for all that fate deſign'd
Roſe in ſad proſpect to his boding mind.
Thus to his ſoul he ſaid. Ah! what conſtrains
The *Greeks*, late victors, now to quit the plains?
Is this the day, which heav'n ſo long ago
Ordain'd, to ſink me with the weight of woe?

ϒ. 6. *On hoiſted yards.*] The epithet ὑψοκρεμάων in this place has a more than ordinary ſignification. It implies that the ſail-yards were hoiſted up, and *Achilles*'s ſhips on the point to ſet ſail. This ſhews that it was purely in compliance to his friend that he permitted him to ſuccour the *Greeks*; he meant to leave them as ſoon as *Patroclus* returned; he ſtill remembered what he told the embaſſadors in the ninth book; ϒ. 360 of the original. *To-morrow you ſhall ſee my fleet ſet ſail.* Accordingly this is the day appointed, and he is fixed to his reſolution: this circumſtance wonderfully ſtrengthens his implacable character.

ϒ. 7. *Penſive he ſat.*] *Homer* in this artful manner prepares *Achilles* for the fatal meſſage, and gives him theſe forebodings of his misfortunes, that they might be no leſs than he expected.

His expreſſions are ſuitable to his concern, and delivered confuſedly. "I bad him (ſays he) after he had ſaved the "ſhips, and repulſed the *Trojans*, to return back, and not "engage himſelf too far." Here he breaks off, when he ſhould have added; "But he was ſo unfortunate as to forget "my advice." As he is reaſoning with himſelf, *Antilochus* comes in, which makes him leave the ſenſe imperfect. *Euſtathius.*

(So *Thetis* warn'd) when by a *Trojan* hand
The braveſt of the *Myrmidonian* band
Should loſe the light? Fulfill'd is that decree;
Fall'n is the warriour, and *Patroclus* he!
In vain I charg'd him ſoon to quit the plain,
And warn'd to ſhun *Hectorean* force in vain!
Thus while he thinks, *Antilochus* appears,
And tells the melancholy tale with tears.
Sad tidings, ſon of *Peleus!* thou muſt hear;
And wretched I, th' unwilling meſſenger!

ỳ. 15. — — — *Fulfill'd is that decree;*
Slain is the warriour, and Patroclus *he!*

It may be objected, that *Achilles* ſeems to contradict what had been ſaid in the foregoing book, that *Thetis* concealed from her ſon the death of *Patroclus* in her prediction. Whereas here he ſays, that ſhe had foretold he ſhould loſe the braveſt of the *Theſſalians*. There is nothing in this but what is natural and common among mankind: and it is ſtill more agreeable to the haſty and inconſiderate temper of *Achilles*, not to have made that reflection till it was too late. Prophecies are only marks of divine preſcience, not warnings to prevent human misfortunes; for if they were, they muſt hinder their own accompliſhment.

ỳ. 21. *Sad tidings, ſon of* Peleus!] This ſpeech of *Antilochus* ought to ſerve as a model for the brevity with which ſo dreadful a piece of news ought to be delivered; for in two verſes it comprehends the whole affair of the death of *Patroclus*, the perſon that killed him, the conteſt for his body, and his arms in the poſſeſſion of his enemy. Beſides, it ſhould be

Dead is *Patroclus!* For his corſe they fight;
His naked corſe; his arms are *Hector*'s right.
A ſudden horrour ſhot thro' all the chief,
And wrapt his ſenſes in the cloud of grief;

obſerved that grief has ſo crouded his words, that in theſe two verſes he leaves the verb ἀμφιμάχονται, *they fight*, without its Nominative, *the Greeks or Trojans*. *Homer* obſerves this brevity upon all the like occaſions. The *Greek* tragick Poets have not always imitated this diſcretion. In great diſtreſſes there is nothing more ridiculous than a meſſenger who begins a long ſtory with pathetick deſcriptions; he ſpeaks without being heard; for the perſon to whom he addreſſes himſelf has no time to attend him: the firſt word, which diſcovers to him his misfortune, has made him deaf to all the reſt. *Euſtathius*.

ϒ. 25. *A ſudden horrour*, &c.] A modern *French* writer has drawn a parallel of the conduct of *Homer* and *Virgil*, in relation to the deaths of *Patroclus* and of *Pallas*. The latter is killed by *Turnus*, as the former by *Hector*; *Turnus* triumphs in the ſpoils of the one, as *Hector* is clad in the arms of the other; *Æneas* revenges the death of *Pallas* by that of *Turnus*, as *Achilles* the death of *Patroclus* by that of *Hector*. The grief of *Achilles* in *Homer*, on the ſcore of *Patroclus*, is much greater than that of *Æneas* in *Virgil* for the ſake of *Pallas*. *Achilles* gives himſelf up to deſpair, with a weakneſs which *Plato* could not pardon in him, and which can only be excuſed on account of the long and cloſe friendſhip between them: that of *Æneas* is more diſcreet, and ſeems more worthy of a hero. It was not poſſible that *Æneas* could be ſo deeply intereſted for any man, as *Achilles* was intereſted for *Patroclus*: for *Virgil* had no colour to kill *Aſcanius*, who was little more than a Child; beſides that, his hero's intereſt in the war of *Italy* was great enough of itſelf, not to need to be animated by ſo touching a concern as the fear of loſing his

Caſt on the ground, with furious hands he ſpread
The ſcorching aſhes o'er his graceful head;
His purple garments, and his golden hairs,
Thoſe he deforms with duſt, and theſe he tears:
On the hard ſoil his groaning breaſt he threw,
And roll'd and grovel'd, as to earth he grew.

ſon. On the other hand, *Achilles* having but very little perſonal concern in the war of *Troy* (as he had told *Agamemnon* in the beginning of the Poem) and knowing, beſides, that he was to periſh there; required ſome very preſſing motive to engage him to perſiſt in it, after ſuch diſguſts and inſults as he had received. It was this which made it neceſſary for theſe two great Poets to treat a ſubject ſo much in its own nature alike, in a manner ſo different. But as *Virgil* found it admirable in *Homer*, he was willing to approach it, as near as the œconomy of his work would permit.

℣. 27. *Caſt on the ground*, &c.] This is a fine picture of the grief of *Achilles*. We ſee on the one hand, the poſture in which the hero receives the news of his friends death; he falls upon the ground, he rends his hair, he ſnatches the aſhes and caſts them on his head, according to the manner of thoſe times; (but what much enlivens it in this place, is his ſprinkling embers, inſtead of aſhes, in the violence of his paſſion.) On the other ſide, the captives are running from their tents, ranging themſelves about him, and anſwering to his groans: beſide him ſtands *Antilochus*, fetching deep ſighs, and hanging on the arms of the hero, for fear his deſpair and rage ſhould cauſe ſome deſperate attempt upon his own life: there is no painter but will be touched with this image.

The virgin captives, with diſorder'd charms,
(Won by his own, or by *Patroclus'* arms)
Ruſh'd from the tents with cries; and gath'ring round,
Beat their white breaſts, and fainted on the ground:
While *Neſtor's* ſon ſuſtains a manlier part,
And mourns the warriour with a warriour's heart;
Hangs on his arms, amidſt his frantick woe,
And oft prevents the meditated blow.

Far in the deep abyſſes of the main,
With hoary *Nereus*, and the wat'ry train,
The Mother Goddeſs from her cryſtal throne
Heard his loud cries, and anſwer'd groan for groan.
The circling *Nereids* with their miſtreſs weep,
And all the ſea-green ſiſters of the deep.
Thalia, *Glauce*, (ev'ry wat'ry name)
Neſæa mild, and ſilver *Spio* came;
Cymothoë and *Cymodoce* were nigh,
And the blue languiſh of ſoft *Alia's* eye.

℣. 33. *The virgin captives.*] The captive maids lamented either in pity for their Lord, or in gratitude to the memory of *Patroclus*, who was remarkable for his goodneſs and affability; or under theſe pretences mourned for their own misfortunes and ſlavery. *Euſtathius.*

Their locks *Actæa* and *Limnoria* rear,
Then *Proto*, *Doris*, *Panope* appear,
Thoa, *Pheruſa*, *Doto*, *Melita*;
Agave gentle, and *Amphithoë* gay:
Next *Callianira*, *Callianaſſa* ſhow
Their ſiſter looks; *Dexamene* the ſlow,
And ſwift *Dynamene*, now cut the tides:
Iæra now the verdant wave divides:
Nemertes with *Apſeudes* lifts the head,
Bright *Galatea* quits her pearly bed;
Theſe *Orythia*, *Clymene*, attend,
Mæra, *Amphinome*, the train extend.
And black *Janira*, and *Janaſſa* fair,
And *Amatheia* with her amber hair.
All theſe, and all that deep in ocean held
Their ſacred ſeats, the glimm'ring grotto fill'd;
Each beat her iv'ry breaſt with ſilent woe,
'Till *Thetis*' ſorrows thus began to flow,

Hear me, and judge, ye ſiſters of the main!
How juſt a cauſe has *Thetis* to complain?
How wretched, were I mortal, were my fate!
How more than wretched in th' immortal ſtate!

Sprung from my bed a god-like hero came,
The braveſt far that ever bore the name;
Like ſome fair olive, by my careful hand
He grew, he flouriſh'd, and adorn'd the land:
To *Troy* I ſent him; but the fates ordain
He never, never muſt return again.
So ſhort a ſpace the light of heav'n to view,
So ſhort alas! and fill'd with anguiſh too.
Hear how his ſorrows echo thro' the ſhore!
I cannot eaſe them, but I muſt deplore;
I go at leaſt to bear a tender part,
And mourn my lov'd-one with a mother's heart.

She ſaid, and left the caverns of the main,
All bath'd in tears; the melancholy train
Attend her way. Wide-opening part the tides,
While the long pomp the ſilver wave divides.
Approaching now, they touch'd the *Trojan* land;
Then, two by two, aſcended up the ſtrand.

℣. 75. *Like ſome fair olive, by my careful hand.*] This paſſage, where the mother compares her ſon to a tender plant, raiſed and preſerved with care; has a moſt remarkable reſemblance to that in the *Pſalms*, *Thy children like branches of olive-trees round thy table.* Pſalm cxxvii.

Th' immortal mother, ſtanding cloſe beſide
Her mournful offspring, to his ſighs reply'd;
Along the coaſt their mingled clamours ran,
And thus the ſilver-footed dame began.

Why mourns my ſon? thy late preferr'd requeſt
The God has granted, and the *Greeks* diſtreſt:
Why mourns my ſon? thy anguiſh let me ſhare,
Reveal the cauſe, and truſt a parent's care.

He, deeply groaning — To this cureleſs grief
Not e'en the Thund'rer's favour brings relief.
Patroclus — Ah! — ſay, Goddeſs can I boaſt
A pleaſure now? revenge itſelf is loſt;
Patroclus, lov'd of all my martial train,
Beyond mankind, beyond myſelf, is ſlain!
Loſt are thoſe arms the Gods themſelves beſtow'd
On *Peleus*; *Hector* bears the glorious load.
Curs'd be that day, when all the pow'rs above
Thy charms ſubmitted to a mortal love:
Oh had'ſt thou ſtill, a ſiſter of the main,
Purſu'd the pleaſures of the wat'ry reign;
And happier *Peleus*, leſs ambitious, led
A mortal beauty to his equal bed!

E'er the ſad fruit of thy unhappy womb
Had caus'd ſuch ſorrows paſt, and woes to come.
For ſoon alas! that wretched offspring ſlain,
New woes, new ſorrows ſhall create again.
'Tis not in fate th' Alternate now to give;
Patroclus dead, *Achilles* hates to live.
Let me revenge it on proud *Hector*'s heart,
Let his laſt ſpirit ſmoke upon my dart;
On theſe conditions will I breathe: 'till then,
I bluſh to walk among the race of men.

A flood of tears, at this, the Goddeſs ſhed,
Ah then, I ſee thee dying, ſee thee dead!
When *Hector* falls, thou dy'ſt, — Let *Hector* die,
And let me fall! (*Achilles* made reply)

ỳ. 100, 125. *The two ſpeeches of* Achilles *to* Thetis.] It is not poſſible to imagine more lively and beautiful ſtrokes of nature and paſſion, than thoſe which our author aſcribes to *Achilles* throughout theſe admirable ſpeeches. They contain all, that the trueſt friend, the moſt tender ſon, and the moſt generous hero, could think or expreſs in this delicate and affecting circumſtance. He ſhews his exceſs of love to his mother, by wiſhing he had never been born or known to the world, rather than ſhe ſhould have endured ſo many ſufferings on his account: he ſhews no leſs love for his friend, in reſolving to revenge his death upon *Hector*, though his own would immediately follow. We ſee him here ready to meet his fate for the ſake of his friend, and in the *Odyſſey* we find him wiſhing

Far lies *Patroclus* from his native plain!
He fell, and falling, wiſh'd my aid in vain.
Ah then, ſince from this miſerable day
I caſt all hope of my return away,
Since unreveng'd, a hundred ghoſts demand
The fate of *Hector* from *Achilles'* hand;
Since here, for brutal courage far renown'd,
I live an idle burden to the ground,
(Others in council fam'd for nobler ſkill,
More uſeful to preſerve, than I to kill)
Let me — But oh! ye gracious pow'rs above!
Wrath and Revenge from men and Gods remove:

to live again, only to maintain his father's honour againſt his enemies. Thus he values neither life nor death, but as they conduce to the good of his friend and parents, or the encreaſe of his glory.

After having calmly conſidered the preſent ſtate of his life, he deliberately embraces his approaching fate; and comforts himſelf under it, by a reflection on thoſe great men, whom neither their illuſtrious actions, nor their affinity to heaven, could ſave from the general doom. A thought very natural to him, whoſe buſineſs it was in peace to ſing their praiſes, and in war to imitate their actions. *Achilles*, like a man paſſionate of glory, takes none but the fineſt models; he thinks of *Hercules*, who was the ſon of *Jupiter*, and who had filled the univerſe with the noiſe of his immortal actions: theſe are the ſentiments of a real hero. *Euſtathius.*

℣. 137. *Let me — But oh! ye gracious pow'rs*, &c.] *Achilles's* words are theſe; "Now ſince I am never to return home,

Far, far too dear to ev'ry mortal breaſt,
Sweet to the ſoul, as honey to the taſte;
Gath'ring like vapours of a noxious kind
From fiery blood, and dark'ning all the mind,
Me *Agamemnon* urg'd to deadly hate;
'Tis paſt — I quell it; I reſign to fate.
Yes — I will meet the murd'rer of my friend;
Or (if the Gods ordain it) meet my end.
The Stroke of fate the braveſt cannot ſhun:
The great *Alcides*, *Jove*'s unequall'd ſon,
To *Juno*'s hate at length reſign'd his breath,
And ſunk the victim of all-conq'ring Death.

" and ſince I lie here an uſeleſs perſon, loſing my beſt friend, " and expoſing the *Greeks* to ſo many dangers by my own " folly; I who am ſuperiour to them all in battle" — Here he breaks off, and ſays — " May contention periſh ever- " laſtingly, *&c.*" *Achilles* leaves the ſentence thus ſuſpended, either becauſe in his heat he had forgot what he was ſpeaking of, or becauſe he did not know how to end it; for he ſhould have ſaid, — " Since I have done all this, I will periſh to re- " venge him:" Nothing can be finer than this ſudden execration againſt diſcord and revenge, which breaks from the hero in the deep ſenſe of the miſeries thoſe paſſions had occaſioned.

Achilles could not be ignorant that he was ſuperiour to others in battle; and it was therefore no fault in him to ſay ſo. But he is ſo ingenuous as to give himſelf no farther commendation than what he undoubtedly merited; confeſſing at the ſame time, that many exceeded him in ſpeaking: unleſs one may take this as ſaid in contempt of oratory, not unlike that of *Virgil*,

" Orabunt cauſſas melius — *&c.*"

So ſhall *Achilles* fall! ſtretch'd pale and dead,
No more the *Grecian* hope, or *Trojan* dread!
Let me, this inſtant, ruſh into the fields,
And reap what glory life's ſhort harveſt yields.
Shall I not force ſome widow'd dame to tear
With frantick hands her long diſhevell'd hair?
Shall I not force her breaſt to heave with ſighs,
And the ſoft tears to trickle from her eyes!
Yes, I ſhall give the Fair thoſe mournful charms—
In vain you hold me—Hence! my arms, my arms!
Soon ſhall the ſanguine torrent ſpread ſo wide,
That all ſhall know, *Achilles* ſwells the tide.

ỳ. 153. *Let me, this inſtant.*] I ſhall have time enough for inglorious reſt when I am in the grave, but now I muſt act like a living hero: I ſhall indeed lie down in death, but at the ſame time riſe higher in glory. *Euſtathius.*

ỳ. 162. *That all ſhall know*, Achilles.] There is a great ſtreſs on ἄτερ and ἐγὼ. They ſhall ſoon find that their victories have been owing to the *long abſence* of a hero, and that hero *Achilles*. Upon which the ancients have obſerved, that ſince *Achilles*'s anger there paſt in reality but a few days: to which it may be replied, that ſo ſhort a time as this might well ſeem long to *Achilles*, who thought all unactive hours tedious and inſupportable; and if the poet himſelf had ſaid that *Achilles* was long abſent, he had not ſaid it becauſe a great many days had paſt, but becauſe ſo great a variety of incidents had happened in that time. *Euſtathius.*

My ſon (*Cærulean Thetis* made reply,
To fate ſubmitting with a ſecret ſigh)
The hoſt to ſuccour, and thy friends to ſave,
Is worthy thee; the duty of the brave.
But can'ſt thou, naked, iſſue to the plains?
Thy radiant arms the *Trojan* foe detains.
Inſulting *Hector* bears the ſpoils on high,
But vainly glories, for his fate is nigh.
Yet, yet awhile, thy gen'rous ardour ſtay;
Aſſur'd, I meet thee at the dawn of day,
Charg'd with refulgent arms (a glorious load)
Vulcanian arms, the labour of a God.

Then turning to the daughters of the main,
The Goddeſs thus diſmiſs'd her azure train.

Ye ſiſter *Nereids!* to your deeps deſcend;
Haſte, and our father's ſacred ſeat attend;
I go to find the architect divine,
Where vaſt *Olympus'* ſtarry ſummits ſhine:

℣. 171. —— This promiſe of *Thetis* to preſent her ſon with a ſuit of armour, was the moſt artful method of hindering him from putting immediately in practice his reſolution of fighting, which according to his violent manners, he muſt have done: therefore the interpoſition of *Thetis* here was abſolutely neceſſary; it was *dignus vindice nodus*.

So tell our hoary ſire —— This charge ſhe gave:
The ſea-green ſiſters plunge beneath the wave:
Thetis once more aſcends the bleſt abodes,
And treads the brazen threſhold of the Gods.

And now the *Greeks*, from furious *Hector*'s force,
Urge to broad *Helleſpont* their headlong courſe:
Nor yet their chiefs *Patroclus*' body bore
Safe thro' the tempeſt to the tented ſhore.
The horſe, the foot, with equal fury join'd,
Pour'd on the rear, and thunder'd cloſe behind;
And like a flame thro' fields of ripen'd corn,
The rage of *Hector* o'er the ranks was borne.
Thrice the ſlain hero by the foot he drew;
Thrice to the ſkies the *Trojan* clamours flew:
As oft' th' *Ajaces* his aſſault ſuſtain;
But check'd, he turns; repuls'd, attacks again.
With fiercer ſhouts his ling'ring troops he fires,
Nor yields a ſtep, nor from his poſt retires;
So watchful Shepherds ſtrive to force, in vain,
The hungry lion from a carcaſe ſlain.
Ev'n yet *Patroclus* had he borne away,
And all the glories of th' extended day:

Had not high *Juno*, from the realms of air,
Secret, diſpatch'd her truſty meſſenger.
The various Goddeſs of the ſhow'ry bow,
Shot in a whirlwind to the ſhore below;
To great *Achilles* at his ſhips ſhe came,
And thus began the many-colour'd dame.
Riſe, ſon of *Peleus!* riſe divinely brave!
Aſſiſt the combat, and *Patroclus* ſave:
For him the ſlaughter to the fleet they ſpread,
And fall by mutual wounds around the dead.
To drag him back to *Troy* the foe contends:
Nor with his death the rage of *Hector* ends:
A prey to dogs he dooms the corſe to lie,
And marks the place to fix his head on high.
Riſe, and prevent (if yet you think of fame)
Thy friend's diſgrace, thy own eternal ſhame!
Who ſends thee, Goddeſs! from th' etherial ſkies?
Achilles thus. And *Iris* thus replies.

℣. 219. *Who ſends thee, Goddeſs,* &c.] *Achilles* is amazed, that a moment after the Goddeſs, his mother, had forbid him fighting, he ſhould receive a contrary order from the Gods; therefore he aſks what God ſent her? *Dacier.*

I come, *Pelides!* from the Queen of *Jove*,
Th' immortal Empreſs of the realms above;
Unknown to him who ſits remote on high,
Unknown to all the ſynod of the ſky.
Thou com'ſt in vain, he cries (with fury warm'd)
Arms I have none, and can I fight unarm'd?
Unwilling as I am, of force I ſtay,
'Till *Thetis* bring me at the dawn of day
Vulcanian arms: what other can I wield;
Except the mighty *Telamonian* ſhield?

ỳ. 226. *Arms I have none.*] It is here objected againſt *Homer*, that ſince *Patroclus* took *Achilles*'s armour, *Achilles* could not want arms ſince he had thoſe of *Patroclus*; but (beſides that *Patroclus* might have given his armour to his ſquire *Automedon*, the better to deceive the *Trojans* by making them take *Automedon* for *Patroclus*, as they took *Patroclus* for *Achilles*) this objection may be very ſolidly anſwered by ſaying that *Homer* has prevented it, ſince he made *Achilles*'s armour fit *Patroclus*'s body not without a miracle, which the Gods wrought in his favour. Furthermore it does not follow, that becauſe the armour of a large man fits one that is ſmaller, the armour of a little man ſhould fit one that is larger. *Euſtathius.*

ỳ. 230. *Except the mighty* Telamonian *ſhield.*] *Achilles* ſeems not to have been of ſo large a ſtature as *Ajax*: yet his ſhield it is likely might be fit enough for him, becauſe his great ſtrength was ſufficient to wield it. This paſſage, I think, might have been made uſe of by the defenders of the ſhield of *Achilles* againſt the criticks, to ſhew that *Homer* intended the buckler of his hero for a very large one: and one would

That, in my friend's defence, has *Ajax* ſpread,
While his ſtrong lance around him heaps the dead:
The gallant chief defends *Menœtius'* ſon,
And does, what his *Achilles'* ſhould have done.

Thy want of arms (ſaid *Iris*) well we know,
But tho' unarm'd, yet clad in terrours, go!
Let but *Achilles* o'er yon' trench appear;
Proud *Troy* ſhall tremble, and conſent to fear:

think he put it into this place, juſt a little before the deſcription of that ſhield, on purpoſe to obviate that objection.

ỳ. 236. *But tho' unarm'd.*] A hero ſo violent and ſo outragious as *Achilles*, and who had but juſt loſt the man he loved beſt in the world, is not likely to refuſe ſhewing himſelf to the enemy, for the ſingle reaſon of having no armour. Grief and deſpair in a great ſoul are not ſo prudent and reſerved; but then on the other ſide, he is not to throw himſelf into the midſt of ſo many enemies armed and fluſhed with victory. *Homer* gets out of this nice circumſtance with great dexterity, and gives to *Achilles*'s character every thing he ought to give to it, without offending either againſt reaſon or probability. He judiciouſly feigns, that *Juno* ſent this order to *Achilles*, for *Juno* is the Goddeſs of royalty, who has the care of princes and kings; and who inſpires them with the ſenſe of what they owe to their dignity and character. *Dacier.*

ỳ. 237. *Let but* Achilles *o'er yon' trench appear.*] There cannot be a greater inſtance, how conſtantly *Homer* carried his whole deſign in his head, as well as with what admirable art he raiſes one great idea upon another, to the higheſt ſublime, than this paſſage of *Achilles*'s appearance to the army, and the preparations by which we are led to it. In the thirteenth book, when the *Trojans* have the victory, they check their purſuit of it with the thought that *Achilles ſees them*; in

Greece from one glance of that tremendous eye,
Shall take new courage, and diſdain to fly.
She ſpoke, and paſt in air. The hero roſe;
Her *Ægis*, *Pallas* o'er his ſhoulder throws;
Around his brows a golden cloud ſhe ſpread;
A ſtream of glory flam'd above his head.
As when from ſome beleaguer'd town ariſe
The ſmokes, high-curling to the ſhaded ſkies;
(Seen from ſome iſland, o'er the main afar,
When men diſtreſt hang out the ſign of war)

the ſixteenth, they are put into the utmoſt conſternation at the ſight of his armour and chariot: in the ſeventeenth, *Menelaus* and *Ajax* are in deſpair, on the conſideration that *Achilles* cannot ſuccour them for want of armour: in the preſent book, beyond all expectation he does but ſhew himſelf unarmed, and the very ſight of him gives the victory to *Greece!* How extremely noble is this gradation!

℣. 246. *The ſmokes, high-curling.*] For fires in the day appear nothing but ſmoke, and in the night flames are viſible becauſe of the darkneſs. And thus it is ſaid in *Exodus*, That God led his people in the day with a pillar of ſmoke, and in the night with a pillar of fire. *Per diem in columnâ nubis, & per noctem in columnâ ignis.* Dacier.

℣. 247. *Seen from ſome iſland.*] *Homer* makes choice of a town placed in an iſland, becauſe ſuch a place being beſieged has no other means of making its diſtreſs known than by ſignals of fire; whereas a town upon the continent has other means to make known to its neighbours the neceſſity it is in. *Dacier.*

Soon as the ſun in ocean hides his rays,
Thick on the hills the flaming beacons blaze;
With long-projected beams the ſeas are bright,
And heav'n's high arch reflects the ruddy light:
So from *Achilles'* head the ſplendours riſe,
Reflecting blaze on blaze againſt the ſkies.
Forth march'd the chief, and diſtant from the croud,
High on the rampart rais'd his voice aloud;
With her own ſhout *Minerva* ſwells the ſound;
Troy ſtarts aſtoniſh'd, and the ſhores rebound.
As the loud Trumpet's brazen mouth from far
With ſhrilling clangor ſounds th' alarm of war,

ỳ. 259. *As the loud Trumpet's*, &c.] I have already obſerved, that when the poet ſpeaks as from himſelf, he may be allowed to take his compariſons from things which were not known before his time. Here he borrows the compariſon from the *trumpet*, as he has elſewhere done from *ſaddle-horſes*, though neither one nor the other were uſed in *Greece* at the time of the *Trojan* war. *Virgil* was leſs exact in this reſpect, for he deſcribes the trumpet as uſed in the ſacking of *Troy*:

"Exoritur clamôrque virûm clangorque tubarum."

And celebrates *Miſenus* as the trumpeter of *Æneas*. But as *Virgil* wrote at a time more remote from thoſe heroick ages, perhaps this liberty may be excuſed. But a poet may better confine himſelf to cuſtoms and manners, like a painter; and it is equally a fault in either of them to aſcribe to times and nations any thing with which they were unacquainted.

Struck from the walls, the echoes float on high,
And the round bulwarks and thick tow'rs reply;
So high his brazen voice the hero rear'd:
Hoſts drop their arms, and trembled as they heard;
And back the chariots roll, and courſers bound,
And ſteeds and men lie mingled on the ground.
Aghaſt they ſee the living light'nings play,
And turn their eye-balls from the flaſhing ray.
Thrice from the trench his dreadful voice he rais'd;
And thrice they fled, confounded and amaz'd.
Twelve in the tumult wedg'd, untimely ruſh'd
On their own ſpears, by their own chariots cruſh'd:
While ſhielded from the darts, the *Greeks* obtain
The long-contended carcaſe of the ſlain.
A lofty bier the breathleſs warriour bears:
Around, his ſad Companions melt in tears.
But chief *Achilles*, bending down his head,
Pours unavailing ſorrows o'er the dead,

One may add an obſervation to this note of M. *Dacier*, that the trumpet's not being in uſe at that time, makes very much for *Homer*'s purpoſe in this place. The terrour raiſed by the voice of this hero, is much the more ſtrongly imaged by a ſound that was unuſual, and capable of ſtriking more from its very novelty.

Whom late triumphant with his ſteeds and car,
He ſent refulgent to the field of War;
(Unhappy change!) now ſenſeleſs, pale, he found,
Stretch'd forth, and gaſh'd with many a gaping wound.

Meantime unweary'd with his heav'nly way,
In Ocean's Waves th' unwilling light of day
Quench'd his red orb, at *Juno*'s high command,
And from their labours eas'd th' *Achaian* band.
The frighted *Trojans* (panting from the war,
Their ſteeds unharneſs'd from the weary car)
A ſudden council call'd: each chief appear'd
In haſte, and ſtanding; for to ſit they fear'd.
'Twas now no ſeaſon for prolong'd debate;
They ſaw *Achilles*, and in him their fate.
Silent they ſtood: *Polydamas* at laſt,
Skill'd to diſcern the future by the paſt,
The ſon of *Panthus*, thus expreſs'd his fears;
(The friend of *Hector*, and of equal years:
The ſelf-ſame night to both a being gave,
One wiſe in council, one in action brave.)

In free debate, my friends, your ſentence ſpeak;
For me, I move, before the morning break,
To raiſe our camp: too dang'rous here our poſt,
Far from *Troy* walls, and on a naked coaſt.
I deem'd not *Greece* ſo dreadful, while engag'd
In mutual feuds, her King and Hero rag'd;
Then, while we hop'd our armies might prevail,
We boldly camp'd beſide a thouſand ſail.
I dread *Pelides* now: his rage of mind
Not long continues to the ſhores confin'd,
Nor to the fields, where long in equal fray
Contending nations won and loſt the day;
For *Troy*, for *Troy*, ſhall henceforth be the ſtrife,
And the hard conteſt not for fame, but life.
Haſte then to *Ilion*, while the fav'ring night
Detains thoſe terrours, keeps that arm from fight;
If but the morrow's ſun behold us here,
That arm, thoſe terrours, we ſhall feel, not fear;

℣. 315. *If but the morrow's ſun*, &c.] *Polydamas* ſays in the original, "If *Achilles* comes to-morrow *in his armour*." There ſeems to lie an objection againſt this paſſage, for *Polydamas* knew that *Achilles*'s armour was won by *Hector*, he muſt alſo know that no other man's armour would fit him; how then could he know that new arms were made for him

And hearts that now diſdain, ſhall leap with joy,
If heav'n permit them then to enter *Troy*.
Let not my fatal prophecy be true,
Nor what I tremble but to think, enſue.
Whatever be our fate, yet let us try
What force of thought and reaſon can ſupply;
Let us on counſel for our guard depend;
The town, her gates, and bulwarks ſhall defend.
When morning dawns, our well-appointed pow'rs,
Array'd in arms, ſhall line the lofty tow'rs.
Let the fierce hero then, when fury calls,
Vent his mad vengeance on our rocky walls,
Or fetch a thouſand circles round the plain,
'Till his ſpent courſers ſeek the fleet again:
So may his rage be tir'd, and labour'd down;
And dogs ſhall tear him e'er he ſack the town.
Return? (ſaid *Hector*, fir'd with ſtern diſdain)
What coop whole armies in our walls again?

that very night? Thoſe who are reſolved to defend *Homer*, may anſwer, it was by his ſkill in prophecy; but to me this ſeems to be a ſlip of our author's memory, and one of thoſe little *nods* which *Horace* ſpeaks of.

ỳ. 333. *The ſpeech of* Hector.] *Hector* in this ſevere anſwer to *Polydamas*, takes up ſeveral of his words and turns them another way.

Was't not enough, ye valiant warriours ſay,
Nine years impriſon'd in thoſe tow'rs ye lay?
Wide o'er the world was *Ilion* fam'd of old
For braſs exhauſtleſs, and for mines of gold:
But while inglorious in her walls we ſtay'd,
Sunk were her treaſures, and her ſtores decay'd;

Polydamas had ſaid, Πρωὶ δ' ὑπ' ἠοῖοι ζὺν τεύχεσι θωρηχθέντες τησόμεθ' ἀν πύργες, "To-morrow by break of day let us put on our "arms, and defend the caſtles and city walls;" to which *Hector* replies, Πρωὶ δ' ὑπ' ἠοῖοι ζὺν τεύχεσι θωρηχθέντες Νηυσὶν ἐπὶ γλαφυρῇσιν ἰλείομεν ἀξὺν Ἄρηα, "To-morrow by break of day let us "put on our arms, not to defend ourſelves at home, but to "fight the *Greeks* before their own ſhips."

Polydamas, ſpeaking of *Achilles*, had ſaid, τῷ δ' ἄλλον αἶκ' ἐθέλησιν, &c. "If he comes after we are in the walls of our city, it "will be the worſe for him, for he may drive round the city "long enough before he can hurt us." To which *Hector* anſwers, If *Achilles* ſhould come Ἄλλον, αἶκ' ἐθέλῃσι, τῷ ἔσσεται· ᾧ μιν ἐγωὶ φεύξομαι ἐκ πολέμοιο, &c. "It will be the worſe for him "as you ſay, becauſe I'll fight him:" ᾧ μιν ἐγωὶ φεύξομαι, ſays *Hector*, in reply to *Polydamas*'s ſaying, ὅς κε φύγῃ. But *Hector* is not ſo far gone in paſſion or pride, as to forget himſelf; and accordingly in the next lines he modeſtly puts it in doubt, which of them ſhall conquer. *Euſtathius.*

℣. 340. *Sunk were her treaſures, and her ſtores decay'd.*] As well by reaſon of the convoys, which were neceſſarily to be ſent for with ready Money; as by reaſon of the great allowances which were to be given to the auxiliary troops, who came from *Phrygia* and *Mæonia*. *Hector*'s meaning is, that ſince all the riches of *Troy* are exhauſted, it is no longer neceſſary to ſpare themſelves, or ſhut themſelves up within their walls. *Dacier.*

The *Phrygians* now her ſcatter'd ſpoils enjoy,
And proud *Mæonia* waſtes the fruits of *Troy*.
Great *Jove* at length my arms to conqueſt calls,
And ſhuts the *Grecians* in their wooden walls:
Dar'ſt thou diſpirit whom the Gods incite?
Flies any *Trojan?* I ſhall ſtop his flight.
To better counſel then attention lend;
Take due refreſhment, and the watch attend.
If there be one whoſe riches coſt him care,
Forth let him bring them for the Troops to ſhare;
'Tis better gen'rouſly beſtow'd on thoſe,
Than left the plunder of our country's foes.
Soon as the morn the purple Orient warms,
Fierce on yon' navy will we pour our arms.
If great *Achilles* riſe in all his might,
His be the danger: I ſhall ſtand the fight.

ỳ. 349. *If there be one*, &c.] This noble and generous propoſal is worthy of *Hector*, and at the ſame time very artful to ingratiate himſelf with the ſoldiers. *Euſtathius* farther obſerves that it is ſaid with an eye to *Polydamas*, as accuſing him of being rich, and of not opening the advice he had given, for any other reaſon than to preſerve his great wealth; for riches commonly make men cowards, and the deſire of ſaving them has often occaſioned men to give advice very contrary to the publick welfare.

Honour, ye Gods! or let me gain, or give;
And live he glorious, whoſoe'er ſhall live!
Mars is our common Lord, alike to all;
And oft the victor triumphs, but to fall.
The ſhouting hoſt in loud applauſes join'd:
So *Pallas* robb'd the Many of their mind;
To their own Senſe condemn'd, and left to chuſe
The worſt advice, the better to refuſe.
While the long Night extends her ſable reign,
Around *Patroclus* mourn'd the *Grecian* train.
Stern in ſuperiour grief *Pelides* ſtood;
Thoſe ſlaught'ring arms, ſo us'd to bathe in blood,
Now claſp his clay-cold limbs: then guſhing ſtart
The tears, and ſighs burſt from his ſwelling heart.
The lion thus, with dreadful anguiſh ſtung,
Roars thro' the deſart, and demands his young;
When the grim ſavage, to his rifled den
Too late returning, ſnuffs the track of men,
And o'er the vales and o'er the foreſt bounds;
His clam'rous grief the bellowing wood reſounds.
So grieves *Achilles*; and impetuous, vents
To all his *Myrmidons*, his loud laments.

In what vain promiſe, Gods! did I engage,
When to conſole *Menœtius'* feeble age,
I vow'd his much-lov'd offspring to reſtore,
Charg'd with rich ſpoils, to fair *Opuntia's* ſhore?
But mighty *Jove* cuts ſhort, with juſt diſdain,
The long, long views of poor, deſigning man!
One fate the warriour and the friend ſhall ſtrike,
And *Troy's* black ſands muſt drink our blood alike:
Me too, a wretched mother ſhall deplore,
An aged father never ſee me more!
Yet, my *Patroclus!* yet a ſpace I ſtay,
Then ſwift purſue thee on the darkſome way.
E'er thy dear relicks in the grave are laid,
Shall *Hector's* head be offer'd to thy ſhade;

℣. 379. *In what vain promiſe.*] The lamentation of *Achilles* over the body of *Patroclus* is exquiſitely touched: it is ſorrow in extreme, but it is the ſorrow of *Achilles*. It is nobly uſhered in by that ſimile of the grief of the lion. An idea which is fully anſwered in the ſavage and bloody concluſion of this Speech. One would think by the beginning of it, that *Achilles* did not know his fate, till after his departure from *Opuntium*; and yet how does that agree with what is ſaid of his choice of the ſhort and active life, rather than the long and inglorious one? Or did not he flatter himſelf ſometimes, that his fate might be changed? This may be conjectured from ſeveral other paſſages, and is indeed the moſt natural ſolution.

That, with his arms, ſhall hang before thy ſhrine;
And twelve the nobleſt of the *Trojan* line,
Sacred to vengeance, by this hand expire;
Their lives effus'd around thy flaming pyre.
Thus let me lie 'till then! thus, cloſely preſt,
Bathe thy cold face, and ſob upon thy breaſt!
While *Trojan* captives here thy mourners ſtay,
Weep all the night, and murmur all the day:
Spoils of my arms, and thine; when, waſting wide,
Our ſwords kept time, and conquer'd ſide by ſide.
He ſpoke, and bid the ſad attendants round
Cleanſe the pale corſe, and waſh each honour'd wound.
A maſſy caldron of ſtupendous frame
They brought, and plac'd it o'er the riſing flame:
Then heap the lighted wood; the flame divides
Beneath the vaſe, and climbs around the ſides:
In its wide womb they pour the ruſhing ſtream;
The boiling water bubbles to the brim.

℣. 404. *Cleanſe the pale corſe*, &c.] This cuſtom of waſhing the dead, is continued among the *Greeks* to this day; and it is a pious duty performed by the neareſt friend or relation, to ſee it waſhed and anointed with a perfume, after which they cover it with linen exactly in the manner here related.

The body then they bathe with pious toil,
Embalm the wounds, anoint the limbs with oil,
High on a bed of ſtate extended laid,
And decent cover'd with a linen ſhade;
Laſt o'er the dead the milk-white Veil they threw;
That done, their ſorrows and their ſighs renew.

Meanwhile to *Juno*, in the realms above,
(His Wife and Siſter) ſpoke almighty *Jove*.
At laſt thy will prevails: great *Peleus'* ſon
Riſes in arms: ſuch grace thy *Greeks* have won.
Say (for I know not) is their race divine,
And thou the mother of that martial line?

What words are theſe (th' imperial Dame replies,
While anger flaſh'd from her majeſtick eyes)
Succour like this a mortal arm might lend,
And ſuch ſucceſs mere human wit attend:
And ſhall not I, the ſecond pow'r above,
Heav'n's Queen, and conſort of the thund'ring *Jove*,

℣. 417. Jupiter *and* Juno.] *Virgil* has copied the ſpeech of *Juno* to *Jupiter*. *Aſt ego quæ diviûm incedo regina*, &c. But it is exceeding remarkable, that *Homer* ſhould upon every occaſion make marriage and diſcord inſeparable: it is an unalterable rule with him, to introduce the huſband and wife in a quarrel.

Say, ſhall not I, one nation's fate command,
Not wreak my vengeance on one guilty land?
So they. Meanwhile the ſilver-footed dame
Reach'd the *Vulcanian* dome, eternal frame!
High-eminent amid the works divine,
Where heav'n's far-beaming brazen manſions ſhine.
There the lame Architect the Goddeſs found,
Obſcure in ſmoke, his forges flaming round,
While bath'd in ſweat from fire to fire he flew;
And puffing loud, the roaring bellows blew.
That day no common taſk his labour claim'd:
Full twenty Tripods for his hall he fram'd,

℣. 440. *Full twenty Tripods.*] Tripods were Veſſels ſupported on three feet, with handles on the ſides; they were of ſeveral kinds and for ſeveral uſes; ſome were conſecrated to ſacrifices, ſome uſed as tables, ſome as ſeats, others hung up as ornaments on walls of houſes or temples; theſe of *Vulcan* have an addition of wheels, which was not uſual, which intimates them to be made with clock-work. Monſ. *Dacier* has commented very well on this paſſage. If *Vulcan* (ſays he) had made ordinary tripods, they had not anſwered the greatneſs, power and ſkill of a God. It was therefore neceſſary that this work ſhould be above that of men: to effect this, the tripods were animated, and in this *Homer* doth not deviate from the probability; for every one is fully perſuaded, that a God can do things more difficult than theſe, and that all matter will obey him. What has not been ſaid of the ſtatues of

That plac'd on living wheels of maſſy gold,
(Wond'rous to tell) inſtinct with ſpirit roll'd

Dædalus? Plato writes, that they walked alone, and if they had not taken care to tie them, they would have got looſe, and ruſh from their maſter. If a writer in proſe can ſpeak hyperbolically of a man, may not *Homer* do it much more of a God? Nay, this circumſtance with which *Homer* has embelliſhed his poem, would have had nothing too ſurpriſing though theſe tripods had been made by a man; for what may not be done in clock-work by an exact management of ſprings? This criticiſm is then ill grounded, and *Homer* does not deſerve the ridicule they would caſt on him.

The ſame author applies to this paſſage of *Homer* that rule of *Ariſtotle*, *Poetic.* chap. xxvi. which deſerves to be alledged at large on this occaſion.

"When a poet is accuſed of ſaying any thing that is impoſſible, we muſt examine that impoſſibility, either with "reſpect to *poetry*, with reſpect to that which is *beſt*, or with "reſpect to *common fame*. Firſt, with regard to *poetry*. The "*probable impoſſible* ought to be preferred to the *poſſible which* "*hath no veriſimilitude*, and which would not be believed; "and it is thus that *Zeuxis* painted his pieces. Secondly "with reſpect to that which is *beſt*, we ſee that a thing is "more excellent and more wonderful this way, and that the "originals ought always to ſurpaſs. Laſtly, in reſpect to "*fame*, it is proved that the poet need only follow a com-"mon opinion. All that appears abſurd may be alſo juſtified "by one of theſe three ways; or elſe by the maxim we have "already laid down, that it is probable, that a great many "things may happen againſt probability."

A late critick has taken notice of the conformity of this paſſage of *Homer* with that in the firſt chapter of *Ezekiel*, *The ſpirit of the living creature was in the wheels: when thoſe went, theſe went; and when thoſe ſtood, theſe ſtood; and when thoſe were lifted up, the wheels were lifted up over againſt them; for the ſpirit of the living creature was in the wheels.*

From place to place, around the bleſt abodes,
Self-mov'd, obedient to the beck of Gods:
For their fair handles now, o'er-wrought with flow'rs,
In molds prepar'd, the glowing ore he pours.
Juſt as reſponſive to his thought the frame,
Stood prompt to move, the azure Goddeſs came:
Charis, his ſpouſe, a grace divinely fair,
(With purple fillets round her braided hair)
Obſerv'd her ent'ring; her ſoft hand ſhe preſs'd,
And ſmiling, thus the wat'ry Queen addreſs'd.

What, Goddeſs! this unuſual favour draws?
All hail, and welcome! whatſoe'er the cauſe:
'Till now a ſtranger, in a happy hour,
Approach, and taſte the dainties of the bow'r.

High on a throne, with ſtars of ſilver grac'd,
And various artifice, the Queen ſhe plac'd;
A footſtool at her feet: then calling, ſaid,
Vulcan draw near, 'tis *Thetis* aſks your aid.

℣. 459. *A footſtool at her feet.*] It is at this day the uſual honour paid among the *Greeks*, to viſitors of ſuperiour quality, to ſet them higher than the reſt of the company, and put a footſtool under their feet. See note on ℣. 179. book xiv.

Thetis (reply'd the God) our pow'rs may claim,
An ever-dear, an ever-honour'd name!

This, with innumerable other cuſtoms, are ſtill preſerved in the eaſtern nations.

ỳ. 460. Vulcan *draw near, 'tis* Thetis *aſks your aid.*] The ſtory the antients tell of *Plato*'s application of this verſe, is worth obſerving. That great philoſopher had in his youth a ſtrong inclination to poetry, and not being ſatisfied to compoſe little pieces of gallantry and amour, he tried his force in tragedy and epick poetry; but the ſucceſs was not anſwerable to his hopes: he compared his performance with that of *Homer*, and was very ſenſible of the difference. He therefore abandoned a ſort of writing wherein at beſt he could only be the ſecond, and turned his views to another, wherein he deſpaired not to become the firſt. His anger tranſported him ſo far, as to caſt all his verſes into the fire. But while he was burning them, he could not help citing a verſe of the very poet who had cauſed his chagrin. It was the preſent line, which *Homer* has put into the mouth of *Charis*, when *Thetis* demands arms for *Achilles*;

Ἥφαιστε, σπόμολ' ὧδε, Θέτις νύ τι σεῖο χατίζει.

Plato only inſerted his own name inſtead of that of *Thetis*.

Vulcan draw near, 'tis *Plato* aſks your aid.

If we credit the antients, it was the diſcontentment his own poetry gave him, that raiſed in him all the indignation he afterwards expreſſed againſt the art itſelf. In which, (ſay they) he behaved like thoſe lovers, who ſpeak ill of the beauties whom they cannot prevail upon. *Fraguier, Parall. de Hom. & de Platon.*

ỳ. 461. Thetis *(reply'd the God) our pow'rs may claim,* &c.] *Vulcan* throws by his work to perform *Thetis*'s requeſt, who had laid former Obligations upon him; the Poet in this example giving us an excellent precept, that gratitude ſhould take place of all other concerns.

When my proud mother hurl'd me from the
ſky,
(My aukward form, it ſeems, diſpleas'd her eye)
She, and *Eurynome*, my griefs redreſt,
And ſoft receiv'd me on their ſilver breaſt.

The motives which ſhould engage a God in a new work in the night-time upon a ſuit of armour for a mortal, ought to be ſtrong: and therefore artfully enough put upon the foot of gratitude: beſides, they afford at the ſame time a noble occaſion for *Homer* to retail his theology, which he is always very fond of.

The allegory of *Vulcan*, or fire (according to *Heraclides*) is this. His father is *Jupiter*, or the *Æther*, his mother *Juno*, or the *Air*, from whence he fell to us, whether by lightening, or otherwiſe. He is ſaid to be lame, that is, to want ſupport, becauſe he cannot ſubſiſt without the continual ſubſiſtence of fuel. The æthereal fire *Homer* calls *Sol* or *Jupiter*, the inferiour *Vulcan*; the one wants nothing of perfection, the other is ſubject to decay, and is reſtored by acceſſion of materials. *Vulcan* is ſaid to fall from heaven, becauſe at firſt, when the opportunity of obtaining fire was not ſo frequent, men prepared inſtruments of braſs, by which they collected the beams of the ſun; or elſe they gained it from accidental lightening, that ſet fire to ſome combuſtible matter. *Vulcan* had periſhed when he fell from heaven, unleſs *Thetis* and *Eurynome* had received him; that is, unleſs he had been preſerved by falling into ſome convenient receptacle, or ſubterranean place; and ſo was afterwards diſtributed for the common neceſſities of mankind. To underſtand theſe ſtrange explications, it muſt be known that *Thetis* is derived from τίθημι to *lay up*, and *Eurynome* from εὐρὺς and νομὴ, a *wide diſtribution*. They are all called Daughters of the ocean, becauſe the vapours and exhalations of the ſea forming themſelves into clouds, find nouriſhment for lightenings.

Ev'n then, theſe arts employ'd my infant thought;
Chains, bracelets, pendants, all their toys I wrought.
Nine years kept ſecret in the dark abode,
Secure I lay conceal'd from Man and God:
Deep in a cavern'd rock my days were led;
The ruſhing ocean murmur'd o'er my head.
Now ſince her preſence glads our manſion, ſay,
For ſuch deſert what ſervice can I pay?
Vouchſafe, O *Thetis!* at our board to ſhare
The genial rites, and hoſpitable fare;
While I the labours of the forge forego,
And bid the roaring bellows ceaſe to blow.
Then from his anvil the lame artiſt roſe;
Wide with diſtorted legs oblique he goes,
And ſtills the bellows, and (in order laid)
Locks in their cheſts his inſtruments of trade.
Then with a ſponge the ſooty workman dreſt
His brawny arms imbrown'd, and hairy breaſt.
With his huge ſcepter grac'd, and red attire,
Came halting forth the Sov'reign of the fire:

The monarch's ſteps two female forms uphold,
That mov'd, and breath'd, in animated gold;
To whom was voice, and ſenſe, and ſcience giv'n
Of works divine (ſuch wonders are in heav'n!) 490
On theſe ſupported, with unequal gait,
He reach'd the throne where penſive *Thetis* ſat;
There plac'd beſide her on the ſhining frame,
He thus addreſs'd the ſilver-footed dame.

Thee, welcome Goddeſs! what occaſion calls,
(So long a ſtranger) to theſe honour'd walls? 496
'Tis thine, fair *Thetis*, the command to lay,
And *Vulcan*'s joy and duty to obey.

To whom the mournful mother thus replies,
(The cryſtal drops ſtood trembling in her eyes)

ỳ. 488. — — — — *two female forms,*
That mov'd and breath'd in animated gold.]

It is very probable that *Homer* took the idea of theſe from the ſtatues of *Dædalus*, which might be extant in his time. The antients tell us, they were made to imitate life, in rolling their eyes, and in all other motions. From whence indeed it ſhould ſeem, that the excellency of *Dædalus* conſiſted in what we call clock-work, or the management of moving figures by ſprings, rather than in ſculpture or imagery: and accordingly, the fable of his fitting wings to himſelf and his ſon, is formed entirely upon the foundation of the former.

Oh *Vulcan!* ſay, was ever breaſt divine
So pierc'd with ſorrows, ſo o'erwhelm'd as mine?
Of all the Goddeſſes, did *Jove* prepare
For *Thetis* only ſuch a weight of care?
I, only I, of all the wat'ry race,
By force ſubjected to a man's embrace,
Who, ſinking now with age and ſorrow, pays
The mighty fine impos'd on length of days.
Sprung from my bed, a god-like hero came,
The braveſt ſure that ever bore the name;
Like ſome fair plant beneath my careful hand
He grew, he flouriſh'd, and he grac'd the land:
To *Troy* I ſent him! but his native ſhore
Never, ah never, ſhall receive him more;
(Ev'n while he lives, he waſtes with ſecret woe)
Nor I, a Goddeſs, can retard the blow!
Robb'd of the prize, the *Grecian* ſuffrage gave,
The King of nations forc'd his royal ſlave:

✶. 517. *Robb'd of the prize*, &c.] *Thetis* to compaſs her deſign, recounts every thing to the advantage of her ſon; ſhe therefore ſuppreſſes the epiſode of the embaſſy, the prayers that had been made uſe of to move him, and all that the *Greeks* had ſuffered after the return of the embaſſadors; and artfully puts together two very diſtant things, as if they had

For this he griev'd; and 'till the *Greeks* oppreſt,
Requir'd his arm, he ſorrow'd unredreſt.
Large gifts they promiſe, and their elders ſend;
In vain — He arms not, but permits his friend
His arms, his ſteeds, his forces to employ;
He marches, combats, almoſt conquers *Troy*.
Then ſlain by *Phœbus* (*Hector* had the name)
At once reſigns his armour, life, and fame.
But thou, in pity, by my pray'r be won:
Grace with immortal arms this ſhort-liv'd ſon,
And to the field in martial pomp reſtore,
To ſhine with glory, 'till he ſhines no more!

followed each other in the ſame moment. He declined, ſays ſhe, to ſuccour the *Greeks*, but he ſent *Patroclus*. Now between his refuſing to help the *Greeks*, and his ſending *Patroclus*, terrible things had fallen out; but ſhe ſuppreſſes them, for fear of offending *Vulcan* with the recital of *Achilles*'s inflexible obduracy, and thereby create in that God an averſion to her ſon. *Euſtathius*.

ỳ. 525. *Then ſlain by* Phœbus (Hector *had the name*).] It is a paſſage worth taking notice of, that *Brutus* is ſaid to have conſulted the *Sortes Homericæ*, and to have drawn one of theſe lines, wherein the death of *Patroclus* is aſcribed to *Apollo*: after which, unthinkingly, he gave the name of that God for the word of battle. This is remarked as an unfortunate omen by ſome of the antients, though I forget where I met with it.

To her the Artiſt-god. Thy griefs reſign,
Secure, what *Vulcan* can, is ever thine.
O could I hide him from the fates as well,
Or with theſe hands the cruel ſtroke repel,
As I ſhall forge moſt envy'd arms, the gaze
Of wond'ring ages, and the world's amaze!
Thus having ſaid, the father of the fires
To the black labours of his forge retires.

ν. 537. *The father of the fires*, &c.] The ancients (ſays *Euſtathius*) have largely celebrated the philoſophical myſteries which they imagined to be ſhadowed under theſe deſcriptions, eſpecially *Damo* (ſuppoſed the daughter of *Pythagoras*) whoſe explication is as follows. *Thetis*, who receives the arms, means the apt order and diſpoſition of all things in the creation. By the fire and the wind raiſed by the bellows, are meant *air* and *fire*, the moſt active of all the elements. The emanations of the fire are thoſe *golden maids* that waited on *Vulcan*. The circular ſhield is the *world*, being of a ſpærical figure. The gold, the braſs, the ſilver, and the tin are the elements. Gold is fire, the firm braſs is earth, the ſilver is air, and the ſoft tin, water. And thus far (ſay they) *Homer* ſpeaks a little obſcurely, but afterwards he names them expreſsly, ἐν μὲν γαῖαν ἔτευξ', ἐν δ' ἐφανὸν, ἐν δὲ θάλασσαν, to which, for the fourth element, you muſt add *Vulcan*, who makes the ſhield. The extreme circle that run round the ſhield, which he calls *ſplendid* and *threefold*, is the Zodiack; threefold in its breadth, within which all the planets move; ſplendid, becauſe the ſun paſſes always through the midſt of it. The ſilver handle by which the ſhield is faſtened, at both extremities, is the *Axis* of the world, imagined to paſs through it, and upon which it turns. The five folds are thoſe parallel circles that divide the world, the *Polar*, the *Tropicks*, and the *Æquator*.

Soon as he bade them blow, the bellows turn'd 539
Their iron mouths; and where the furnace burn'd,

Heraclides Ponticus thus purſues the allegory. *Homer* (ſays he) makes the working of his ſhield, that is the world, to be begun by *night*; as indeed all matter lay undiſtinguiſhed in an original and univerſal *night:* which is called *Chaos* by the poets.

To bring the matter of the ſhield to ſeparation and form, *Vulcan* preſides over the work, or as we may ſay, an *eſſential warmth: All things*, ſays *Heraclitus*, *being made by the operation of fire.*

And becauſe the *architect* is at this time to give a form and ornament to the world he is making, it is not raſhly that he is ſaid to be married to one of the graces.

On the broad ſhield the *maker*'s hand engraves
The earth and ſeas beneath, the pole above,
The ſun unwearied, and the circled moon.

Thus in beginning of the world, he firſt lays the earth as a foundation of a building, whoſe vacancies are filled up with the flowings of the ſea. Then he ſpreads out the ſky for a kind of divine roof over it, and lights the elements, now ſeparated from their former confuſion, with the *ſun*, the *moon*,

And all thoſe ſtars that crown the ſkies with fire:

Where, by the word *crown*, which gives the idea of roundneſs, he again hints at the figure of the world; and though he could not particularly name the ſtars like *Aratus* (who profeſſed to write upon them) yet he has not omitted to mention the principal. From hence he paſſes to repreſent two *allegorical* cities, one of *peace*, the other of *war*; *Empedocles* ſeems to have taken from *Homer* his aſſertion, that all things had their original from *ſtrife* and *friendſhip.*

All theſe refinements (not to call them abſolute whimſies) I leave juſt as I found them, to the reader's judgment or mercy. They call it *Learning* to have read them, but I fear it is *Folly* to quote them.

Reſounding breath'd: at once the blaſt expires,
And twenty forges catch at once the fires;
Juſt as the God directs, now loud, now low,
They raiſe a tempeſt, or they gently blow.
In hiſſing flames huge ſilver bars are roll'd,
And ſtubborn braſs, and tin, and ſolid gold:
Before, deep fix'd, th' eternal anvils ſtand;
The pond'rous hammer loads his better hand,
His left with tongs turns the vex'd metal round,
And thick, ſtrong ſtrokes, the doubling vaults rebound.

Then firſt he form'd th' immenſe and ſolid *ſhield*;
Rich various artifice emblaz'd the field;
Its utmoſt verge a threefold circle bound;
A ſilver chain ſuſpends the maſſy round;
Five ample plates the broad expanſe compoſe,
And god-like labours on the ſurface roſe.
There ſhone the image of the Maſter-Mind:
There earth, there heav'n, there ocean he deſign'd;
Th' unweary'd ſun, the moon compleatly round;
The ſtarry lights that heav'n's high convex crown'd;

The *Pleiads*, *Hyads*, with the northern team;
And great *Orion*'s more refulgent beam;
To which, around the axle of the ſky,
The *Bear* revolving, points his golden eye,
Still ſhines exalted on th' æthereal plain,
Nor bathes his blazing forehead in the main.

℣. 566. *Nor bathes his blazing forehead in the main.*] The criticks make uſe of this paſſage, to prove that *Homer* was ignorant of aſtronomy; ſince he believed that the *Bear* was the only conſtellation which never bathed itſelf in the ocean, that is to ſay, that did not ſet, and was always viſible; for, ſay they, this is common to other conſtellations of the arctick circle, as the leſſer Bear, the Dragon, the greateſt part of *Cepheus*, &c. To ſalve *Homer*, *Ariſtotle* anſwers, That he calls it the only one, to ſhew that it is the only one of thoſe conſtellations he had ſpoken of, or that he has put the *only* for the *principal* or the *moſt known*. *Strabo* juſtifies this after another manner, in the beginning of his firſt book: "Under "the name of the *Bear* and the *Chariot*, *Homer* comprehends "all the arctick circle; for there being ſeveral other ſtars in "that circle which never ſet, he could not ſay, that the Bear "was the only one which did not bathe itſelf in the ocean; "wherefore thoſe are deceived, who accuſe the poet of igno-"rance, as if he knew one Bear only when there are two; "for the leſſer was not diſtinguiſhed in his time. The *Phœ-"nicians* were the firſt who obſerved it, and made uſe of it "in their navigation; and the figure of that ſign paſſed from "them to the *Greeks*: the ſame thing happened in regard to "the conſtellation of *Berenice*'s hair, and that of *Canopus*, "which received thoſe names very lately; and as *Aratus* ſays "well, there are ſeveral other ſtars which have no names. "*Crates* was then in the wrong to endeavour to correct this "paſſage, in putting ὅς for ὅν, for he tries to avoid that

Two cities radiant on the ſhield appear,
The image one of peace, and one of war.
Here ſacred pomp, and genial feaſt delight,
And ſolemn dance, and *Hymenæal* rite;

which is there no occaſion to avoid. *Heraclitus* did better, who put the *Bear* for the arctick circle, as *Homer* has done. "*The Bear* (ſays he) *is the limit of the riſing and ſetting of the ſtars.*" Now it is the *Arctick circle*, and not the *Bear*, which is that limit. "It is therefore evident, that by the word *Bear*, which he calls the *Waggon*, and which he ſays obſerves *Orion*, he underſtands the arctick circle; that by the ocean he means the horizon where the ſtars riſe and ſet; and by thoſe words, *which turns in the ſame place, and doth not bathe itſelf in the ocean*, he ſhews that the arctick circle is the moſt northern part of the horizon, &c." *Dacier* on *Ariſt.*

Monſ. *Teraſſon* combates this paſſage with great warmth. But it will be a ſufficient vindication of our Author to ſay, that ſome other conſtellations, which are likewiſe perpetually above the horizon in the latitude where *Homer* writ, were not at that time diſcovered; and that whether *Homer* knew that the Bear's not ſetting was occaſioned by the latitude, and that in a ſmaller latitude it would ſet, is of no conſequence; for if he had known it, it was ſtill more poetical not to take notice of it.

℣. 567. *Two cities*, &c.] In one of theſe cities are repreſented all the advantages of *peace:* and it was impoſſible to have choſen two better emblems of peace, than *Marriages* and *Juſtice.* It is ſaid this city was *Athens*, for marriages were firſt inſtituted there by *Cecrops*; and judgment upon murder was firſt founded there. The ancient ſtate of *Attica* ſeems repreſented in the neighbouring fields, where the ploughers and reapers are at work, and a king is overlooking them: for *Triptolemus* who reigned there, was the firſt who ſowed corn: this was the imagination of *Agallias Cercyreus*, as we find him cited by *Euſtathius.*

570

Along the ſtreet the new-made brides are led,
With torches flaming to the nuptial bed:
The youthful dancers in a circle bound
To the ſoft flute, and cittern's ſilver ſound:
Thro' the fair ſtreets, the matrons in a row,
Stand in their porches, and enjoy the ſhow.

There, in the *Forum* ſwarm a num'rous train,
The ſubject of debate, a townſman ſlain:
One pleads the fine diſcharg'd, which one deny'd,
And bade the publick and the laws decide:
The witneſs is produc'd on either hand:
For this, or that, the partial people ſtand:
Th' appointed heralds ſtill the noiſy bands,
And form a ring, with ſcepters in their hands;

ỳ. 579. *The fine diſcharg'd.*] Murder was not always puniſhed with death, or ſo much as baniſhment; but when ſome fine was paid, the criminal was ſuffered to remain in the city. So *Iliad* ix.

——— Καὶ μὲν τίς τε κασιγνήτοιο φόνοιο
Ποινὴν, ἢ ὃ παιδὸς ἐδέξατο τεθνειῶτος.
Καὶ ῥ' ὁ μὲν ἐν δήμῳ μίνυι αὐτῷ πολλ' ἀπαλίσας.

——— If a brother bleed,
On juſt atonement we remit the deed,
A ſire the ſlaughter of his ſon forgives,
The price of blood diſcharg'd, the murd'rer lives.

On ſeats of ſtone, within the ſacred place,
The rev'rend elders nodded o'er the caſe;
Alternate, each th' atteſting ſcepter took,
And riſing ſolemn, each his ſentence ſpoke.
Two golden talents lay amidſt, in ſight,
The prize of him who beſt adjudg'd the right.
Another part (a proſpect diff'ring far)
Glow'd with refulgent arms, and horrid war.

℣. 590. *The prize of him who beſt adjudg'd the right.*] *Euſtathius* informs us, that it was anciently the cuſtom to have a reward given to that judge who pronounced the beſt ſentence. M. *Dacier* oppoſes this authority, and will have it, that this reward was given to the perſon who upon the deciſion of the ſuit appeared to have the juſteſt cauſe. The difference between theſe two cuſtoms, in the reaſon of the thing, is very great: for the one muſt have been an encouragement to juſtice, the other a provocation to diſſenſion. It were to be wanting in a due reverence to the wiſdom of the ancients, and of *Homer* in particular, not to chuſe the former ſenſe: and I have the honour to be confirmed in this opinion, by the ableſt judge, as well as the beſt practiſer of equity, my Lord *Harcourt*, at whoſe ſeat I tranſlated this book.

℣. 591. *Another part (a proſpect diff'ring far,)* &c.] The ſame *Agallias*, cited above, would have this city in war to be meant of *Eleuſina*, but upon very ſlight reaſons. What is wonderful, is, that all the accidents and events of *war* are ſet before our eyes in this ſhort compaſs. The ſeveral ſcenes are excellently diſpoſed to repreſent the whole affair. Here is in the ſpace of thirty lines, a ſiege, a ſally, an ambuſh, the ſurpriſe of a convoy, and a battle; with ſcarce a ſingle circumſtance proper to any of theſe, omitted.

Two mighty hoſts a leaguer'd town embrace,
And one would pillage, one would burn the place.
Meantime the townſmen, arm'd with ſilent care,
A ſecret ambuſh on the foe prepare:
Their wives, their children, and the watchful band
Of trembling parents, on the turrets ſtand.
They march; by *Pallas* and by *Mars* made bold:
Gold were the Gods, their radiant garments gold,
And gold their armour: theſe the ſquadron led,
Auguſt, divine, ſuperiour by the head!
A place for ambuſh fit, they found, and ſtood
Cover'd with ſhields, beſide a ſilver flood.
Two ſpies at diſtance lurk, and watchful ſeem
If ſheep or oxen ſeek the winding ſtream.
Soon the white flocks proceeded o'er the plains,
And ſteers ſlow-moving, and two ſhepherd ſwains;
Behind them, piping on their reeds, they go,
Nor fear an ambuſh, nor ſuſpect a foe.
In arms the glitt'ring ſquadron riſing round,
Ruſh ſudden; hills of ſlaughter heap the ground,

Whole flocks and herds lie bleeding on the plains,
And, all amidſt them, dead, the ſhepherd ſwains!
The bellowing oxen the beſiegers hear;
They riſe, take horſe, approach, and meet the war;
They fight, they fall, beſide the ſilver flood;
The waving ſilver ſeem'd to bluſh with blood.
There tumult, there contention ſtood confeſt;
One rear'd a dagger at a captive's breaſt,
One held a living foe, that freſhly bled
With new-made wounds; another dragg'd a dead;
Now here, now there, the carcaſſes they tore:
Fate ſtalk'd amidſt them, grim with human gore.
And the whole war came out, and met the eye;
And each bold figure ſeem'd to live, or die.
A field deep furrow'd, next the God deſign'd,
The third time labour'd by the ſweating hind;

℣. 619. *There tumult*, &c.] This is the firſt place in the whole deſcription of the buckler, where *Homer* riſes in his ſtyle, and uſes the allegorical ornaments of Poetry; ſo natural it was for his imagination, (now heated with the fighting ſcenes of the *Iliad*) to take fire when the image of a battle was preſented to it.

℣. 627. *A field deep furrow'd*, &c.] Here begin the deſcriptions of rural life, in which *Homer* appears as great a maſter as in the great and terrible parts of poetry. One

The ſhining ſhares full many ploughmen guide,
And turn their crooked yokes on every ſide. 630

would think, he did this on purpoſe to rival his contemporary *Heſiod*, on thoſe very ſubjects to which his genius was particularly bent. Upon this occaſion, I muſt take notice of that *Greek* poem, which is commonly aſcribed to *Heſiod*, under the title of Ἀσπὶς Ἡρακλέους. Some of the ancients mention ſuch a work as *Heſiod*'s, but that amounts to no proof that this is the ſame: which indeed is not an expreſs poem upon the ſhield of *Hercules*, but a fragment of the ſtory of that hero. What regards the ſhield is a manifeſt copy from this of *Achilles*; and conſequently it is not of *Heſiod*. For if he was not more ancient, he was at leaſt contemporary with *Homer:* and neither of them could be ſuppoſed to borrow ſo ſhamelefly from the other, not only the plan of entire deſcriptions, (as thoſe of the marriage, the harveſt, the vineyard, the ocean round the margin, &c.) but alſo whole verſes together: thoſe of the *Parca*, in the battle, are repeated word for word,

— — — — ἐν δ' ὁλοὴ Κὴρ,
Ἄλλον ζωὸν ἔχουσα τετυγμένον, ἄλλον ἄνιλον,
Ἄλλον τεθνειῶτα καὶὰ μόθον ἕλκε' ποδοῖιν.
Εἶμα δ' ἔχ' ἀμφ' ὤμοισι δαφοίνεον αἵματι φωτῶν.

And indeed half the poem is but a ſort of *Cento* compoſed out of *Homer*'s verſes. The reader need only caſt an eye on theſe two deſcriptions, to ſee the vaſt difference of the original and the copy, and I dare ſay he will readily agree with the ſentiment of Monſieur *Dacier*, in applying to them that famous verſe of *Sannazarius*,

"Illum hominem dices, hunc poſuiſſe Deum."

℣. 627.] I ought not to forget the many apparent alluſions to the deſcriptions on this ſhield, which are to be found in thoſe pictures of peace and war, the city and country, in the eleventh book of *Milton:* who was doubtleſs fond of any occaſion to ſhew, how much he was charmed with the beauty of all theſe lively images. He makes his angels paint thoſe

Still as at either end they wheel around,
The maſter meets 'em with his goblet crown'd;

objects which he ſhews to *Adam*, in the colours, and almoſt the very ſtrokes of *Homer*. Such is that paſſage of the harveſt field,

His eye he open'd, and beheld a field
Part arable and tilth, whereon were ſheaves
New reap'd; the other part ſheep-walks and folds.
In midſt an altar, as the landmark, ſtood,
Ruſtick, of graſſy ſord, *&c.*

That of the marriages,

They light the nuptial torch, and bid invoke
Hymen (then firſt to marriage rites invok'd)
With feaſt and muſick all the tents reſound.

But more particularly, the following lines are in a manner a tranſlation of our author;

One way a band ſelect, from forage drives
A herd of beeves, fair oxen and fair kine,
From a fat meadow-ground; or fleecy flock,
Ewes and their bleating lambs, acroſs the plain,
Their booty: ſcarce with life the ſhepherds fly,
But call in aid, which makes a bloody fray.
With cruel tournament the ſquadrons join
Where cattle paſtur'd late; now ſcatter'd lies
With carcaſſes and arms, th' enſanguin'd field,
Deſerted. — Others to a city ſtrong
Lay ſiege, encamp'd; by battery, ſcale, and mine
Aſſaulting; others from the wall defend
With dart and jav'lin, ſtones and ſulph'rous fire:
On each hand ſlaughter and gigantick deeds.

The hearty draught rewards, renews their toil,
Then back the turning plough-ſhares cleave the ſoil:
Behind, the riſing earth, in ridges, roll'd;
And ſable look'd, tho' form'd of molten gold.

Another field roſe high with waving grain;
With bended ſickles ſtand the reaper-train:
Here ſtretch'd in ranks the levell'd ſwarths are found,
Sheaves heap'd on ſheaves, here thicken up the ground.
With ſweeping ſtroke the mowers ſtrow the lands;
The gath'rers follow, and collect in bands;
And laſt the children, in whoſe arms are borne
(Too ſhort to gripe them) the brown ſheaves of corn.
The ruſtick monarch of the field deſcries
With ſilent glee, the heaps around him riſe.

In other part the ſcepter'd heralds call
To council in the city gates: anon
Grey-headed men and grave, with warriours mixt,
Aſſemble, and harangues are heard ——

℣. 645. *The ruſtick monarch of the field.*] *Dacier* takes this to be a piece of ground given to a hero in reward of his ſervices. It was in no reſpect unworthy ſuch a perſon, in thoſe

A ready banquet on the turf is laid,
Beneath an ample oak's expanded ſhade.
The victim ox the ſturdy youth prepare;
The reaper's due repaſt, the womens care.
Next, ripe in yellow gold, a vineyard ſhines,
Bent with the pond'rous harveſt of its vines;
A deeper dye the dangling cluſters ſhow,
And curl'd on ſilver props, in order glow:
A darker metal mixt, intrench'd the place;
And pales of glitt'ring tin th' encloſure grace.
To this, one path-way gently winding leads,
Where march a train with baſkets on their heads,
(Fair maids, and blooming youths) that ſmiling bear,
The purple product of th' autumnal year.
To theſe a youth awakes the warbling ſtrings,
Whoſe tender lay the fate of *Linus* ſings;

days, to ſee his harveſt got in, and to overlook his reapers: it is very conformable to the manners of the ancient patriarchs, ſuch as they are deſcribed to us in the holy ſcriptures.

ỳ. 662. *The fate of* Linus.] There are two interpretations of this verſe in the original: that which I have choſen is confirmed by the teſtimony of *Herodotus*, lib. ii. and *Pauſanias*, *Bœoticis*. *Linus* was the moſt ancient name in poetry, the firſt upon record who invented verſe and meaſure amongſt the

In meaſur'd dance behind him move the train;
Tune ſoft the voice, and anſwer to the ſtrain. 664
Here, herds of oxen march, erect and bold,
Rear high their horns, and ſeem to low in gold,
And ſpeed to meadows on whoſe ſounding ſhores
A rapid torrent thro' the ruſhes roars:
Four golden herdſmen as their guardians ſtand,
And nine ſour dogs compleat the ruſtick band. 670

Grecians: he paſt for the ſon of *Apollo* or *Mercury*, and was preceptor to *Hercules*, *Thamyris*, and *Orpheus*. There was a ſolemn cuſtom among the *Greeks* of bewailing annually the death of their firſt poet: *Pauſanias* informs us, that before the yearly ſacrifice to the muſes on mount *Helicon*, the obſequies of *Linus* were performed, who had a ſtatue, and altar erected to him, in that place. *Homer* alludes to that cuſtom in this paſſage, and was doubtleſs fond of paying this reſpect to the old father of poetry. *Virgil* has done the ſame in that fine celebration of him, *Eclog.* vi.

" Tum canit errantem Permeſſi ad flumina Gallum,
" Utque viro *Phœbi* chorus aſſurrexerit omnis;
" Ut *Linus* hæc illi, divino carmine, paſtor
" (Floribus atque apio crines ornatus amaro)
" Dixerit — &c."

And again in the fourth *Eclogue*;

" Non me carminibus vincet nec *Thracius Orpheus*,
" Nec *Linus*; huic mater quamvis atque huic pater adſit,
" *Orpheo Calliopea*, *Lino* formoſus *Apollo*."

Two lions ruſhing from the wood appear'd;
And ſeiz'd a bull, the maſter of the herd:
He roar'd: in vain the dogs, the men withſtood;
They tore his fleſh, and drank the ſable blood.
The dogs (oft' chear'd in vain) deſert the prey,
Dread the grim terrours, and at diſtance bay.

Next this, the eye the art of *Vulcan* leads
Deep thro' fair foreſts, and a length of meads;
And ſtalls, and folds, and ſcatter'd cots between;
And fleecy flocks, that whiten all the ſcene.

A figur'd dance ſucceeds: ſuch once was ſeen
In lofty *Gnoſſus*; for the *Cretan* Queen,

ỳ. 681. *A figur'd dance.*] There were two ſorts of dances, the Pyrrhick and the common dance: *Homer* has joined both in this deſcription. We ſee the Pyrrhick, or military, is performed by the youths who have ſwords on, the other by the virgins crowned with garlands.

Here the ancient ſcholiaſts ſay, that whereas before it was the cuſtom for men and women to dance ſeparately, the contrary cuſtom was afterwards brought in, by ſeven youths, and as many virgins, who were ſaved by *Theſeus* from the labyrinth; and that this dance was taught them by *Dædalus:* to which *Homer* here alludes. See *Dion. Halic. Hiſt.* lib. vii, cap. 68.

It is worth obſerving that the *Grecian* dance is ſtill performed in this manner in the *Oriental* nations: the youths and maids dance in a ring, beginning ſlowly; by degrees the muſick plays a quicker time, till at laſt they dance with the utmoſt ſwiftneſs: and towards the concluſion, they ſing (as it is ſaid here) in a general chorus.

Form'd by *Dædalean* art: a comely band
Of youths and maidens, bounding hand in hand.
The maids in ſoft ſimars of linen dreſt;
The youths all graceful in the gloſſy veſt:
Of thoſe the locks with flow'ry wreaths inroll'd;
Of theſe the ſides adorn'd with ſwords of gold,
That glitt'ring gay, from ſilver belts depend.
Now all at once they riſe, at once deſcend,
With well-taught feet: now ſhape, in oblique ways,
Confus'dly regular, the moving maze:
Now forth at once, too ſwift for ſight they ſpring,
And undiſtinguiſh'd blend the flying ring:
So whirls a wheel, in giddy circle toſt,
And rapid as it runs, the ſingle ſpokes are loſt.
The gazing multitudes admire around:
Two active tumblers in the center bound;
Now high, now low, their pliant limbs they bend:
And gen'ral ſongs the ſprightly revel end.

Thus the broad ſhield complete the artiſt crown'd
With his laſt hand, and pour'd the ocean round:

℣. 702. *And pour'd the ocean round.*] *Vulcan* was the God of fire, and paſſes over this part of the deſcription negligently; for which reaſon *Virgil* (to take a different walk) makes half

In living ſilver ſeem'd the waves to roll,
And beat the buckler's verge, and bound the whole.
This done, whate'er a warriour's uſe requires,
He forg'd; the cuiraſs that outſhines the fires,
The greaves of ductile tin, the helm impreſt
With various ſculpture, and the golden creſt.
At *Thetis'* feet the finiſh'd labour lay;
She, as a falcon, cuts th' aereal way,
Swift from *Olympus'* ſnowy ſummit flies,
And bears the blazing preſent thro' the ſkies.

his deſcription of *Æneas*'s buckler conſiſt in a ſea-fight. For the ſame reaſon he has laboured the ſea-piece among his *Games*, more than any other, becauſe *Homer* had deſcribed nothing of this kind in the funeral of *Patroclus*.

OBSERVATIONS

ON THE

SHIELD of ACHILLES.

THE Poet intending to ſhew in its full luſtre, his genius for deſcription, makes choice of this interval from action and the leiſure of the night, to diſplay that talent at large in the famous buckler of *Achilles*. His intention was no leſs than to draw the picture of the whole world in the compaſs of this ſhield. We ſee firſt the univerſe in general; the heavens are ſpread, the ſtars are hung up, the earth is ſtretched forth, the ſeas are poured round: we next ſee the world in a nearer and more particular view; the cities delightful in peace, or formidable in war; the labours of the country, and the fruit of thoſe labours, in the harveſts and the vintages; the paſtoral life in its pleaſures and its

dangers: in a word, all the occupations, all the ambitions, and all the diverſions of mankind. This noble and comprehenſive deſign he has executed in a manner that challenged the admiration of all the ancients: and how right an idea they had of this grand deſign, may be judged from that verſe of *Ovid Met.* xiii. where he calls it,

—— " Clypeus *vaſti* cælatus imagine mundi."

It is indeed aſtoniſhing, how after this, the arrogance of ſome moderns could unfortunately chuſe the nobleſt part of the nobleſt poet for the object of their blind cenſures. Their criticiſms, however juſt enough upon other parts, yet, when employed on this buckler, are to the utmoſt weak and impotent.

—" poſtquam arma Dei ad Vulcania ventum eſt
" Mortalis mucro, glacies ſeu futilis, icta
" Diffiluit" ——

I deſign to give the reader the ſum of what has been ſaid on this ſubject. Firſt, a reply to the looſe and ſcattered objections of the criticks, by M. *Dacier:* then the regular plan and diſtribution of the ſhield, by Monſ. *Boivin:* and laſtly, I ſhall attempt what has not yet been done, to conſider it as a work of *painting*, and prove

it in all reſpects conformable to the moſt juſt ideas and eſtabliſhed rules of that art.

I. It is the fate (ſays M. *Dacier)* of theſe arms of *Achilles*, to be ſtill the occaſion of quarrels and diſputes. *Julius Scaliger* was the firſt who appeared againſt this part, and was followed by a whole herd. Theſe object in the firſt place, that it is impoſſible to repreſent the movement of the figures; and in condemning the manner, they take the liberty to condemn alſo the ſubject, which they ſay is trivial, and not well underſtood. It is certain that *Homer* ſpeaks of the figures on this buckler, as if they were alive: and ſome of the ancients taking his expreſſions to the ſtrictneſs of the letter, did really believe that they had all ſorts of motions. *Euſtathius* ſhewed the abſurdity of that ſentiment by a paſſage of *Homer* himſelf; "That poet, ſays "he, to ſhew that his figures are not animated, "as ſome have pretended by an exceſſive affec- "tion for the prodigious, took care to ſay that "they *moved and fought*, as if *they were living* "*men*." The ancients certainly founded this ridiculous opinion on a rule of *Ariſtotle:* for they thought the poet could not make his deſcription more *admirable* and *marvellous*, than in making his figures animated, ſince (as *Ariſtotle* ſays) the *original ſhould always excel the copy*. That ſhield is the work of a God; it is the ori-

ginal, of which the engraving and painting of men is but an imperfect copy; and there is nothing impoſſible to the Gods. But they did not perceive, that by this *Homer* would have fallen into an extravagant admirable which would not have been probable. Therefore it is without any neceſſity *Euſtathius* adds, " That it is poſſible all " thoſe figures did not ſtick cloſe to the ſhield, " but that they were detached from it, and " moved by ſprings, in ſuch a manner that they " appeared to have motion; as *Æſchylus* has " feigned ſomething like it, in his *ſeven captains* " *againſt* Thebes." But without having recourſe to that conjecture, we can ſhew that there is nothing more ſimple and natural than the deſcription of that ſhield, and there is not one word which *Homer* might not have ſaid of it, if it had been the work of a man; for there is a great deal of difference between the work itſelf, and the deſcription of it.

Let us examine the particulars for which they blame *Homer*. They ſay he deſcribes two towns on his ſhield which *ſpeak different languages*. It is the *Latin* tranſlation, and not *Homer* that ſays ſo; the word μερόπων, is a common epithet of men, and which ſignifies only, that they have *an articulate voice*. Theſe towns could not ſpeak different languages, ſince, as the ancients have remarked, they were *Athens* and *Eleuſina*, both which ſpake the ſame language. But though

that epithet ſhould ſignify, *which ſpoke different languages*, there would be nothing very ſurpriſing; for *Virgil* ſaid what *Homer* it ſeems muſt not:

"Victæ longo ordine gentes,
"Quam variæ linguis." ——— *Æn.* viii.

If a painter ſhould put into a picture one town of *France* and another of *Flanders*, might not one ſay they were two towns which ſpake different languages?

Homer (they tell us) ſays in another place, that *we hear the harangues of two pleaders*. This is an unfair exaggeration: he only ſays, *two men pleaded*, that is, were repreſented pleading. Was not the ſame ſaid by *Pliny* and *Nicomachus*, that he had painted two *Greeks*, which ſpake one after another? Can we expreſs ourſelves otherwiſe of theſe two arts, which though they are mute, yet have a language? Or in explaining a painting of *Raphael* or *Pouſſin*, can we prevent animating the figures, in making them ſpeak conformably to the deſign of the painter? But how could the engraver repreſent thoſe young ſhepherds and virgins that dance firſt in a ring, and then in ſetts? Or thoſe troops which were in ambuſcade? This would be difficult indeed if the workman had not the liberty to make his perſons appear in different circumſtances. All the

objections againſt the young man who ſings at the ſame time that he plays on the harp, the bull that roars whilſt he is devoured by a lion, and againſt the muſical concerts, are childiſh; for we can never ſpeak of painting if we baniſh thoſe expreſſions. *Pliny* ſays of *Apelles*, that he painted *Clytus* on horſeback going to battle, and demanding his helmet of his ſquire: of *Ariſtides*, that he drew a beggar whom he could almoſt underſtand, *pene cum voce:* of *Cteſilochus*, that he had painted *Jupiter* bringing forth *Bacchus*, and crying out like a woman, *& muliebriter ingemiſcentem:* and of *Nicearchus*, that he had drawn a piece, in which *Hercules* was ſeen very melancholy on reflection of his madneſs, *Herculem triſtem, inſaniæ pœnitentiâ.* No one ſure will condemn thoſe ways of expreſſion which are ſo common. The ſame author has ſaid much more of *Apelles:* he tells us, he painted thoſe things which could not be painted, as thunder; *pinxit quæ pingi non poſſunt:* and of *Timanthus*, that in all his works there was ſomething more underſtood than was ſeen; and though there was all the art imaginable, yet there was ſtill more ingenuity than art: *Atque in omnibus ejus operibus, intelligitur plus ſemper quàm pingitur; & cum ars ſumma ſit, ingenium tamen ultram artem eſt.* If we take the pains to compare theſe expreſſions with thoſe of *Homer*, we ſhall find him altogether excuſable in his *manner* of deſcribing the buckler.

We come now to the *matter*. If this ſhield (ſays a modern critick) had been made in a wiſer age, it would have been more correct and leſs charged with objects. There are two things which cauſe the cenſures to fall into this falſe criticiſm: the firſt is, that they think the ſhield was no broader than the brims of a hat, whereas it was large enough to cover a whole man. The other is, that they did not know the deſign of the poet, and imagined this deſcription was only the whimſy of an irregular wit, who did it by chance, and not following nature; for they never ſo much as entered into the intention of the poet, nor knew the ſhield was deſigned as a repreſentation of the univerſe.

It is happy that *Virgil* has made a buckler for *Æneas*, as well as *Homer* for *Achilles*. The *Latin* poet, who imitated the *Greek* one, always took care to accommodate thoſe things which time had changed, ſo as to render them agreeable to the palate of his readers; yet he hath not only charged his ſhield with a great deal more work, ſince he paints all the actions of the *Romans* from *Aſcanius* to *Auguſtus*; but has not avoided any of thoſe manners of expreſſion which offend the criticks. We ſee there the wolf of *Romulus* and *Remus*, who gives them her dugs *one after another*, *mulcere alternos*, *& corpora fingere linguâ*: the rape of the *Sabines*, and the war which followed it, *ſubitoque novum conſurgere bellum*:

Metius torn by four horſes, and *Tullus* who draws his entrails through the foreſt: *Porſenna* commanding the *Romans* to receive *Tarquin*, and beſieging *Rome:* The geeſe flying to the porches of the capitol, and giving notice by their *cries* of the attack of the *Gauls*.

" Atque hìc auratis volitans argenteus anſer
" Porticibus, Gallos in limine adeſſe *canebat*."

We ſee the *Salian* dance, hell, and the pains of the damned; and farther off, the place of the bleſſed, where *Cato* preſides: we ſee the famous battle of *Actium*, where we may diſtinguiſh the captains: *Agrippa* with the Gods, and the winds favourable; and *Anthony* leading on all the forces of the *Eaſt*, *Ægypt*, and the *Bactrians:* the fight begins, the ſea is red with blood, *Cleopatra* gives the ſignal for a retreat, and calls her troops with a *Syſtrum*. *Patrio vocat agmina Syſtro*. The Gods, or rather the monſters of *Ægypt*, fight againſt *Neptune*, *Venus*, *Minerva*, *Mars*, and *Apollo:* we ſee *Anthony*'s fleet beaten, and the *Nile* ſorrowfully opening his boſom to receive the conquered: *Cleopatra* looks pale and almoſt dead at the thought of that death ſhe had already determined; nay, we ſee the very wind *Iapis*, which haſtens her flight: we ſee the three triumphs of *Auguſtus*; that Prince conſecrates three hundred temples, the altars are filled with Ladies offering up ſacrifices, *Auguſtus* ſitting at the en-

trance of *Apollo*'s temple, receives preſents, and hangs them on the pillars of the temple; while all the conquered nations paſs by, who *ſpeak different lauguages*, and are differently equipped and armed.

—— " Incedunt victæ longo ordine gentes,
" Quam variæ linguis, habitu tum veſtis & armis."

Nothing can better juſtify *Homer*, or ſhew the wiſdom and judgment of *Virgil*; he was charmed with *Achilles*'s ſhield, and therefore would give the ſame ornament to his poem. But as *Homer* had painted the univerſe, he was ſenſible that nothing remained for him to do; he had no other way to take than that of prophecy, and ſhew what the deſcendant of his hero ſhould perform: and he was not afraid to go beyond *Homer*, becauſe there is nothing improbable in the hands of a God. If the criticks ſay, that this is juſtifying one fault by another; I deſire they would agree among themſelves: for *Scaliger* who was the firſt that condemned *Homer*'s ſhield, admires *Virgil*'s. But ſuppoſe they ſhould agree, it would be fooliſh to endeavour to perſuade us, that what *Homer* and *Virgil* have done by the approbation of all ages, is not good; and to make us think, that their particular taſte ſhould prevail over that of all other men. Nothing is more ridiculous than to trouble one's ſelf to anſwer men, who ſhew ſo little reaſon in

their criticiſms, that we can do them no greater favour, than to aſcribe it to their ignorance.

Thus far the objections are anſwered by Monſ. *Dacier*. Since when, ſome others have been ſtarted, as that the objects repreſented on the buckler, have no reference to the poem, no agreement with *Thetis* who procured it, *Vulcan* who made it, or *Achilles* for whom it was made.

To this it is replied, that the repreſentation of the ſea was agreeable enough to *Thetis*; that the ſpheres and celeſtial fires were ſo to *Vulcan*; (though the truth is, any piece of workmanſhip was equally fit to come from the hands of this God) and that the images of a town beſieged, a battle, and an ambuſcade, were objects ſufficiently proper for *Achilles*. But after all, where was the neceſſity that they ſhould be ſo? They had at leaſt been as fit for one hero as another: and *Æneas*, as *Virgil* tells us, knew not what to make of the figures on his ſhield:

" Rerumque ignarus, imagine gaudet."

II. But ſtill the main objection, and that in which the vanity of the moderns has triumphed the moſt, is, that the ſhield is crouded with ſuch a multiplicity of figures, as could not poſſibly be repreſented in the compaſs of it. The late diſſertation of Monſ. *Boivin* has put an end to this cavil, and the reader will have the pleaſure to

be convinced of it by ocular demonſtration, in the print annexed.

This author ſuppoſes the buckler to have been perfectly round: he divides the convex ſurface into four concentrick circles.

The circle next the center contains the globe of the earth and the ſea, in miniature: he gives this circle the dimenſion of three inches.

The ſecond circle is allotted for the heavens and the ſtars: he allows the ſpace of ten inches between this, and the former circle.

The third ſhall be eight inches diſtant from the ſecond. The ſpace between theſe two circles ſhall be divided into twelve compartiments, each of which makes a picture of ten or eleven inches deep.

The fourth circle makes the margin of the buckler: and the interval between this and the former, being of three inches, is ſufficient to repreſent the waves and currents of the ocean.

All theſe together make but four feet in the whole in diameter. The print of theſe circles and diviſions will ſerve to prove, that the figures will neither be crouded nor confuſed, if diſpoſed in the proper place and order.

As to the ſize and figure of the ſhield, it is evident from the poets, that in the time of the *Trojan* war there were ſhields of an extraordinary magnitude. The buckler of *Ajax* is often compared to a tower, and in the ſixth *Iliad*

that of *Hector* is deſcribed to cover him from the ſhoulders to the ankles.

Ἀμφὶ δὲ οἱ σφυρὰ τύπῃε καὶ αὐχένα δέρμα κελαινὸν
Ἄνλυξ ἠ πυμάτη θέεν ἀσπίδος ὁμφαλοέσσης. ϒ. 117.

In the ſecond verſe of the deſcription of this buckler of *Achilles*, it is ſaid that *Vulcan* caſt round it a radiant circle,

Περὶ δ' ἄνλυσα βάλλε φαεινὴν. ϒ. 479.

Which proves the figure to have been round. But if it be alledged that ἄνλυξ as well ſignifies *oval* as *circular*, it may be anſwered, that the circular figure better agrees to the ſpheres repreſented in the center, and to the courſe of the ocean at the circumference.

We may very well allow four feet diameter to this buckler: as one may ſuppoſe a larger ſize would have been too unwieldy, ſo a leſs would not have been ſufficient to cover the breaſt and arm of a man of a ſtature ſo large as *Achilles*.

In allowing four feet diameter to the whole, each of the twelve compartiments may be of ten or eleven inches in depth, which will be enough to contain, without any confuſion, all the objects which *Homer* mentions. Indeed in this print, each compartiment being but of one inch, the principal figures only are repreſented; but the reader may eaſily imagine the advantage of nine or ten inches more. However, if the cri-

ticks are not yet ſatisfied, there is room enough, it is but taking in the literal ſenſe the words πάντοσε δαιδάλλων, with which *Homer* begins his deſcription, and the buckler may be ſuppoſed engraven on both ſides, which ſuppoſition will double the ſize of each piece: the one ſide may ſerve for the general deſcription of heaven and earth, and the other for all the particulars.

III. It having been now ſhewn, that the ſhield of *Homer* is blameleſs as to its deſign and diſpoſition, and that the ſubject (ſo extenſive as it is) may be contracted within the due limits; not being one vaſt unproportioned heap of figures, but divided into twelve regular compartiments: what remains, is to conſider this piece as a compleat *idea* of *painting*, and a ſketch for what one may call an *univerſal picture*. This is certainly the light in which it is chiefly to be admired, and in which alone the criticks have neglected to place it.

There is reaſon to believe that *Homer* did in this, as he has done in other arts, (even in mechanicks) that is, comprehend whatever was known of it in his time; if not (as is highly probable) from thence extend his ideas yet farther, and give a more enlarged notion of it. Accordingly, it is very obſervable, that there is ſcarce a ſpecies or branch of this art which is not here to be found, whether hiſtory,

battle-painting, landſkip, architecture, fruits, flowers, animals, *&c.*

I think it poſſible that painting was arrived to a greater degree of perfection, even at that early period, than is generally ſuppoſed by thoſe who have written upon it. *Pliny* expreſly ſays, that it was not known in the time of the *Trojan* war. The ſame author, and others, repreſent it in a very imperfect ſtate in *Greece*, in or near the days of *Homer*. They tell us of one painter, that he was the firſt who begun to ſhadow; and of another, that he filled his outlines only with a ſingle colour, and that laid on every where alike: but we may have a higher notion of the art, from thoſe deſcriptions of ſtatues, carvings, tapeſtries, ſculptures upon armour, and ornaments of all kinds, which every where occur in our author; as well as from what he ſays of their beauty, the relievo, and their emulation of life itſelf. If we conſider how much it is his conſtant practice to confine himſelf to the cuſtom of the times whereof he writ, it will be hard to doubt but that painting and ſculpture muſt have been then in great practice and repute.

The ſhield is not only deſcribed as a piece of ſculpture but of painting: the outlines may be ſuppoſed engraved, and the reſt enamelled, or inlaid with various-coloured metals. The variety of colours is plainly diſtinguiſhed by *Homer*, where he ſpeaks of the *blackneſs* of the new-

opened earth, of the *ſeveral colours* of the grapes and vines; and in other places. The different metals that *Vulcan* is feigned to caſt into the furnace, were ſufficient to afford all the neceſſary colours: but if to thoſe which are natural to the metals, we add alſo thoſe which they are capable of receiving from the operation of fire, we ſhall find, that *Vulcan* had as great a variety of colours to make uſe of as any modern painter. That enamelling, or fixing colours by fire, was practiſed very anciently, may be conjectured from what *Diodorus* reports of one of the walls of *Babylon*, built by *Semiramis*, that *the bricks of it were painted before they were burned, ſo as to repreſent all ſorts of animals*, lib. ii. chap. 4. Now it is but natural to infer, that men had made uſe of ordinary colours for the repreſentation of objects, before they learned to repreſent them by ſuch as are given by the operation of fire; one being much more eaſy and obvious than the other, and that ſort of painting by means of fire being but an imitation of the painting with a pencil and colours. The ſame inference will be rather enforced from the works of tapeſtry, which the women of thoſe times interweaved with many colours; as appears from the deſcription of that veil which *Hecuba* offers to *Minerva* in the ſixth *Iliad*, and from a paſſage in the twenty-ſecond, where *Andromache* is repreſented working flowers in a piece of this kind. They muſt certainly

have known the uſe of colours themſelves for painting, before they could think of dying threads with thoſe colours, and weaving thoſe threads cloſe to one another, in order only to a more laborious imitation of a thing ſo much more eaſily performed by a pencil. This obſervation I owe to the *Abbé Fraguier*.

It may indeed be thought, that a genius ſo vaſt and comprehenſive as that of *Homer*, might carry his views beyond the reſt of mankind, and that in this buckler of *Achilles* he rather deſigned to give a ſcheme of what might be performed, than a deſcription of what really was ſo: and ſince he made a God the artiſt, he might excuſe himſelf from a ſtrict confinement to what was known and practiſed at the time of the *Trojan* war. Let this be as it will, it is certain that he had, whether by learning, or by ſtrength of genius, (though the latter be more glorious for *Homer*) a full and exact idea of painting in all its parts; that is to ſay, in the *invention*, the *compoſition*, the *expreſſion*, &c.

The *invention* is ſhewn in finding and introducing, in every ſubject, the *greateſt*, the moſt *ſignificant*, and moſt *ſuitable* objects. Accordingly in every ſingle picture of the ſhield, *Homer* conſtantly finds out either thoſe objects which are naturally the principal, thoſe which moſt conduce to ſhew the ſubject, or thoſe which ſet it in the livelieſt and moſt agreeable light: theſe

he never fails to diſpoſe in the moſt advantageous manners, ſituations, and oppoſitions.

Next, we find all his figures differently *characteriſed*, in their expreſſions and attitudes, according to their ſeveral natures: the Gods (for inſtance) are diſtinguiſhed in air, habit and proportion, from men, in the fourth picture; maſters from ſervants, in the eighth; and ſo of the reſt.

Nothing is more wonderful than his exact obſervation of the *contraſt*, not only between figure and figure, but between ſubject and ſubject. The city in peace is a contraſt to the city in war: between the ſiege in the fourth picture, and the battle in the ſixth, a piece of païſage is introduced, and rural ſcenes follow after. The country too is repreſented in war in the fifth, as well as in peace in the ſeventh, eighth, and ninth. The very animals are ſhewn in theſe two different ſtates, in the tenth and eleventh. Where the ſubjects appear the ſame, he contraſts them ſome other way: thus the firſt picture of the town in peace having a predominant air of gaiety, in the dances and pomps of the marriage; the ſecond has a character of earneſtneſs and ſollicitude, in the diſpute and pleadings. In the pieces of rural life, that of the ploughing is of a different character from the harveſt, and that of the harveſt from the vintage. In each of theſe there is a contraſt of the *labour* and *mirth* of the country

people: in the firſt, ſome are ploughing, others taking a cup of good liquor; in the next we ſee the reapers working in one part, and the banquet prepared in another; in the laſt, the labour of the vineyard is relieved with muſick and a dance. The perſons are no leſs varied, old and young men and women: there being women in two pictures together, namely the eighth and ninth, it is remarkable that thoſe in the latter are of a different character from the former; they who dreſs the ſupper being ordinary women, the others who carry baſkets in the vineyard, young and beautiful virgins: and theſe again are of an inferiour character to thoſe in the twelfth piece, who are diſtinguiſhed as people of condition by a more elegant dreſs. There are three dances in the buckler; and theſe too are varied: that at the wedding is in a circular figure, that of the vineyard in a row, that in the laſt picture, a mingled one. Laſtly, there is a manifeſt contraſt in the colours; nay, even in the back-grounds of the ſeveral pieces: for example, that of the ploughing is of a dark tinct, that of the harveſt yellow, that of the paſture green, and the reſt in like manner.

That he was not a ſtranger to aereal *perſpective*, appears in his expreſly marking the diſtance of object from object: he tells us, for inſtance, that the two ſpies lay a little remote from the other figures; and that the oak under which was

ſpread the banquet of the reapers, ſtood *apart*: what he ſays of the valley ſprinkled all over with cottages and flocks, appears to be a deſcription of a large country in perſpective. And indeed, a general argument for this may be drawn from the number of figures on the ſhield; which could not be all expreſſed in their full magnitude: and this is therefore a ſort of proof that the art of leſſening them according to perſpective was known at that time.

What the criticks call the *three unities*, ought in reaſon as much to be obſerved in a picture as in a play; each ſhould have only *one principal action*, one *inſtant of time*, and one *point of view*. In this method of examination alſo, the ſhield of *Homer* will bear the teſt: he has been more exact than the greateſt painters, who have often deviated from one or other of theſe rules; whereas (when we examine the detail of each compartiment) it will appear,

Firſt, That there is but one principal action in each picture, and that no ſupernumerary figures or actions are introduced. This will anſwer all that has been ſaid of the confuſion and croud of figures on the ſhield, by thoſe who never comprehended the plan of it.

Secondly, That no action is repreſented in one piece, which could not happen in the ſame inſtant of time. This will overthrow the objection againſt ſo many different actions appearing in

one ſhield; which, in this caſe, is much as abſurd as to object againſt ſo many of *Raphael's Cartoons* appearing in one gallery.

Thirdly, It will be manifeſt that there are no objects in any one picture which could not be ſeen in one point of view. Hereby the *Abbé Terraſſon's* whole Criticiſm will fall to the ground, which amounts but to this, that the general objects of the heavens, ſtars and ſea, with the particular proſpects of towns, fields, *&c.* could never be ſeen all at once. *Homer* was incapable of ſo abſurd a thought, nor could theſe heavenly bodies (had he intended them for a picture) have ever been ſeen together from one point; for the conſtellations and the full moon, for example, could never be ſeen at once with the ſun. But the celeſtial bodies were placed on the boſs, as the ocean at the margin of the ſhield: theſe were no parts of the painting, but the former was only an ornament to the projection in the middle, and the latter a frame round about it: in the ſame manner as the diviſions, projections, or angles of a roof are left to be ornamented at the diſcretion of the painter, with foliage, architecture, groteſque, or what he pleaſes: however his judgment will be ſtill more commendable, if he contrives to make even theſe extrinſical parts, to bear ſome alluſion to the main deſign: it is this which *Homer* has done, in placing a ſort of ſphere in the middle, and the ocean at the bor-

der, of a work, which was ſo expreſly intended to repreſent the univerſe.

I proceed now to the detail of the ſhield; in which the words of *Homer* being firſt tranſlated, an attempt will be made to ſhew with what exact order all that he deſcribes may enter into the compoſition, according to the rules of painting.

THE

SHIELD of ACHILLES,

Divided into its ſeveral Parts.

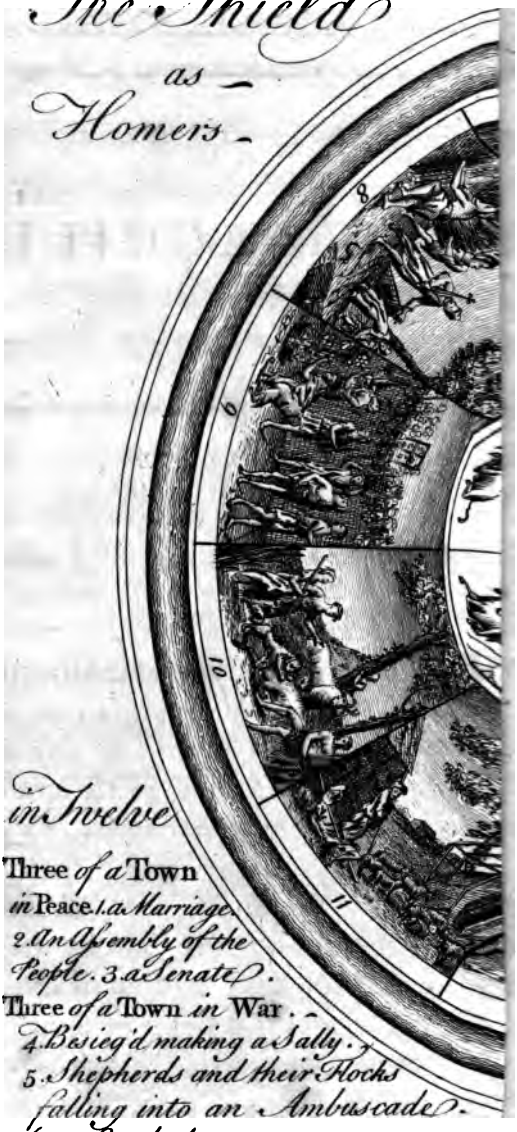
The BOSS *of the* SHIELD.

VERSE 483. Ἐν μὲν γαῖαν, &c.] *Here* Vulcan *repreſented the earth, the heaven, the ſea, the indefatigable courſe of the ſun, the moon in her full, all the celeſtial ſigns that crown* Olympus, *the* Pleiades, *the* Hyades, *the great* Orion, *and the* Bear, *commonly called the* Wain, *the only conſtellation which, never bathing itſelf in the ocean, turns about the pole, and obſerves the courſe of* Orion.

The ſculpture of theſe reſembled ſomewhat of our terreſtrial and celeſtial Globes, and took up the center of the ſhield: it is plain by the huddle in which *Homer* expreſſes this, that he did not deſcribe it as a picture for a point of ſight.

The circumference is divided into twelve compartiments, each being a ſeparate picture, as follow:

The Shield as Homers



in Twelve

Three of a Town in Peace. 1. a Marriage. 2. An Assembly of the People. 3. a Senate.

Three of a Town in War. 4. Besieg'd making a Sally. 5. Shepherds and their Flocks falling into an Ambuscade. 6. a Combat.

First Compartiment. *A Town in Peace.*

Ἐν δὲ δύω ποίησε πόλεις, &c.] *He engraved two cities; in one of them were repreſented nuptials and feſtivals. The ſpouſes from their bridal chambers, were conducted through the town by the light of torches. Every mouth ſung the* hymenæal *ſong: the youths turned rapidly about in a circular dance: the flute and the lyre reſounded: the women, every one in the ſtreet, ſtanding in the porches, beheld and admired.*

In this picture, the brides preceded by torch-bearers, are on the fore-ground: the dance in circles, and muſicians behind them: the ſtreet in perſpective on either ſide, the women and ſpectators in the porches, *&c.* diſperſed through all the architecture.

Second Compartiment. *An Aſſembly of People.*

Λαοὶ δ' εἰν ἀγορῇ, &c.] *There was ſeen a number of people in the market-place, and two men diſputing warmly: the occaſion was the payment of a fine for a murder, which one affirmed before the people he had paid, the other denied to have received; both demanded, that the affair ſhould be determined by the judgment of an arbiter: the acclamations of the multitude favoured ſometimes the one party, ſometimes the other.*

Here is a fine plan for a maſter-piece of *expreſſion*; any judge of panting will ſee our author

has choſen that *cauſe* which, of all others, would give occaſion to the greateſt variety of expreſſion: the father, the murderer, the witneſſes, and the different paſſions of the aſſembly, would afford an ample field for this talent even to *Raphael* himſelf.

Third Compartiment. *The Senate.*

Κήρυκες δ' ἄρα λαὸν ἐρήτυον, &c.] *The heralds ranged the people in order: the reverend elders were ſeated on ſeats of poliſhed ſtone, in the ſacred circle; they roſe up and declared their judgment, each in his turn, with the ſcepter in his hand: two talents of gold were laid in the middle of the circle, to be given to him who ſhould pronounce the moſt equitable judgment.*

The judges are ſeated in the center of the picture; one (who is the principal figure) ſtanding up as ſpeaking; another in an action of riſing, as in order to ſpeak: the ground about them a proſpect of the Forum, filled with auditors and ſpectators.

Fourth Compartiment. *A Town in War.*

Τὴν δ' ἑτέρην πόλιν, &c.] *The other city was beſieged by two glittering armies: they were not agreed whether to ſack the town, or divide all the booty of it into two equal parts, to be ſhared between them: mean time the beſieged ſecretly armed themſelves for an ambuſcade. Their wives, children, and old men*

were poſted to defend their walls: the warriours marched from the town with Pallas *and* Mars *at their head: the deities were of gold, and had golden armours, by the glory of which they were diſtinguiſhed above the men, as well as by their ſuperiour ſtature, and more elegant proportions.*

This ſubject may be thus diſpoſed: the town pretty near the eye, a-croſs the whole picture, with the old men on the walls; the chiefs of each army on the fore-ground: their different opinions for putting the town to the ſword, or ſparing it on account of the booty, may be expreſſed by ſome having their hands on their ſwords, and looking up to the city, others ſtopping them, or in an action of perſuading againſt it. Behind, in proſpect, the townſmen may be ſeen going out from the back gates, with the two deities at their head.

Homer here gives a clear inſtance of what the ancients always practiſed; the diſtinguiſhing the Gods and Goddeſſes by characters of majeſty or beauty ſomewhat ſuperiour to nature; we conſtantly find this in their ſtatues, and to this the modern maſters owe the grand taſte in the perfection of their figures.

Fifth Compartiment. *An Ambuſcade.*

Οἱ δ' ὅτε δὴ ῥ' ἵκανον, &c.] *Being arrived at the river where they deſigned their ambuſh (the place where the cattle were watered) they diſpoſed them-*

ſelves along the bank, covered with their arms: two Spies lay at a diſtance from them obſerving when the oxen and ſheep ſhould come to drink. They came immediately, followed by two ſhepherds, who were playing on their pipes, without any apprehenſion of their danger.

This quiet picture is a kind of *Repoſe* between the laſt and the following active pieces. Here is a ſcene of a river and trees, under which lie the ſoldiers, next the eye of the ſpectator; on the farther bank are placed the two ſpies on one hand, and the flocks and ſhepherds appear coming at a greater diſtance on the other.

Sixth Compartiment. *The Battle.*

Οἱ μὲν τὰ προϊδόνλες, &c.] *The people of the town ruſhed upon them, carried off the oxen and ſheep, and killed the ſhepherds. The beſiegers ſitting before the town, heard the outcry, and mounting their horſes, arrived at the bank of the river; where they ſtopped, and encountered each other with their ſpears. Diſcord, tumult, and fate raged in the midſt of them. There might you ſee cruel* Deſtiny *dragging a dead ſoldier through the battle; two others ſhe ſeized alive; one of which was mortally wounded; the other not yet hurt: the garment on her ſhoulders was ſtained with human blood: the figures appeared as if they lived, moved, and fought, you would think they really dragged off their dead.*

The ſheep and two ſhepherds lying dead upon the fore-ground. A battle-piece fills the picture. The allegorical figure of the *Parca* or *Deſtiny* is the principal. This had been a noble occaſion for ſuch a painter as *Rubens*, who has, with moſt happineſs and learning, imitated the ancients in theſe fictitious and ſymbolical perſons.

Seventh Compartiment. *Tillage.*

Ἐν δ' ἐτίθει νειὸν μαλακὴν, &c.] *The next piece repreſented a large field, a deep and fruitful ſoil, which ſeemed to have been three times ploughed; the labourers appeared turning their ploughs on every ſide. As ſoon as they came to a land's-end, a man preſented them a bowl of wine; cheared with this, they turned and worked down a new furrow, deſirous to haſten to the next land's-end. The field was of gold, but looked black behind the ploughs, as if it had really been turned up; the ſurpriſing effect of the art of* Vulcan.

The ploughmen muſt be repreſented on the fore-ground, in the action of turning at the end of the furrow. The invention of *Homer* is not content with barely putting down the figures, but enlivens them prodigiouſly with ſome remarkable circumſtance: the giving a cup of wine to the ploughmen muſt occaſion a fine expreſſion in the faces.

Eighth Compartiment. *The Harveſt.*

Ἐν δ' ἐτίθει τέμενος, &c.] *Next he repreſented a field of corn, in which the reapers worked with ſharp*

ſickles in their hands; the corn fell thick along the furrows in equal rows: three binders were employed in making up the ſheaves: the boys attending them, gathered up the looſe ſwarths, and carried them in their arms to be bound: the lord of the field ſtanding in the midſt of the heaps, with a ſcepter in his hand, rejoices in ſilence: his officers, at a diſtance, prepare a feaſt under the ſhade of an oak, and hold an ox ready to be ſacrificed; while the women mix the flower of wheat for the reapers ſupper.

The reapers on the fore-ground, with their faces towards the ſpectators; the gatherers behind, and the children on the farther ground. The maſter of the field, who is the chief figure, may be ſet in the middle of the picture with a ſtrong light upon him, in the action of directing and pointing with his ſcepter: the oak, with the ſervants under it, the ſacrifice, *&c.* on a diſtant ground, would all together make a beautiful group of great variety.

Ninth Compartiment. *The Vintage.*

Ἐν δ' ἐτίθει ϛαφυλῇσι, &c.] *He then engraved a vineyard loaden with its grapes: the vineyard was gold, but the grapes black, and the props of them ſilver. A trench of a dark metal, and a paliſade of tin encompaſſed the whole vineyard. There was one path in it, by which the labourers in the vineyard paſſed: young men and maids carried the fruit in woven baſkets: in the middle of them a youth played*

on the lyre, and charmed them with his tender voice, as he ſung to the ſtrings (or *as he ſung the ſong of* Linus:) *the reſt ſtriking the ground with their feet in exact time, followed him in a dance, and accompanied his voice with their own.*

The vintage ſcarce needs to be painted in any colours but *Homer*'s. The youths and maids toward the eye, as coming out of the vineyard: the encloſure, pales, gate, *&c.* on the fore-ground. There is ſomething inexpreſſibly *riant* in this piece, above all the reſt.

Tenth Compartiment. *Animals.*

Ἐν δ' ἀγέλην ποίησε βοῶν, &c.] *He graved a herd of oxen marching with their heads erected; theſe oxen (inlaid with gold and tin) ſeemed to bellow as they quitted their ſtall, and run in haſte to the meadows, through which a rapid river rolled with reſounding ſtreams amongſt the ruſhes: four herdſmen of gold attended them, followed by nine large dogs. Two terrible lions ſeize a bull by the throat, who roared as they dragged him along; the dogs and the herdſmen ran to his reſcue, but the lions having torn the bull, devoured his entrails, and drank his blood. The herdſmen came up with their dogs, and heartened them in vain; they durſt not attack the lions, but ſtanding at ſome diſtance, barked at them, and ſhunned them.*

We have next a fine piece of animals, tame and ſavage: but what is remarkable, is that theſe

animals are not coldly brought in to be gazed upon: the herds, dogs and lions are put into action, enough to exerciſe the warmth and ſpirit of *Rubens*, or the great taſte of *Julio Romano*.

The lions may be next the eye, one holding the bull by the throat, the other tearing out his entrails: a herdſman or two heartening the dogs; all theſe on the fore-ground. On the ſecond ground another group of oxen, that ſeem to have been gone before, toſſing their heads and running; other herdſmen and dogs after them: and beyond them, a proſpect of the river.

Eleventh Compartiment. *Sheep.*

Ἐν δὲ νομὸν, &c.] *The divine artiſt then engraved a large flock of white ſheep feeding along a beautiful valley. Innumerable folds, cottages, and encloſed ſhelters, were ſcattered through the proſpect.*

This is an entire landſkip without human figures, an Image of nature ſolitary and undiſturbed: the deepeſt repoſe and tranquillity is that which diſtinguiſhes it from the others.

Twelfth Compartiment. *The Dance.*

Ἐν δὲ χορὸν, &c.] *The ſkilful* Vulcan *then deſigned the figure and various motions of a dance, like that which* Dædalus *of old contrived in* Gnoſſus *for the fair* Ariadne. *There the young men and maidens danced hand in hand; the maids were dreſſed in linen garments, the men in rich and ſhining ſtuffs:*

the maids had flowery crowns on their heads; the men had ſwords of gold hanging from their ſides in belts of ſilver. Here they ſeem to run in a ring with active feet, as ſwiftly as a wheel runs round when tried by the hand of the potter. There, they appeared to move in many figures, and ſometimes to meet, ſometimes to wind from each other. A multitude of ſpectators ſtood round, delighted with the dance. In the middle two nimble tumblers exerciſed themſelves in feats of activity, while the ſong was carried on by the whole circle.

This picture includes the greateſt number of perſons: *Homer* himſelf has grouped them and marked the manner of the compoſition. This piece would excel in the different *airs of beauty* which might be given to the young men and women, and the graceful attitudes in the various manners of dancing: on which account the ſubject might be fit for *Guido*, or perhaps could be no where better executed than in our own country.

The BORDER of the SHIELD.

Ἐν δ' ἐτίθει ποταμοῖο, &c.] *Then laſtly, he repreſented the rapid courſe of the great ocean, which he made to roll its waves round the extremity of the whole circumference.*

This (as has been ſaid before) was only the Frame to the whole Shield, and is therefore but ſlightly touched upon, without any mention of particular objects.

I ought not to end this eſſay, without vindicating myſelf from the vanity of treating of an art, which I love ſo much better than I underſtand: but I have been very careful to conſult both the beſt performers and judges in Painting. I cannot neglect this occaſion of ſaying, how happy I think myſelf in the favour of the moſt diſtinguiſhed maſters of that art. Sir *Godfrey Kneller* in particular allows me to tell the world, that he entirely agrees with my ſentiments on this ſubject: and I cannot help wiſhing that he who gives this teſtimony to *Homer*, would ennoble ſo great a deſign by his own execution of it. *Vulcan* never wrought for *Thetis* with more readineſs and affection, than Sir *Godfrey* has done for me: and ſo admirable a picture of the whole univerſe could not be a more agreeable preſent than he has obliged me with, in the Portraits of ſome of thoſe perſons, who are to me the deareſt objects in it.

THE NINETEENTH BOOK OF THE ILIAD.

The ARGUMENT.

The reconciliation of *Achilles* and *Agamemnon*.

THETIS *brings to her ſon the armour made by* Vulcan. *She preſerves the body of his friend from corruption, and commands him to aſſemble the army, to declare his reſentment at an end.* Agamemnon *and* Ac[illes] *ſolemnly reconciled: the ſpeeches, preſents, and that occaſion.* Achilles *is with great diffic to refrain from the battle till the troops have ſelves, by the advice of* Ulyſſes. *The pr veyed to the tent of* Achilles; *where* Briſeï *the body of* Patroclus. *The hero obſtinately paſt, and gives himſelf up to lamentations* Minerva *deſcends to ſtrengthen him, by the* [ar] *He arms for the fight: his appearance deſcr dreſſes himſelf to his horſes, and reproaches death of* Patroclus. *One of them is mirac with voice, and inſpired to prophefy his fate; not aſtoniſhed by that prodigy, ruſhes with combat.*

The thirtieth day. The ſcene is on the ſea-ſhore.

THE

NINETEENTH BOOK

OF THE

ILIAD.

SOON as *Aurora* heav'd her orient head
Above the waves that bluſh'd with early red,
(With new-born day to gladden mortal ſight,
And gild the courts of heav'n with ſacred light,)
Th' immortal arms the Goddeſs-mother bears
Swift to her ſon: her ſon ſhe finds in tears
Stretch'd o'er *Patroclus*' corſe; while all the reſt
The Sov'reign's ſorrows in their own expreſt.

A ray divine her heav'nly preſence ſhed,
And thus, his hand ſoft-touching, *Thetis* ſaid.
Suppreſs (my ſon) this rage of grief, and know
It was not man, but heav'n that gave the blow;
Behold what arms by *Vulcan* are beſtow'd,
Arms worthy thee, or fit to grace a God.
Then drops the radiant burden on the ground;
Clang the ſtrong arms, and ring the ſhores around:
Back ſhrink the *Myrmidons* with dread ſurpriſe,
And from the broad effulgence turn their eyes.
Unmov'd, the hero kindles at the ſhow,
And feels with rage divine his boſom glow;
From his fierce eye-balls living flames expire,
And flaſh inceſſant like a ſtream of fire:
He turns the radiant gift; and feeds his mind
On all th' immortal artiſt had deſign'd.

℣. 13. *Behold what arms*, &c.] It is not poetry only which has had this idea, of giving divine arms to a hero; we have a very remarkable example of it in our holy books. In the ſecond of *Maccabees*, chap. xvi. *Judas* ſees in a dream the prophet *Jeremiah* bringing to him a ſword as from God: though this was only a dream, or a viſion, yet ſtill it is the ſame idea. This example is likewiſe ſo much the more worthy of obſervation, as it is much later than the age of *Homer*; and as thereby it is ſeen, that the ſame way of thinking continued a long time amongſt the Oriental nations. *Dacier*.

Goddeſs (he cry'd) theſe glorious arms that ſhine
With matchleſs art, confeſs the hand divine.
Now to the bloody battle let me bend:
But ah! the relicks of my ſlaughter'd friend!
In thoſe wide wounds thro' which his ſpirit fled,
Shall flies, and worms obſcene, pollute the dead?

℣. 30. *Shall flies, and worms obſcene, pollute the dead?*] The care which *Achilles* takes in this place to drive away the flies from the dead body of *Patroclus*, ſeems to us a mean employment, and a care unworthy of a hero. But that office was regarded by *Homer*, and by all the *Greeks* of his time, as a pious duty conſecrated by cuſtom and religion; which obliged the kindred and friends of the deceaſed to watch his corpſe, and prevent any corruption before the ſolemn day of his funerals. It is plain this devoir was thought an indiſpenſable one, ſince *Achilles* could not diſcharge himſelf of it but by impoſing it upon his Mother. It is alſo clear, that in thoſe times the preſervation of a dead body was accounted a very important matter, ſince the Goddeſſes themſelves, nay the moſt delicate of the Goddeſſes, made it the ſubject of their utmoſt attention. As *Thetis* preſerves the body of *Patroclus*, and chaſes from it thoſe inſects that breed in the wounds and cauſe putrefaction, ſo *Venus* is employed day and night about that of *Hector*, in driving away the dogs to which *Achilles* had expoſed it. *Apollo*, on his part, covers it with a thick cloud, and preſerves its freſhneſs amidſt the greateſt heats of the ſun: and this care of the deities over the dead was looked upon by men as a fruit of their piety.

There is an excellent remark upon this paſſage in *Boſſu*'s admirable treatiſe of the epick poem, *lib.* iii. *cap.* 10. "To ſpeak "(ſays this Author) of the arts and ſciences as a poet ought, "we ſhould veil them under names and actions of perſons fictitious, and allegorical. *Homer* will not plainly ſay that ſalt

That unavailing care be laid aſide,
(The azure Goddeſs to her ſon reply'd)
Whole years untouch'd, uninjur'd ſhall remain
Freſh as in life, the carcaſe of the ſlain.
But go, *Achilles*, (as affairs require)
Before the *Grecian* Peers renounce thine ire:
Then uncontroll'd in boundleſs war engage,
And heav'n with ſtrength ſupply the mighty rage!

Then in the noſtrils of the ſlain ſhe pour'd
Nectareous drops, and rich Ambroſia ſhow'r'd
O'er all the corſe. The flies forbid their prey,
Untouch'd it reſts, and ſacred from decay.

" has the virtue to preſerve dead bodies, and prevent the flies " from engendering worms in them; he will not ſay, that " the ſea preſented *Achilles* a remedy to preſerve *Patroclus* from " putrefaction; but he will make the ſea a Goddeſs, and " tells us, that *Thetis* to comfort *Achilles*, engaged to perfume " the body with an Ambroſia which ſhould keep it a whole " year from corruption: it is thus *Homer* teaches the poets " to ſpeak of arts and ſciences. This example ſhews the na- " ture of the things, that flies cauſe putrefaction, that ſalt " preſerves bodies from it; but all this is told us poetically, " the whole is reduced into action, the ſea is made a perſon " who ſpeaks and acts, and this *proſopopœia* is accompanied " with paſſion, tenderneſs, and affection; in a word, there " is nothing which is not (according to *Ariſtotle's* precept) " endued with manners."

Achilles to the ſtrand obedient went:
The ſhores reſounded with the voice he ſent.
The heroes heard, and all the naval train
That tend the ſhips, or guide them o'er the main,
Alarm'd, tranſported, at the well-known ſound,
Frequent and full, the great aſſembly crown'd;
Studious to ſee that terrour of the plain,
Long loſt to battle, ſhine in arms again.
Tydides and *Ulyſſes* firſt appear,
Lame with their wounds, and leaning on the ſpear;
Theſe on the ſacred ſeats of council plac'd,
The King of men, *Atrides* came the laſt:
He too ſore wounded by *Agenor's* ſon.
Achilles (riſing in the midſt) begun.

Oh Monarch! better far had been the fate
Of thee, of me, of all the *Grecian* ſtate,
If, (e'er the day when by mad paſſion ſway'd,
Raſh we contended for the black-ey'd maid)
Preventing *Dian* had diſpatch'd her dart,
And ſhot the ſhining miſchief to the heart!

℣. 61. *Preventing* Dian *had diſpatch'd her dart,*
And ſhot the ſhining miſchief to the heart!]

Then many a hero had not preſs'd the ſhore,
Nor *Troy*'s glad fields been fatten'd with our gore:
Long, long ſhall *Greece* the woes we caus'd, bewail,
And ſad poſterity repeat the tale.
But this, no more the ſubject of debate,
Is paſt, forgotten, and reſign'd to fate:
Why ſhould (alas) a mortal man, as I,
Burn with a fury that can never die?
Here then my anger ends: let war ſucceed,
And ev'n as *Greece* has bled, let *Ilion* bleed.
Now call the hoſts, and try, if in our ſight,
Troy yet ſhall dare to camp a ſecond night?

Achilles wiſhes *Briſeïs* had died before ſhe had occaſioned ſo great calamities to his countrymen: I will not ſay to excuſe him, that his virtue here overpowers his love, but that the wiſh is not ſo very barbarous as it may ſeem by the phraſe to a modern reader. It is not, that *Diana* had actually killed her, as by a particular ſtroke or judgment from heaven; it means no more than a natural death, as appears from this paſſage in *Odyſſ.* xv.

When age and ſickneſs have unnerv'd the ſtrong,
Apollo comes, and *Cynthia* comes along,
They bend the ſilver bows for ſudden ill,
And every ſhining arrow flies to kill.

And he does not wiſh her death now, after ſhe had been his miſtreſs, but only that ſhe had died, before he knew, or loved her.

I deem, their mightieſt, when this arm he knows,
Shall 'ſcape with tranſport, and with joy repoſe.
' He ſaid: his finiſh'd wrath with loud acclaim
The *Greeks* accept, and ſhout *Pelides'* name.
When thus, not riſing from his lofty throne,
In ſtate unmov'd, the King of men begun.
Hear me ye ſons of *Greece!* with ſilence hear!
And grant your monarch an impartial ear;
Awhile your loud, untimely joy ſuſpend,
And let your raſh, injurious clamours end:
Unruly murmurs, or ill-tim'd applauſe,
Wrong the beſt ſpeaker, and the juſteſt cauſe.
Nor charge on me, ye *Greeks*, the dire debate:
Know, angry *Jove*, and all-compelling *Fate*,
With fell *Erinnys*, urg'd my wrath that day
When from *Achilles'* arms I forc'd the prey.
What then could I, againſt the will of heav'n?
Not by myſelf, but vengeful *Ate* driv'n;
She, *Jove*'s dread daughter, fated to infeſt
The race of mortals, enter'd in my breaſt.

℣. 93. *She*, Jove's *dread daughter*.] This ſpeech of *Agamemnon*, conſiſting of little elſe than the long ſtory of *Jupiter's* caſting *Diſcord* out of heaven, ſeems odd enough at firſt

Not on the ground that haughty fury treads, 95
But prints her lofty footſteps on the heads

ſight; and does not indeed anſwer what I believe every reader expects, at the conference of theſe two Princes. Without excuſing it from the juſtneſs and proper application of the allegory in the preſent caſe, I think it a piece of artifice, very agreeable to the character of *Agamemnon*, which is a mixture of haughtineſs and cunning; he cannot prevail with himſelf any way to leſſen the dignity of the royal character, of which he every where appears jealous: ſomething he is obliged to ſay in publick, and not brooking directly to own himſelf in the wrong, he ſlurs it over with this tale. With what ſtatelineſs is it that he yields? "I was miſled (ſays he) but I "was miſled like *Jupiter*. We inveſt you with our powers, "take our troops and our treaſures: our royal promiſe ſhall "be fulfilled, but be you pacified."

℣. 93. *She*, Jove's *dread daughter*, *fated to infeſt*
The race of mortals———]

It appears from hence, that the ancients owned a *Dæmon*, created by God himſelf, and totally taken up in doing miſchief.

This fiction is very remarkable, in as much as it proves that the *Pagans* knew that a dæmon of diſcord and malediction was in heaven, and afterwards precipitated to earth, which perfectly agrees with holy hiſtory. St. *Juſtin* will have it, that *Homer* attained to the knowledge thereof in *Ægypt*, and that he had even read what *Iſaiah* writes, chap. xiv. *How art thou fallen from heaven, O* Lucifer, *ſon of the morning, how art thou cut down to the ground which didſt weaken the nations?* But our poet could not have ſeen the prophecy of *Iſaiah*, becauſe he lived 100, or 150 years before that prophet; and this anteriority of time makes this paſſage the more obſervable. *Homer* therein bears authentick witneſs to the truth of the ſtory, of an angel thrown from heaven, and gives this teſtimony above 100 years before one of the greateſt prophets ſpoke of it. *Dacier.*

Of mighty men; inflicting as ſhe goes
Long feſt'ring wounds, inextricable woes!
Of old, ſhe ſtalk'd amid the bright abodes;
And *Jove* himſelf, the Sire of Men and Gods,
The world's great ruler, felt her venom'd dart;
Deceiv'd by *Juno*'s wiles, and female art.
For when *Alcmena*'s nine long months were run,
And *Jove* expected his immortal ſon;
To Gods and Goddeſſes th' unruly joy
He ſhow'd, and vaunted of his matchleſs boy:
From us (he ſaid) this day an infant ſprings,
Fated to rule, and born a King of Kings.
Saturnia aſk'd an oath, to vouch the truth,
And fix dominion on the favour'd youth.
The Thund'rer unſuſpicious of the fraud,
Pronounc'd thoſe ſolemn words that bind a God.
The joyful Goddeſs, from *Olympus'* height,
Swift to *Achaian Argos* bent her flight;
Scarce ſev'n moons gone, lay *Sthenelus*'s wife;
She puſh'd her ling'ring infant into life:
Her charms *Alcmena*'s coming labours ſtay,
And ſtop the babe, juſt iſſuing to the day.

Then bids *Saturnius* bear his oath in mind;
" A youth (ſaid ſhe) of *Jove*'s immortal kind
" Is this day born: from *Sthenelus* he ſprings,
" And claims thy promiſe to be King of Kings."
Grief ſeiz'd the Thund'rer, by his oath engag'd;
Stung to the ſoul, he ſorrow'd, and he rag'd.
From his ambroſial head, where perch'd ſhe ſat,
He ſnatch'd the Fury-Goddeſs of Debate,
The dread, th' irrevocable oath he ſwore,
Th' immortal ſeats ſhould ne'er behold her more;
And whirl'd her headlong down, for ever driv'n
From bright *Olympus* and the ſtarry heav'n:
Thence on the nether world the fury fell;
Ordain'd with man's contentious race to dwell.
Full oft' the God his ſon's hard toils bemoan'd,
Curs'd the dire fury, and in ſecret groan'd.
Ev'n thus, like *Jove* himſelf, was I miſled,
While raging *Hector* heap'd our camps with dead.
What can the errors of my rage atone?
My martial troops, my treaſures are thy own:
This inſtant from the navy ſhall be ſent
Whate'er *Ulyſſes* promis'd at thy tent:

But thou! appeas'd, propitious to our pray'r,
Reſume thy arms, and ſhine again in war.
O King of Nations! whoſe ſuperiour ſway
(Returns *Achilles*) all our hoſts obey!
To keep or ſend the preſents, be thy care;
To us, 'tis equal: all we aſk is war.
While yet we talk, or but an inſtant ſhun
The fight, our glorious work remains undone.
Let ev'ry *Greek*, who ſees my ſpear confound
The *Trojan* ranks, and deal deſtruction round,
With emulation, what I act, ſurvey,
And learn from thence the buſineſs of the day.
The ſon of *Peleus* thus: and thus replies
The great in councils, *Ithacus* the wiſe.
Tho', god-like, thou art by no toils oppreſt,
At leaſt our armies claim repaſt and reſt:
Long and laborious muſt the combat be,
When by the Gods inſpir'd, and led by thee.

ỳ. 145. *To keep or ſend the preſents, be thy care.*] *Achilles* neither refuſes nor demands *Agamemnon*'s preſents: the firſt would be too contemptuous, and the other would look too ſelfiſh. It would ſeem as if *Achilles* fought only for pay like a mercenary, which would be utterly unbecoming a hero, and diſhonourable to that character: *Homer* is wonderful as to the manners. *Spond. Dac.*

Strength is deriv'd from ſpirits and from blood,
And thoſe augment by gen'rous wine and food:
What boaſtful ſon of war, without that ſtay,
Can laſt a hero thro' a ſingle day?
Courage may prompt; but, ebbing out his ſtrength,
Mere unſupported man muſt yield at length;
Shrunk with dry famine, and with toils declin'd,
The drooping body will deſert the mind:
But built a-new with ſtrength-conferring fare,
With limbs and ſoul untam'd, he tires a war,
Diſmiſs the people then, and give command,
With ſtrong repaſt to hearten ev'ry band;

ỳ. 159. *Strength is deriv'd from ſpirits*, &c.] This advice of *Ulyſſes* that the troops ſhould refreſh themſelves with eating and drinking was extremely neceſſary after a battle of ſo long continuance as that of the day before: and *Achilles*'s deſire that they ſhould charge the enemy immediately, without any reflection on the neceſſity of that refreſhment, was alſo highly natural to his violent character. This forces *Ulyſſes* to repeat that advice, and inſiſt upon it ſo much: which thoſe criticks did not ſee into, who through a falſe delicacy are ſhocked at his inſiſting ſo warmly upon eating and drinking. Indeed to a common reader who is more fond of heroick and romantick, than of juſt and natural images, this at firſt ſight may have an air of ridicule; but I will venture to ſay there is nothing ridiculous in the thing itſelf, nor mean and low in *Homer*'s manner of expreſſing it: and I believe the ſame of this tranſlation, though I have not ſoftened or abated of the idea they are ſo offended with.

But let the preſents to *Achilles* made,
In full aſſembly of all *Greece* be laid.
The King of men ſhall riſe in publick ſight,
And ſolemn ſwear (obſervant of the rite)
That ſpotleſs as ſhe came, the maid removes,
Pure from his arms, and guiltleſs of his loves.
That done, a ſumptuous banquet ſhall be made,
And the full price of injur'd honour paid.
Stretch not henceforth, O Prince! thy ſov'reign might,
Beyond the bounds of reaſon and of right;
'Tis the chief praiſe that e'er to Kings belong'd,
To right with juſtice whom with pow'r they wrong'd.
To him the monarch. Juſt is thy decree,
Thy words give joy, and wiſdom breathes in thee.
Each due atonement gladly I prepare;
And heav'n regard me as I juſtly ſwear!
Here then a-while let *Greece* aſſembled ſtay,
Nor great *Achilles* grudge this ſhort delay;
'Till from the fleet our preſents be convey'd,
And, *Jove* atteſting, the firm compact made.

A train of noble youth the charge ſhall bear;
Theſe to ſelect, *Ulyſſes*, be thy care:
In order rank'd let all our gifts appear,
And the fair train of captives cloſe the rear:
Talthybius ſhall the victim boar convey,
Sacred to *Jove*, and yon' bright orb of day.
For this (the ſtern *Æacides* replies)
Some leſs important ſeaſon may ſuffice,

℣. 197. *The ſtern* Æacides *replies.*] The *Greek* verſe is,

Τὸν δ' ἀπαμειβόμενος προσέφη πόδας ὠκὺς Ἀχιλλεύς.

Which is repeated very frequently throughout the *Iliad*. It is a very juſt remark of a *French* critick, that what makes it ſo much taken notice of, is the rumbling ſound and length of the word ἀπαμειβόμενος: this is ſo true, that if in a poem or romance of the ſame length as the *Iliad*, we ſhould repeat *The hero anſwer'd*, full as often, we ſhould never be ſenſible of that repetition. And if we are not ſhocked at the like frequency of thoſe expreſſions in the *Æneid*, *ſic ore refert*, *talia voce refert*, *talia dicta dabat*, *vix ea fatus erat*, &c. it is only becauſe the ſound of the *Latin* words does not fill the ear like that of the *Greek* ἀπαμειβόμενος.

The diſcourſe of the ſame critick upon theſe ſort of repetitions in general, deſerves to be tranſcribed. That uſeleſs nicety (ſays he) of avoiding every repetition, which the delicacy of later times has introduced, was not known to the firſt ages of antiquity; the books of *Moſes* abound with them. Far from condemning their frequent uſe in the moſt ancient of all the poets, we ſhould look upon them as the certain character of the age in which he lived: they ſpoke ſo in his time, and to have ſpoken otherwiſe had been a fault. And indeed nothing is in itſelf ſo contrary to the true ſublime, as

When the ſtern fury of the war is o'er,
And wrath extinguiſh'd burns my breaſt no more.

that painful and frivolous exactneſs, with which we avoid to make uſe of a proper word becauſe it was uſed before. It is certain that the *Romans* were leſs ſcrupulous as to this point: you have often in a ſingle page of *Tully*, the ſame word five or ſix times over. If it were really a fault, it is not to be conceived how an author who ſo little wanted variety of expreſſions as *Homer*, could be ſo very negligent herein? On the contrary, he ſeems to have affected to repeat the ſame things in the ſame words, on many occaſions.

It was from two principles equally true, that among ſeveral people, and in ſeveral ages, two practices entirely different took their riſe. *Moſes*, *Homer*, and the writers of the firſt times, had found that repetitions of the ſame words recalled the ideas or things, imprinted them much more ſtrongly, and rendered the diſcourſe more intelligible. Upon this principle, the cuſtom of repeating words, phraſes, and even entire ſpeeches, inſenſibly eſtabliſhed itſelf both in proſe and poetry, eſpecially in narrations.

The writers who ſucceeded them obſerved, even from *Homer* himſelf, that the greateſt beauty of ſtyle conſiſted in variety. This they made their principle: they therefore avoided repetitions of words, and ſtill more of whole ſentences; they endeavoured to vary their tranſitions; and found out new turns and manners of expreſſing the ſame things.

Either of theſe practices is good, but the exceſs of either vicious: we ſhould neither on the one hand, through a love of ſimplicity and clearneſs, continually repeat the ſame words, phraſes or diſcourſes; nor on the other, for the pleaſure of variety, fall into a childiſh affectation of expreſſing every thing twenty different ways, though it be never ſo natural and common.

Nothing ſo much cools the warmth of a piece, or puts out the fire of poetry, as that perpetual care to vary inceſſantly even in the ſmalleſt circumſtances. In this, as in many

By *Hector* ſlain, their faces to the ſky,
All grim with gaping wounds, our heroes lie:
Thoſe call to war! and might my voice incite,
Now, now, this inſtant, ſhou'd commence the fight:

other points, *Homer* has deſpiſed the ungrateful labour of too ſcrupulous a nicety. He has done like a great Painter, who does not think himſelf obliged to vary all his pieces to that degree, as not one of them ſhall have the leaſt reſemblance to another: if the principal figures are entirely different, we eaſily excuſe a reſemblance in the landſkips, the ſkies, or the draperies. Suppoſe a gallery full of pictures, each of which repreſents a particular ſubject: in one I ſee *Achilles* in fury, menacing *Agamemnon*; in another the ſame hero with regret delivers up *Briſeïs* to the heralds; in a third it is ſtill *Achilles*, but *Achilles* overcome with grief, and lamenting to his mother. If the air, the geſture, the countenance, the character of *Achilles*, are the ſame in each of theſe three pieces; if the ground of one of theſe be the ſame with that of the others in the compoſition and general deſign, whether it be landſkip or architecture; then indeed one ſhould have reaſon to blame the painter for the uniformity of his figures and grounds. But if there be no ſameneſs but in the folds of a few draperies, in the ſtructure of ſome part of a building, or in the figure of ſome tree, mountain, or cloud, it is what no one would regard as a fault. The application is obvious: *Homer* repeats, but they are not the great ſtrokes which he repeats, not thoſe which ſtrike and fix our attention: they are only the little parts, the tranſitions, the general circumſtances, or familiar images, which recur naturally, and upon which the reader but caſts his eye careleſly: ſuch as the deſcriptions of ſacrifices, repaſts, or embarkments; ſuch in ſhort, as are in their own nature much the ſame, which it is ſufficient juſt to ſhew, and which are in a manner incapable of different ornaments.

Then, when the day's complete, let gen'rous bowls,
And copious banquets, glad your weary ſouls.
Let not my palate know the taſte of food,
'Till my inſatiate rage be cloy'd with blood:
Pale lies my friend, with wounds disfigur'd o'er,
And his cold feet are pointed to the door.
Revenge is all my ſoul! no meaner care,
Int'reſt, or thought, has room to harbour there;
Deſtruction be my feaſt, and mortal wounds,
And ſcenes of blood, and agonizing ſounds.
O firſt of *Greeks* (*Ulyſſes* thus rejoin'd)
The beſt and braveſt of the warriour-kind!

ỳ. 209. *Pale lies my friend*, &c.] It is in the *Greek*, *lies extended in my tent with his face turning towards the door*, ἀνὰ πρόθυρον τέτραμμένος, that is to ſay, as the Scholiaſt has explained it, *having his feet turned towards the door*. For it was thus the *Greeks* placed their dead in the porches of their houſes, as likewiſe in *Italy*.

"In portam rigidos calces extendit." *Perſius.*

—— "Recepitque ad limina greſſum,
"Corpus ubi exanimi poſitum Pallantis Acetes
"Servabat ſenior" ——

Thus we are told by *Suetonius*, of the body of *Auguſtus* —— *Equeſter ordo ſuſcepit, urbique intulit, atque in veſtibulo domûs collocavit.*

Thy praiſe it is in dreadful camps to ſhine,
But old experience and calm wiſdom, mine.
Then hear my counſel, and to reaſon yield,
The braveſt ſoon are ſatiate of the field;
Tho' vaſt the heaps that ſtrow the crimſon plain,
The bloody harveſt brings but little gain:
The ſcale of conqueſt ever wav'ring lies,
Great *Jove* but turns it, and the victor dies!
The great, the bold, by thouſands daily fall,
And endleſs were the grief, to weep for all.
Eternal ſorrows what avails to ſhed?
Greece honours not with ſolemn faſts the dead:
Enough, when death demands the brave, to pay
The tribute of a melancholy day.
One chief with patience to the grave reſign'd,
Our care devolves on others left behind.
Let gen'rous food ſupplies of ſtrength produce,
Let riſing ſpirits flow from ſprightly juice,

℣. 221. *Tho' vaſt the heaps*, &c.] *Ulyſſes*'s expreſſion in the original is very remarkable; he calls καλάμην, *ſtraw or chaff*, ſuch as are killed in the battle; and he calls ἀμπλον, the *crop*, ſuch as make their eſcape. This is very conformable to the language of holy ſcripture, wherein thoſe who periſh are called *chaff*, and thoſe who are ſaved are called *corn*. *Dacier*.

Let their warm heads with ſcenes of battle glow,
And pour new furies on the feebler foe.
Yet a ſhort interval, and none ſhall dare
Expect a ſecond ſummons to the war;
Who waits for that, the dire effect ſhall find,
If trembling in the ſhips he lags behind.
Embodied, to the battle let us bend,
And all at once on haughty *Troy* deſcend.
And now the Delegates *Ulyſſes* ſent,
To bear the preſents from the royal tent.
The ſons of *Neſtor*, *Phyleus*' valiant heir,
Thias and *Merion*, thunderbolts of war,
With *Lycomedes* of *Creiontian* ſtrain,
And *Melanippus*, form'd the choſen train.
Swift as the word was giv'n, the youths obey'd;
Twice ten bright vaſes inthe midſt they laid;

✝. 237. — — — *None ſhall dare*
Expect a ſecond ſummons to the war.]

This is very artful; *Ulyſſes*, to prevail upon *Achilles* to let the troops take repaſt, and yet in ſome ſort to ſecond his impatience, gives with the ſame breath orders for battle, by commanding the troops to march, and expect no farther orders. Thus though the troops go to take repaſt, it looks as if they do not loſe a moment's time, but are going to put themſelves in array of battle. *Dacier.*

A row of ſix fair tripods then ſucceeds;
And twice the number of high-bounding ſteeds;
Sev'n captives next a lovely line compoſe;
The eighth *Briſeïs*, like the blooming roſe,
Clos'd the bright band: great *Ithacus*, before,
Firſt of the train, the golden talents bore;
The reſt in publick view the chiefs diſpoſe,
A ſplendid ſcene! then *Agamemnon* roſe:
The boar *Talthybius* held: the *Grecian* Lord
Drew the broad cutlaſs ſheath'd beſide his ſword:
The ſtubborn briſtles from the victim's brow
He crops, and off'ring meditates his vow.
His hands uplifted to th' atteſting ſkies,
On heav'n's broad marble roof were fix'd his eyes,
The ſolemn words a deep attention draw,
And *Greece* around ſat thrill'd with ſacred awe.

Witneſs thou firſt! thou greateſt pow'r above!
All-good, all-wiſe, and all-ſurveying *Jove!*
And mother-earth, and heav'n's revolving light,
And ye, fell furies of the realms of night,
Who rule the dead, and horrid woes prepare
For perjur'd Kings, and all who falſely ſwear!

The black-ey'd maid inviolate removes,
Pure and unconſcious of my manly loves.
If this be falſe, heav'n all its vengeance ſhed,
And levell'd thunder ſtrike my guilty head!

With that, his weapon deep inflicts the wound;
The bleeding ſavage tumbles to the ground;
The ſacred herald rolls the victim ſlain
(A feaſt for fiſh) into the foaming main.

Then thus *Achilles*. Hear, ye *Greeks!* and know
Whate'er we feel, 'tis *Jove* inflicts the woe:
Not elſe *Atrides* could our rage inflame,
Nor from my arms, unwilling, force the dame.
'Twas *Jove*'s high will alone, o'er-ruling all,
That doom'd our ſtrife, and doom'd the *Greeks* to fall.

℣. 279. *Rolls the victim into the main.*] For it was not lawful to eat the fleſh of the victims that were ſacrificed in confirmation of oaths; ſuch were victims of malediction. *Euſtathius.*

℣. 281. *Hear, ye* Greeks, *&c.*] *Achilles*, to let them ſee that he is entirely appeaſed, juſtifies *Agamemnon* himſelf, and enters into the reaſons with which that prince had coloured his fault. But in that juſtification he perfectly well preſerves his character, and illuſtrates the advantage he has over that king who offended him. *Dacier.*

Go then, ye chiefs! indulge the genial rite;
Achilles waits ye, and expects the fight.
The ſpeedy council at his word adjourn'd;
To their black veſſels all the *Greeks* return'd.
Achilles ſought his tent. His train before
March'd onward, bending with the gifts they bore.
Thoſe in the tents the ſquires induſtrious ſpread;
The foaming courſers to the ſtalls they led;
To their new ſeats the female captives move:
Briſeïs, radiant as the Queen of love,
Slow as ſhe paſt, beheld with ſad ſurvey
Where gaſh'd with cruel wounds, *Patroclus* lay.
Prone on the body fell the heav'nly fair,
Beat her ſad breaſt, and tore her golden hair;
All beautiful in grief, her humid eyes
Shining with tears ſhe lifts, and thus ſhe cries.
Ah youth for ever dear, for ever kind,
Once tender friend of my diſtracted mind!

ỳ. 303, &c. *The lamentation of* Briſeïs *over* Patroclus.] This ſpeech (ſays *Dionyſius* of *Halicarnaſſus*) is not without its artifice: while *Briſeïs* ſeems only to be deploring *Patroclus*, ſhe repreſents to *Achilles* who ſtands by, the breach of the promiſes

I left thee freſh in life, in beauty gay;
Now find thee cold, inanimated clay!
What woes my wretched race of life attend?
Sorrows on ſorrows, never doom'd to end!
The firſt lov'd conſort of my virgin bed
Before theſe eyes in fatal battle bled:
My three brave brothers in one mournful day,
All trod the dark, irremeable way:
Thy friendly hand uprear'd me from the plain,
And dry'd my ſorrows for a huſband ſlain;
Achilles' care you promis'd I ſhould prove,
The firſt, the deareſt partner of his love;

he had made her, and upbraids him with the neglect he had been guilty of in reſigning her up to *Agamemnon*. He adds, that *Achilles* hereupon acknowledges the juſtice of her complaint, and makes anſwer that his promiſes ſhould be performed: it was a ſlip in that great critick's memory, for the verſe he cites is not in this part of the author, [περὶ ἰσχηματισμῶν, Part II.]

℣. 315. Achilles' *care you promis'd*, &c.] In theſe days when our manners are ſo different from thoſe of the antients, and we ſee none of thoſe diſmal cataſtrophes which laid whole kingdoms waſte, and ſubjected princeſſes and queens to the power of the conqueror; it will perhaps ſeem aſtoniſhing, that a princeſs of *Briſeïs*'s birth, the very day that her father, brothers, and huſband were killed by *Achilles*, ſhould ſuffer herſelf to be comforted, and even flattered with the hopes of becoming the ſpouſe of the murderer. But ſuch were the manners of thoſe times, as ancient hiſtory teſtifies: and a

That rites divine ſhould ratify the band,
And make me Empreſs in his native land.
Accept theſe grateful tears! for thee they flow,
For thee, that ever felt another's woe!
Her ſiſter captives echo'd groan for groan,
Nor mourn'd *Patroclus'* fortunes, but their own.
The leaders preſs'd the chief on every ſide;
Unmov'd, he heard them, and with ſighs deny'd.
If yet *Achilles* have a friend, whoſe care
Is bent to pleaſe him, this requeſt forbear:
'Till yonder ſun deſcend, ah let me pay
To grief and anguiſh one abſtemious day.
He ſpoke, and from the warriours turn'd his face:
Yet ſtill the Brother-Kings of *Atreus'* race,

poet repreſents them as they were; but if there was a neceſſity for juſtifying them, it might be ſaid that ſlavery was at that time ſo terrible, that in truth a princeſs like *Briſeïs* was pardonable, to chuſe rather to become *Achilles*'s wife than his ſlave. *Dacier.*

℣. 322. *Nor mourn'd* Patroclus' *fortunes, but their own.*] *Homer* adds this touch to heighten the character of *Briſeïs*, and to ſhew the difference there was between her and the other captives. *Briſeïs*, as a well-born princeſs, really bewailed *Patroclus* out of *gratitude*; but the others, by pretending to bewail him, wept only out of *intereſt*. *Dacier.*

Neſtor, *Idomeneus*, *Ulyſſes* ſage,
And *Phœnix*, ſtrive to calm his grief and rage:
His rage they calm not, nor his grief controul;
He groans, he raves, he ſorrows from his ſoul.
Thou too, *Patroclus!* (thus his heart he vents)
Once ſpread th' inviting banquet in our tents:
Thy ſweet ſociety, thy winning care,
Once ſtaid *Achilles*, ruſhing to the war.
But now alas! to death's cold arms reſign'd,
What banquet but revenge can glad my mind?
What greater ſorrow could afflict my breaſt,
What more, if hoary *Peleus* were deceas'd?
Who now, perhaps, in *Phthia* dreads to hear
His ſon's ſad fate, and drops a tender tear.
What more, ſhould *Neoptolemus* the brave
(My only offspring) ſink into the grave?

℣. 335. *Thou too*, Patroclus! &c.] This lamentation is finely introduced: while the generals are perſuading him to take ſome refreſhment, it naturally awakens in his mind the remembrance of *Patroclus*, who had ſo often brought him food every morning before they went to battle: this is very natural, and admirably well conceals the art of drawing the ſubject of his diſcourſe from the things that preſent themſelves. *Spondanus.*

If yet that offspring lives, (I diſtant far,
Of all neglectful, wage a hateful war.)
I cou'd not this, this cruel ſtroke attend;
Fate claim'd *Achilles*, but might ſpare his friend.
I hop'd *Patroclus* might ſurvive, to rear
My tender orphan with a parent's care,
From *Scyros* iſle conduct him o'er the main,
And glad his eyes with his paternal reign,
The lofty palace, and the large domain.
For *Peleus* breathes no more the vital air;
Or drags a wretched life of age and care,
But 'till the news of my ſad fate invades
His haſtening ſoul, and ſinks him to the ſhades.
Sighing he ſaid: his grief the heroes join'd,
Each ſtole a tear for what he left behind.
Their mingled grief the Sire of heav'n ſurvey'd,
And thus, with pity, to his blue-ey'd maid.

℣. 351. *I hop'd* Patroclus *might ſurvive*, &c.] *Patroclus* was young, and *Achilles* who had but a ſhort time to live, hoped that after his death his dear friend would be as a father to his ſon, and put him into the poſſeſſion of his kingdom: *Neoptolemus* would in *Patroclus* find *Peleus* and *Achilles*; whereas when *Patroclus* was dead, he muſt be an orphan indeed. *Homer* is particularly admirable for the ſentiments, and always follows nature. *Dacier.*

Is then *Achilles* now no more thy care,
And doſt thou thus deſert the great in war?
Lo, where yon' ſails their canvaſs wings extend,
All comfortleſs he ſits, and wails his friend:
E'er thirſt and want his forces have oppreſt,
Haſte and infuſe Ambroſia in his breaſt.
He ſpoke; and ſudden at the word of *Jove*,
Shot the deſcending Goddeſs from above.
So ſwift thro' æther the ſhrill *Harpy* ſprings,
The wide air floating to her ample wings.
To great *Achilles* ſhe her flight addreſt,
And pour'd divine Ambroſia in his breaſt,
With nectar ſweet, (refection of the Gods!)
Then, ſwift aſcending, ſought the bright abodes.
Now iſſued from the ſhips the warriour train,
And like a deluge pour'd upon the plain.
As when the piercing blaſts of *Boreas* blow,
And ſcatter o'er the fields the driving ſnow;
From duſky clouds the fleecy winter flies,
Whoſe dazling luſtre whitens all the ſkies:

So helms ſucceeding helms, ſo ſhields from ſhields
Catch the quick beams, and brighten all the fields;
Broad-glitt'ring breaſt-plates, ſpears with pointed rays,
Mix in one ſtream, reflecting blaze on blaze:
Thick beats the center as the courſers bound,
With ſplendour flame the ſkies, and laugh the fields around.
Full in the midſt, high tow'ring o'er the reſt,
His limbs in arms divine *Achilles* dreſt;

℣. 384. *So helms ſucceeding helms, ſo ſhields from ſhields*
Catch the quick beams, and brighten all the fields.]

It is probable the reader may think the words, *ſhining*, *ſplendid*, and others derived from the luſtre of arms, too frequent in theſe books. My author is to anſwer for it, but it may be alledged in his excuſe, that when it was the cuſtom for every ſoldier to ſerve in armour, and when thoſe arms were of braſs before the uſe of iron became common, theſe images of luſtre were leſs avoidable, and more neceſſarily frequent in deſcriptions of this nature.

℣. 390. Achilles *arming himſelf*, &c.] There is a wonderful pomp in this deſcription of *Achilles*'s arming himſelf; every reader without being pointed to it, will ſee the extreme grandeur of all theſe images; but what is particular, is, in what a noble ſcale they riſe one above another, and how the hero is ſet ſtill in a ſtronger point of light than before; till he is at laſt in a manner covered over with glories: he is at firſt likened to the moon-light, then to the flames of a beacon, then to a comet, and laſtly to the ſun itſelf.

Arms which the father of the fire beſtow'd,
Forg'd on th' eternal anvils of the God.
Grief and revenge his furious heart inſpire,
His glowing eye-balls roll with living fire;
He grinds his teeth, and furious with delay,
O'erlooks th' embattl'd hoſt, and hopes the bloody day.
The ſilver cuiſhes firſt his thighs infold:
Then o'er his breaſt was brac'd the hollow gold:
The brazen ſword a various baldrick ty'd,
That, ſtarr'd with gems, hung glitt'ring at his ſide;
And like the moon, the broad refulgent ſhield
Blaz'd with long rays, and gleam'd athwart the field.
So to night wand'ring ſailors, pale with fears,
Wide o'er the wat'ry waſte, a light appears,
Which on the far-ſeen mountain blazing high,
Streams from ſome lonely watch-tow'r to the ſky:
With mournful eyes they gaze, and gaze again;
Loud howls the ſtorm, and drives them o'er the main.

Next, his high head the helmet grac'd; behind
The ſweepy creſt hung floating in the wind:
Like the red ſtar, that from his flaming hair
Shakes down diſeaſes, peſtilence and war;
So ſtream'd the golden honours from his head,
Trembled the ſparkling plumes, and the looſe
glories ſhed.

The chief beholds himſelf with wond'ring eyes;
His arms he poiſes, and his motions tries;
Buoy'd by ſome inward force, he ſeems to ſwim,
And feels a pinion lifting ev'ry limb.

And now he ſhakes his great paternal ſpear,
Pond'rous and huge! which not a *Greek* could
rear.
From *Pelion*'s cloudy top an aſh entire
Old *Chiron* fell'd, and ſhap'd it for his ſire;
A ſpear which ſtern *Achilles* only wields,
The death of heroes, and the dread of fields:
Automedon and *Alcimus* prepare
Th' immortal courſers, and the radiant car,
(The ſilver traces ſweeping at their ſide)
Their fiery mouths reſplendent bridles ty'd,

The iv'ry-ſtudded reins, return'd behind,
Wav'd o'er their backs, and to the chariot join'd.
The charioteer then whirl'd the laſh around,
And ſwift aſcended at one active bound.
All bright in heav'nly arms, above his ſquire
Achilles mounts, and ſets the field on fire;
Not brighter *Phœbus* in th' ethereal way,
Flames from his chariot, and reſtores the day.
High o'er the hoſt, all terrible he ſtands,
And thunders to his ſteeds theſe dread commands.

Xanthus and *Balius!* of *Podarges'* ſtrain,
(Unleſs ye boaſt that heav'nly race in vain)
Be ſwift, be mindful of the load ye bear,
And learn to make your maſter more your care:
Thro' falling ſquadrons bear my ſlaught'ring ſword,
Nor, as ye left *Patroclus*, leave your Lord.

The gen'rous *Xanthus*, as the words he ſaid,
Seem'd ſenſible of woe, and droop'd his head:
Trembling he ſtood before the golden wain,
And bow'd to duſt the honours of his mane,

When, ſtrange to tell! (ſo *Juno* will'd) he broke
Eternal ſilence, and portentous ſpoke. 451

℣. 450. *When, ſtrange to tell! (ſo* Juno *will'd) he broke Eternal ſilence, and portentous ſpoke.*]

It is remarked, in excuſe of this extravagant fiction of a horſe ſpeaking, that *Homer* was authoriſed herein by fable, tradition, and hiſtory. *Livy* makes mention of two oxen that ſpoke on different occaſions, and recites the ſpeech of one, which was, *Roma cave tibi*. *Pliny* tells us, theſe animals were particularly gifted this way, *l.* viii. *c.* 45. *Eſt frequens in prodigiis priſcorum, bovem locutum.* Beſides, *Homer* had prepared us for expecting ſomething miraculous from theſe horſes of *Achilles*, by repreſenting them to be immortal. We have ſeen them already ſenſible, and weeping at the death of *Patroclus*: and we muſt add to all this, that a Goddeſs is concerned in working this wonder: It is *Juno* that does it. *Oppian* alludes to this in a beautiful paſſage of his firſt book: not having the original by me, I ſhall quote (what I believe is no leſs beautiful) Mr. *Fenton*'s tranſlation of it:

Of all the prone creation, none diſplay
A friendlier ſenſe of man's ſuperiour ſway:
Some in the ſilent pomp of grief complain,
For the brave chief, by doom of battle ſlain:
And when young *Peleus* in his rapid car
Ruſh'd on, to rouſe the thunder of the war,
With human voice inſpir'd, his ſteed deplor'd
The fate impending dreadful o'er his Lord.

Cyneg. lib. i.

Spondanus and *Dacier* fail not to bring up *Balaam*'s aſs on this occaſion. But methinks the Commentators are at too much pains to diſcharge the poet from the imputation of extravagant fiction, by accounting for wonders of this kind: I am afraid, that next to the extravagance of inventing them, is that of endeavouring to reconcile ſuch fictions to probabi-

Achilles! yes! this day at leaſt we bear
Thy rage in ſafety thro' the files of war:
But come it will, the fatal time muſt come,
Nor ours the fault, but God decrees thy doom.
Not thro' our crime, or ſlowneſs in the courſe,
Fell thy *Patroclus*, but by heav'nly force;
The bright far-ſhooting God who gilds the day,
(Confeſt we ſaw him) tore his arms away.
No — could our ſwiftneſs o'er the winds prevail,
Or beat the pinions of the weſtern gale,
All were in vain — the Fates thy death demand,
Due to a mortal and immortal hand.
Then ceas'd for ever, by the *Furies* ty'd,
His fate-ful voice. Th' intrepid chief reply'd

lity. Would not one general anſwer do better, to ſay once for all, that the above-cited authors lived in the *age of wonders:* the taſte of the world has been generally turned to the miraculous; wonders were what the People would have, and what not only the poets, but the prieſts, gave them.

ỳ. 464. *Then ceas'd for ever, by the Furies ty'd,*
His fate-ful voice. ———]

The poet had offended againſt probability if he had made *Juno* take away the voice; for *Juno* (which ſignifies the air) is the cauſe of the voice. Beſides, the Poet was willing to intimate that the privation of the voice is a thing ſo diſmal and melancholy, that none but the *Furies* can take upon them ſo cruel an employment. *Euſtathius.*

With unabated rage—So let it be!
Portents and prodigies are loſt on me.
I know my fates: to die, to ſee no more
My much-loved parents, and my native ſhore—
Enough—when heav'n ordains, I ſink in night;
Now periſh *Troy!* he ſaid, and ruſh'd to fight.

THE

TWENTIETH BOOK

OF THE

ILIAD.

The ARGUMENT.

The battle of the Gods, and the acts of *Achilles.*

JUPITER *upon* Achilles's *return to the battle, calls a council of the Gods, and permits them to assist either party. The terrors of the combat described, when the Deities are engaged.* Apollo *encourages* Æneas *to meet* Achilles. *After a long conversation, these two heroes encounter; but* Æneas *is preserved by the assistance of* Neptune. Achilles *falls upon the rest of the* Trojans, *and is upon the point of killing* Hector, *but* Apollo *conveys him away in a cloud.* Achilles *pursues the* Trojans *with a great slaughter.*

The same day continues. The scene is in the field before Troy.

THE

TWENTIETH BOOK

OF THE

I L I A D.

THUS round *Pelides* breathing war and blood,
Greece ſheath'd in arms, beſide her veſſels ſtood;
While near impending from a neighb'ring height,
Troy's black battalions wait the ſhock of fight.
Then *Jove* to *Themis* gives command, to call
The Gods to council in the ſtarry hall:

℣. 5. *Then* Jove *to* Themis *gives command*, &c.] The poet is now to bring his hero again into action, and he introduces him with the utmoſt pomp and grandeur: the Gods are aſ-

Swift o'er *Olympus'* hundred hills ſhe flies,
And ſummons all the ſenate of the ſkies.
Theſe ſhining on, in long proceſſion come
To *Jove's* eternal adamantine dome.
Not one was abſent, not a rural pow'r,
That haunts the verdant gloom, or roſy bow'r,
Each fair-hair'd Dryad of the ſhady wood,
Each azure ſiſter of the ſilver flood;
All but old Ocean, hoary Sire! who keeps
His ancient ſeat beneath the ſacred deeps.

ſembled only upon this account, and *Jupiter* permits ſeveral Deities to join with the *Trojans*, and hinder *Achilles* from overruling deſtiny itſelf.

The circumſtance of ſending *Themis* to aſſemble the Gods is very beautiful; ſhe is the Goddeſs of juſtice; the *Trojans* by the rape of *Helen*, and by repeated perjuries having broken her laws, ſhe is the propereſt meſſenger to ſummon a ſynod to bring them to puniſhment. *Euſtathius.*

Proclus has given a farther explanation of this. *Themis* or *Juſtice* (ſays he) is made to aſſemble the Gods round *Jupiter*, becauſe it is from him that all the powers of nature take their virtue, and receive their orders; and *Jupiter* ſends them to the relief of both Parties, to ſhew that nothing falls out but by his permiſſion, and that neither angels, nor men, nor the elements, act but according to the power which is given them.

℣. 15. *All but old Ocean.*] *Euſtathius* gives two reaſons why *Oceanus* was abſent from this aſſembly: the one is becauſe he is fabled to be the original of all the Gods, and it would have been a piece of indecency for him to ſee the deities, who

On marble thrones with lucid columns crown'd,
(The work of *Vulcan*) ſat the Pow'rs around.
Ev'n * he whoſe trident ſways the wat'ry reign,
Heard the loud ſummons, and forſook the main,
Aſſum'd his throne amid the bright abodes,
And queſtion'd thus the Sire of Men and Gods.
What moves the God who heav'n and earth commands,
And graſps the thunder in his awful hands,
Thus to convene the whole æthereal ſtate?
Is *Greece* and *Troy* the ſubject in debate?
Already met, the low'ring hoſts appear,
And death ſtands ardent on the edge of war.
'Tis true (the cloud-compelling pow'r replies)
This day, we call the council of the ſkies

were all his deſcendants, war upon one another by joining adverſe parties: the other reaſon he draws from the allegory of *Oceanus*, which ſignifies the element of water, and conſequently the whole element could not aſcend into the Æther; but whereas *Neptune*, the rivers, and the fountains are ſaid to have been preſent, this is no way impoſſible, if we conſider it in an allegorical ſenſe, which implies, that the rivers, ſeas, and fountains ſupply the air with vapours, and by that means aſcend into the æther.

* *Neptune.*

In care of human race; ev'n *Jove*'s own eye
Sees with regret unhappy mortals die.
Far on *Olympus*' top in ſecret ſtate
Ourſelf will ſit, and ſee the hand of Fate
Work out our will. Celeſtial pow'rs! deſcend,
And as your minds direct, your ſuccour lend

ν. 35. *Celeſtial pow'rs! deſcend,*
And as your minds direct, your ſuccour lend
To either hoſt. ——]

Euſtathius informs us, that the ancients were very much divided upon this paſſage of *Homer*. Some have criticized it, and others have anſwered their criticiſm; but he reports nothing more than the objection, without tranſmitting the anſwer to us. Thoſe who condemned *Homer*, ſaid *Jupiter* was for the *Trojans*; he ſaw the *Greeks* were the ſtrongeſt, ſo permitted the Gods to declare themſelves, and go to the battle. But therein that God is deceived, and does not gain his point; for the Gods who favour the *Greeks* being ſtronger than thoſe who favour the *Trojans*, the *Greeks* will ſtill have the ſame advantage. I do not know what anſwer the partiſans of *Homer* made, but for my part, I think this objection is more ingenious than ſolid. *Jupiter* does not pretend that the *Trojans* ſhould be ſtronger than the *Greeks*, he has only a mind that the decree of deſtiny ſhould be executed. Deſtiny had refuſed to *Achilles* the glory of taking *Troy*, but if *Achilles* fights ſingly againſt the *Trojans*, he is capable of forcing deſtiny; (as *Homer* has already elſewhere ſaid, that there had been brave men who had done ſo.) Whereas if the Gods took part, though thoſe who followed the *Grecians* were ſtronger than thoſe who were for the *Trojans*, the latter would however be ſtrong enough to ſupport deſtiny, and to hinder *Achilles* from making himſelf maſter of *Troy*: this was *Jupiter*'s ſole view. Thus

To either hoſt. *Troy* ſoon muſt lie o'erthrown,
If uncontroll'd *Achilles* fights alone:
Their troops but lately durſt not meet his eyes;
What can they now, if in his rage he riſe?
Aſſiſt them, Gods! or *Ilion*'s ſacred wall
May fall this day, tho' Fate forbids the Fall.

Thus is this paſſage far from being blameable, it is on the contrary very beautiful, and infinitely glorious for *Achilles*. *Dacier*.

℣. 41. — — — *Or* Ilion's *ſacred wall*
May fall this day, tho' Fate forbids the Fall.]

Monſ. *de la Motte* criticizes on this paſſage, as thinking it abſurd and contradictory to *Homer*'s own ſyſtem, to imagine, that what Fate had ordained ſhould not come to paſs. *Jupiter* here ſeems to fear that *Troy* will be taken this very day in ſpite of deſtiny, ὑπὲρ μόρον. M. *Boivin* anſwers, that the explication hereof depends wholly upon the principles of the ancient *Pagan* theology, and their doctrine concerning Fate. It is certain, according to *Homer* and *Virgil*, that what deſtiny had decreed did not conſtantly happen in the preciſe time marked by deſtiny; the fatal moment was not to be retarded, but might be haſtened: for example, that of the death of *Dido* was advanced by the blow ſhe gave herſelf; her hour was not then come.

— — "Nec fato, meritâ nec morte peribat,
"Sed miſera ante diem" ——

Every violent death was accounted ὑπὲρ μόρον, that is, before the fated time, or (which is the ſame thing) againſt the natural order, *turbato mortalitatis ordine*, as the *Romans* expreſſed it. And the ſame might be ſaid of any misfortunes which men drew upon themſelves by their own ill conduct. (See the note on ℣. 535. *lib.* xvi.) In a word, it muſt be allowed that

He ſaid, and fir'd their heav'nly breaſts with rage:
On adverſe parts the warring Gods engage.
Heav'n's awful Queen; and He whoſe azure round
Girds the vaſt globe; the maid in arms renown'd;

it was not eaſy, in the *Pagan* religion, to form the juſteſt ideas upon a doctrine ſo difficult to be cleared; and upon which it is no great wonder if a poet ſhould not always be perfectly conſiſtent with himſelf, when it has puzzled ſuch a number of Divines and Philoſophers.

℣. 44. *On adverſe parts the warring Gods engage.*
Heav'n's awful Queen, &c.]

Euſtathius has a very curious remark upon this diviſion of the Gods of *Homer*, which M. *Dacier* has entirely borrowed (as indeed no commentator ever borrowed more, or acknowledged leſs, than ſhe has every where done from *Euſtathius*.) This diviſion, ſays he, is not made at random, but founded upon very ſolid reaſons, drawn from the nature of thoſe two nations. He places on the ſide of the *Greeks* all the Gods who preſide over arts and ſciences, to ſignify how much in that reſpect the *Greeks* excelled all other nations. *Juno*, *Pallas*, *Neptune*, *Mercury* and *Vulcan* are for the *Greeks*; *Juno*, not only as the Goddeſs who preſides over marriage, and who is concerned to revenge an injury done to the nuptial bed, but likewiſe as the Goddeſs who repreſents monarchical government, which was better eſtabliſhed in *Greece* than any where elſe; *Pallas*, becauſe being the Goddeſs of war and wiſdom, ſhe ought to aſſiſt thoſe who are wronged; beſides the *Greeks* underſtood the art of war better than the *Barbarians*; *Neptune* becauſe he was an enemy to the *Trojans* upon account of *Laomedon*'s perfidiouſneſs, and becauſe moſt of the

Hermes, of profitable arts the ſire;
And *Vulcan*, the black ſov'reign of the fire:
Theſe to the fleet repair with inſtant flight;
The veſſels tremble as the Gods alight.
In aid of *Troy*, *Latona*, *Phœbus* came,
Mars fiery-helm'd, the laughter-loving Dame,
Xanthus whoſe ſtreams in golden currents flow,
And the chaſte huntreſs of the ſilver bow.
E'er yet the Gods their various aid employ,
Each *Argive* boſom ſwell'd with manly joy,
While great *Achilles*, (terrour of the plain)
Long loſt to battle, ſhone in arms again.

Greeks being come from iſlands or peninſulas, were in ſome ſort his ſubjects; *Mercury*, becauſe he is a God who preſides over ſtratagems of war, and becauſe *Troy* was taken by that of the wooden horſe; and laſtly *Vulcan*, as the declared enemy of *Mars* and of all adulterers, and as the father of arts.

ỳ. 52. Mars *fiery helm'd, the laughter-loving Dame.*] The reaſons why *Mars* and *Venus* engage for the *Trojans*, are very obvious; the point in hand was to favour raviſhers and debauchees. But the ſame reaſon, you will ſay, does not ſerve for *Apollo*, *Diana* and *Latona*. It is urged that *Apollo* is for the *Trojans*, becauſe of the darts and arrows which were the principal ſtrength of the *Barbarians*; and *Diana*, becauſe ſhe preſided over dancing, and thoſe *Barbarians* were great dancers: and *Latona*, as influenced by her children. *Xanthus* being a *Trojan* river, is intereſted for his country. *Euſtathius.*

Dreadful he ſtood in front of all his hoſt;
Pale *Troy* beheld, and ſeem'd already loſt;
Her braveſt heroes pant with inward fear,
And trembling ſee another God of war.
But when the pow'rs deſcending ſwell'd the fight,
Then Tumult roſe; fierce rage and pale affright
Vary'd each face; then Diſcord ſounds alarms,
Earth echoes, and the nations ruſh to arms.
Now thro' the trembling ſhores *Minerva* calls,
And now ſhe thunders from the *Grecian* walls.
Mars hov'ring o'er his *Troy*, his terrour ſhrouds
In gloomy tempeſts, and a night of clouds:
Now thro' each *Trojan* heart he fury pours
With voice divine, from *Ilion*'s topmoſt tow'rs;
Now ſhouts to *Simois*, from her beauteous hill;
The mountain ſhook, the rapid ſtream ſtood ſtill.
Above, the Sire of Gods his thunder rolls,
And peals on peals redoubled rend the poles.

℣. 75. *Above, the Sire of Gods*, &c.] "The images (ſays "*Longinus*) which *Homer* gives of the combat of the Gods, "have in them ſomething prodigiouſly great and magnifi- "cent. We ſee in theſe verſes, the earth opened to its very

Beneath, ſtern *Neptune* ſhakes the ſolid ground;
The foreſts wave, the mountains nod around;
Thro' all their ſummits tremble *Ida*'s woods,
And from their ſources boil her hundred floods.
Troy's turrets totter on the rocking plain;
And the toſs'd navies beat the heaving main.
Deep in the diſmal regions of the dead,
Th' infernal Monarch rear'd his horrid head,

" center, hell ready to diſcloſe itſelf, the whole machine of " the world upon the point to be deſtroyed and overturned: " to ſhew that in ſuch a conflict, heaven and hell, all things " mortal and immortal, the whole creation in ſhort was " engaged in this battle, and all the extent of nature in " danger."

" Non ſecus ac ſi qua penitus vi terra dehiſcens
" Infernas reſeret ſedes & regna recludat
" Pallida, Diis inviſa, ſuperque immane barathrum
" Cernatur, trepidentque immiſſo lumine manes."
Virgil.

Madam *Dacier* rightly obſerves that this copy is inferiour to the original on this account, that *Virgil* has made a compariſon of that which *Homer* made an action. This occaſions an infinite difference, which is eaſy to be perceived.

One may compare with this noble paſſage of *Homer*, the battle of the Gods and Giants in *Heſiod*'s *Theogony*, which is one of the ſublimeſt parts of that author; and *Milton*'s battle of the *Angels* in the ſixth book: the elevation, and enthuſiaſm of our great countryman ſeems owing to this original.

Leap'd from his throne, leſt *Neptune*'s arm ſhould lay
His dark dominions open to the day,
And pour in light on *Pluto*'s drear abodes,
Abhorr'd by men, and dreadful ev'n to Gods.

Such war th' immortals wage: ſuch horrors rend
The world's vaſt concave, when the Gods contend.
Firſt ſilver-ſhafted *Phœbus* took the plain
Againſt blue *Neptune*, Monarch of the main;
The God of arms his giant bulk diſplay'd,
Oppos'd to *Pallas*, war's triumphant maid.
Againſt *Latona* march'd the ſon of *May*;
The quiver'd *Dian*, ſiſter of the Day,
(Her golden arrows ſounding at her ſide)
Saturnia, Majeſty of heav'n, defy'd.

ỳ. 91. *Firſt ſilver-ſhafted* Phœbus *took the plain*, &c.] With what art does the poet engage the Gods in this conflict! *Neptune* oppoſes *Apollo*, which implies that things moiſt and dry are in continual diſcord; *Pallas* fights with *Mars*, which ſignifies that raſhneſs and wiſdom always diſagree: *Juno* is againſt *Diana*, that is, nothing more differs from a marriage ſtate, than celibacy: *Vulcan* engages *Xanthus*, that is, fire and water are in perpetual variance. Thus we have a fine allegory concealed under the veil of excellent poetry, and the reader receives a double ſatisfaction at the ſame time from beautiful verſes, and an inſtructive moral. *Euſtathius.*

With fiery *Vulcan* laſt in battle ſtands
The ſacred flood that rolls on golden ſands;
Xanthus his name with thoſe of heav'nly birth,
But call'd *Scamander* by the ſons of earth.

While thus the Gods in various league engage,
Achilles glow'd with more than mortal rage:
Hector he ſought; in ſearch of *Hector* turn'd
His eyes around, for *Hector* only burn'd;
And burſt like light'ning thro' the ranks, and vow'd
To glut the God of Battles with his blood.

Æneas was the firſt who dar'd to ſtay;
Apollo wedg'd him in the warriour's way,
But ſwell'd his boſom with undaunted might,
Half-forc'd, and half-perſuaded to the fight.
Like young *Lycaon*, of the royal line,
In voice and aſpect, ſeem'd the pow'r divine;
And bade the chief reflect, how late with ſcorn
In diſtant threats he brav'd the Goddeſs-born.

Then thus the hero of *Anchiſes'* ſtrain.
To meet *Pelides* you perſuade in vain:

Already have I met, nor void of fear
Obſerv'd the fury of his flying ſpear;
From *Ida*'s woods he chas'd us to the field,
Our force he ſcatter'd, and our herds he kill'd;
Lyrneſſus, *Pedaſus* in aſhes lay;
But (*Jove* aſſiſting) I ſurviv'd the day.
Elſe had I ſunk oppreſt in fatal fight,
By fierce *Achilles* and *Minerva*'s might.
Where'er he mov'd, the Goddeſs ſhone before,
And bath'd his brazen lance in hoſtile gore.

ỳ. 119. *Already have I met*, &c.] *Euſtathius* remarks that the poet lets no opportunity paſs of inſerting into his poem the actions that preceded the tenth year of the war, eſpecially the actions of *Achilles* the hero of it. In this place he brings in *Æneas* extolling the bravery of his enemy, and confeſſing himſelf to have formerly been vanquiſhed by him: at the ſame time he preſerves a piece of ancient hiſtory, by inſerting into the poem the hero's conqueſt of *Pedaſus* and *Lyrneſſus*.

ỳ. 121. *From* Ida's *woods he chas'd us* ——
But (Jove *aſſiſting*) *I ſurviv'd.*]

It is remarkable that *Æneas* owed his ſafety to his flight from *Achilles*, but it may ſeem ſtrange that *Achilles*, who was ſo famed for his ſwiftneſs, ſhould not be able to overtake him, even with *Minerva* for his guide. *Euſtathius* anſwers, that this might proceed from the better knowledge *Æneas* might have of the ways and defiles: *Achilles* being a ſtranger, and *Æneas* having long kept his father's flocks in thoſe parts.

He farther obſerves, that the word φάος diſcovers that it was in the night that *Achilles* purſued *Æneas*.

What mortal man *Achilles* can ſuſtain?
Th'immortals guard him thro' the dreadful plain,
And ſuffer not his dart to fall in vain.
Were God my aid, this arm ſhould check his pow'r,
Tho' ſtrong in battle as a brazen tow'r.

To whom the ſon of *Jove*.. That God implore,
And be, what great *Achilles* was before.
From heav'nly *Venus* thou deriv'ſt thy ſtrain,
And he, but from a ſiſter of the main;
An aged Sea-God, father of his line,
But *Jove* himſelf the ſacred ſource of thine.
Then lift thy weapon for a noble blow,
Nor fear the vaunting of a mortal foe.

This ſaid, and ſpirit breath'd into his breaſt,
Thro' the thick troops th' embolden'd hero preſt:
His vent'rous act the white-arm'd Queen ſurvey'd,
And thus, aſſembling all the pow'rs, ſhe ſaid.

Behold an action, Gods! that claims your care,
Lo great *Æneas* ruſhing to the war;
Againſt *Pelides* he directs his courſe,
Phœbus impels, and *Phœbus* gives him force.

Reſtrain his bold career; at leaſt, t' attend
Our favour'd hero, let ſome pow'r deſcend.
To guard his life, and add to his renown,
We, the great armament of heav'n, came down.
Hereafter let him fall, as Fates deſign,
That ſpun ſo ſhort his life's illuſtrious line:
But leſt ſome adverſe God now croſs his way,
Give him to know, what pow'rs aſſiſt this day:
For how ſhall mortal ſtand the dire alarms,
When heav'n's refulgent hoſt appear in arms?

Thus ſhe, and thus the God whoſe force can make
The ſolid Globe's eternal baſis ſhake
Againſt the might of man, ſo feeble known,
Why ſhould celeſtial pow'rs exert their own?
Suffice, from yonder mount to view the ſcene;
And leave to war the fates of mortal men.
But if th' Armipotent, or God of Light,
Obſtruct *Achilles*, or commence the fight,
Thence on the Gods of *Troy* we ſwift deſcend:
Full ſoon, I doubt not, ſhall the conflict end,
And theſe, in ruin and confuſion hurl'd,
Yield to our conqu'ring arms the lower world.

Thus having ſaid, the tyrant of the ſea,
Cærulean Neptune, roſe, and led the way.
Advanc'd upon the field there ſtood a mound
Of earth congeſted, wall'd, and trench'd around;
In elder times to guard *Alcides* made,
(The work of *Trojans*, with *Minerva*'s aid)
What-time a vengeful monſter of the main
Swept the wide ſhore, and drove him to the plain.
Here *Neptune*, and the Gods of *Greece* repair,
With clouds encompaſs'd, and a veil of air:

ỳ. 174. *Advanc'd upon the field there ſtood a mound*, &c.] It may not be unneceſſary to explain this paſſage to make it underſtood by the reader: the poet is very ſhort in the deſcription, as ſuppoſing the fact already known, and haſtens to the combat between *Achilles* and *Æneas*. This is very judicious in *Homer* not to dwell on a piece of hiſtory that had no relation to his action, when he has raiſed the reader's expectation by ſo pompous an introduction, and made the Gods themſelves his ſpectators.

The ſtory is as follows: *Laodemon* having defrauded *Neptune* of the reward he promiſed him for the building the walls of *Troy*, *Neptune* ſent a monſtrous whale, to which *Laomedon* expoſed his daughter *Heſione*: but *Hercules* having undertaken to deſtroy the monſter, the *Trojans* raiſed an intrenchment to defend *Hercules* from his purſuit: this being a remarkable piece of conduct in the *Trojans*, it gave occaſion to the poet to adorn a plain narration with fiction, by aſcribing the work to *Pallas* the Goddeſs of wiſdom. *Euſtathius*.

ỳ. 180. *Here* Neptune, *and the Gods*, &c.] I wonder why *Euſtathius* and all other commentators ſhould be ſilent upon

The adverſe pow'rs, around *Apollo* laid,
Crown the fair hills that ſilver *Simois* ſhade.
In circle cloſe each heav'nly party ſat,
Intent to form the future ſcheme of Fate;
But mix not yet in fight, tho' *Jove* on high
Gives the loud ſignal, and the heav'ns reply.

Meanwhile the ruſhing armies hide the ground;
The trampled center yields a hollow ſound:
Steeds cas'd in mail, and chiefs in armour bright,
The gleamy champain glows with brazen light.
Amid both hoſts (a dreadful ſpace) appear
There, great *Achilles*; bold *Æneas*, here.
With tow'ring ſtrides *Æneas* firſt advanc'd;
The nodding plumage on his helmet danc'd,

this Receſs of the Gods: it ſeems ſtrange at the firſt view, that ſo many deities, after having entered the ſcene of action, ſhould perform ſo ſhort a part, and immediately become themſelves ſpectators? I conceive the reaſon of this conduct in the poet to be, that *Achilles* has been inactive during the greateſt part of the poem; and as he is the hero of it, ought to be the chief character in it: the poet therefore withdraws the Gods from the field, that *Achilles* may have the whole honour of the day, and not act in ſubordination to the deities: beſides the poem now draws to a concluſion, and it is neceſſary for *Homer* to enlarge upon the exploits of *Achilles*, that he may leave a noble idea of his valour upon the mind of the reader.

Spread o'er his breaſt the fencing ſhield he bore,
And, as he mov'd, his jav'lin flam'd before.
Not ſo *Pelides*; furious to engage,
He ruſh'd impetuous. Such the lion's rage,
Who viewing firſt his foes with ſcornful eyes,
Tho' all in arms the peopled city riſe,
Stalks careleſs on, with unregarding pride;
'Till at the length, by ſome brave youth defy'd,
To his bold ſpear the ſavage turns alone,
He murmurs fury with an hollow groan;
He grins, he foams, he rolls his eyes around;
Laſh'd by his tail his heaving ſides reſound;
He calls up all his rage; he grinds his teeth,
Reſolv'd on vengeance, or reſolv'd on death.
So fierce *Achilles* on *Æneas* flies;
So ſtands *Æneas*, and his force defies.
E'er yet the ſtern encounter join'd, begun
The ſeed of *Thetis* thus to *Venus'* ſon.
Why comes *Æneas* thro' the ranks ſo far?
Seeks he to meet *Achilles'* arm in war,

℣. 214, &c. *The converſation of* Achilles *and* Æneas.] I ſhall lay before the reader the words of *Euſtathius* in defence of this paſſage, which I confeſs ſeems to me to be faulty in

In hope the realms of *Priam* to enjoy,
And prove his merits to the throne of *Troy?*
Grant that beneath thy lance *Achilles* dies,
The partial monarch may refuſe the prize;
Sons he has many; thoſe thy pride may quell;
And 'tis his fault to love thoſe ſons too well.

the poet. The reader (ſays he) would naturally expect ſome great and terrible atchievements ſhould enſue from *Achilles* on his firſt enterance upon action. The poet ſeems to prepare for it, by his magnificent introduction of him into the field: but inſtead of a ſtorm, we have a calm; he follows the ſame method in this book as he did in the third, where when both armies were ready to engage in a general conflict, he ends the day in a ſingle combat between two heroes: thus he always agreeably ſurpriſes his readers. Beſides the admirers of *Homer* reap a farther advantage from this converſation of the heroes: there is a chain of ancient hiſtory as well as a ſeries of poetical beauties.

Madam *Dacier*'s excuſe is very little better: and to ſhew that this is really a fault in the poet, I believe I may appeal to the taſte of every reader who certainly finds himſelf diſappointed: our expectation is raiſed to ſee Gods and heroes engage, when ſuddenly it all ſinks into ſuch a combat in which neither party receives a wound: and (what is more extraordinary) the Gods are made the ſpectators of ſo ſmall an action! What occaſion was there for thunder, earthquakes, and deſcending deities, to introduce a matter of ſo little importance? Neither is it any excuſe to ſay he has given us a piece of ancient hiſtory; we expected to read a poet, not an hiſtorian. In ſhort, after the greateſt preparation for action imaginable, he ſuſpends the whole narration, and from the heat of a poet, cools at once into the ſimplicity of an hiſtorian.

Or, in reward of thy victorious hand,
Has *Troy* propos'd ſome ſpacious track of land?
An ample foreſt, or a fair domain,
Of hills for vines, and arable for grain?
Ev'n this, perhaps, will hardly prove thy lot.
But can *Achilles* be ſo ſoon forgot?
Once (as I think) you ſaw this brandiſh'd ſpear,
And then the great *Æneas* ſeem'd to fear.
With hearty haſte from *Ida*'s mount he fled,
Nor, 'till he reach'd *Lyrneſſus*, turn'd his head.
Her lofty walls not long our progreſs ſtaid;
Thoſe, *Pallas*, *Jove*, and we, in ruins laid:
In *Grecian* chains her captive race were caſt;
'Tis true, the great *Æneas* fled too faſt.
Defrauded of my conqueſt once before,
What then I loſt, the Gods this day reſtore.
Go; while thou may'ſt, avoid the threaten'd fate;
Fools ſtay to feel it, and are wiſe too late.
To this *Anchiſes*' ſon. Such words employ
To one that fears thee, ſome unwarlike boy;
Such we diſdain; the beſt may be defy'd
With mean reproaches, and unmanly pride;

Unworthy the high race from which we came,
Proclaim'd ſo loudly by the voice of fame:
Each from illuſtrious fathers draws his line;
Each Goddeſs-born; half human, half divine.
Thetis' this day, or *Venus'* offſpring dies,
And tears ſhall trickle from celeſtial eyes:
For when two heroes, thus deriv'd, contend,
'Tis not in words the glorious ſtrife can end.
If yet thou farther ſeek to learn my birth
(A tale reſounded thro' the ſpacious earth)
Hear how the glorious origin we prove
From ancient *Dardanus*, the firſt from *Jove*:
Dardania's walls he rais'd; for *Ilion*, then,
(The city ſince of many-languag'd men)
Was not. The natives were content to till
The ſhady foot of *Ida's* fount-full hill.

℣. 258. *The natives were content to till*
The ſhady foot of Ida's *fount-full hill.*

Κτίσσε δὲ Δαρδανίην, ἐπεὶ οὔπω Ἴλιος ἱρὴ
Ἐν πεδίῳ πεπόλιστο, πόλις μερόπων ἀνθρώπων.
Ἀλλ' ἔθ' ὑπωρείας ᾤκεον πολυπιδάκου Ἴδης.

Plato and *Strabo* underſtand this paſſage as favouring the opinion that the mountainous parts of the world were firſt inhabited, after the univerſal deluge; and that mankind by degrees de-

From *Dardanus*, great *Erichthonius* ſprings, 260
The richeſt, once, of *Aſia*'s wealthy Kings;
Three thouſand mares his ſpacious paſtures bred,
Three thouſand foals beſide their mothers fed.
Boreas, enamour'd of the ſprightly train,
Conceal'd his godhead in a flowing mane, 265
With voice diſſembled to his loves he neigh'd,
And cours'd the dappled beauties o'er the mead:
Hence ſprung twelve others of unrivall'd kind,
Swift as their mother mares, and father wind. 269

ſcended to dwell in the lower parts of the hills (which they would have the word ὑπώρεια ſignify) and only in greater proceſs of time ventured into the vallies: *Virgil* however ſeems to have taken this word in a ſenſe ſomething different where he alludes to this paſſage. *Æn.* iii. 109.

" — — — Nondum Ilium & arces
" Pergameæ ſteterant, habitabant vallibus imis."

ỳ. 262. *Three thouſand mares*, &c.] The number of the horſes and mares of *Erichthonius* may ſeem incredible, were we not aſſured by *Herodotus* that there were in the ſtud of *Cyrus* at one time (beſides thoſe for the ſervice of war) eight hundred horſes and ſix thouſand ſix hundred mares. *Euſtathius.*

ỳ. 264. Boreas, *enamour'd*, &c.] *Homer* has the happineſs of making the leaſt circumſtance conſiderable; the ſubject grows under his hands, and the plaineſt matter ſhines in his dreſs of poetry: another poet would have ſaid theſe horſes were as ſwift as the wind, but *Homer* tells you that they ſprung from *Boreas* the God of the wind; and thence drew their ſwiftneſs.

Theſe lightly ſkimming, when they ſwept the plain,
Nor ply'd the graſs, nor bent the tender grain;
And when along the level ſeas they flew,
Scarce on the ſurface curl'd the briny dew.
Such *Erichthonius* was: from him there came
The ſacred *Tros*, of whom the *Trojan* name.
Three ſons renown'd adorn'd his nuptial bed,
Ilus, *Aſſaracus*, and *Ganymed*:

ỳ. 270. *Theſe lightly ſkimming, when they ſwept the plain.*] The poet illuſtrates the ſwiftneſs of theſe horſes by deſcribing them as running over the ſtanding corn, and ſurface of waters, without making any impreſſion. *Virgil* has imitated theſe lines, and adapts what *Homer* ſays of theſe horſes to the ſwiftneſs of *Camilla*, *Æn.* vii. 809.

" Illa vel intactæ ſegetis per ſumma volaret
" Gramina; nec teneras curſu læſiſſet ariſtas:
" Vel mare per medium, fluctu ſuſpenſa tumenti
" Ferret iter, celeres nec tingeret æquore plantas."

The reader will eaſily perceive that *Virgil's* is almoſt a literal tranſlation: he has imitated the very run of the verſes, which flow nimbly away in dactyls, and as ſwift as the wind they deſcribe.

I cannot but obſerve one thing in favour of *Homer*, that there can no greater commendation be given to him, than by conſidering the conduct of *Virgil*: who, though undoubtedly the greateſt poet after him, ſeldom ventures to vary much from his original in the paſſages he takes from him, as in a deſpair of improving, and contented if he can but equal them.

The matchleſs *Ganymed*, divinely fair,
Whom heav'n, enamour'd, ſnatch'd to upper air
To bear the cup of *Jove* (æthereal gueſt,
The grace and glory of th' ambroſial feaſt)
The two remaining ſons the line divide:
Firſt roſe *Laomedon* from *Ilus'* ſide;
From him *Tithonus*, now in cares grown old,
And *Priam*, (bleſt with *Hector*, brave and bold:)
Clytius and *Lampus*, ever-honour'd pair;
And *Hicetaon*, thunderbolt of war.
From great *Aſſaracus* ſprung *Capys*, He
Begat *Anchiſes*, and *Anchiſes* me.
Such is our race: 'tis fortune gives us birth,
But *Jove* alone endues the ſoul with worth:
He, ſource of pow'r and might! with boundleſs ſway,
All human courage gives, or takes away.

℣. 280. *To bear the cup of* Jove.] To be a cup-bearer has in all ages and nations been reckoned an honourable employment: *Sappho* mentions it in honour of her brother *Labichus*, that he was cup-bearer to the nobles of *Mitylene*: the ſon of *Menelaus* executed the ſame office; *Hebe* and *Mercury* ſerved the Gods in the ſame ſtation.

It was the cuſtom in the *Pagan* worſhip to employ noble youths to pour the wine upon the ſacrifice: in this office *Ganymed* might probably attend upon the altar of *Jupiter*, and from thence was fabled to be his cup-bearer. *Euſtathius.*

Long in the field of words we may contend,
Reproach is infinite, and knows no end,
Arm'd or with truth or falſhood, right or wrong;
So voluble a weapon is the tongue;
Wounded, we wound; and neither ſide can fail,
For every man has equal ſtrength to rail:
Women alone, when in the ſtreets they jar,
Perhaps excel us in this wordy war;
Like us they ſtand, encompaſs'd with the croud,
And vent their anger impotent and loud.
Ceaſe then — Our buſineſs in the field of fight
Is not to queſtion, but to prove our might.
To all thoſe inſults thou haſt offer'd here,
Receive this anſwer: 'tis my flying ſpear.
He ſpoke. With all his force the jav'lin flung,
Fix'd deep, and loudly in the buckler rung.
Far on his out-ſtretch'd arm, *Pelides* held
(To meet the thund'ring lance) his dreadful ſhield,
That trembled as it ſtuck; nor void of fear
Saw, e'er it fell, th' immeaſurable ſpear.
His fears were vain; impenetrable charms
Secur'd the temper of th' æthereal arms.

Thro' two ſtrong plates the point its paſſage held,
But ſtopp'd, and reſted, by the third repell'd.
Five plates of various metal, various mold,
Compos'd the ſhield; of braſs each outward fold,
Of tin each inward, and the middle gold:
There ſtuck the lance. Then riſing e'er he threw,
The forceful ſpear of great *Achilles* flew,
And pierc'd the *Dardan* ſhield's extremeſt bound,
Where the ſhrill braſs return'd a ſharper ſound:
Thro' the thin verge the *Pelean* weapon glides,
And the ſlight cov'ring of expanded hides.
Æneas his contracted body bends,
And o'er him high the riven targe extends,
Sees, thro' its parting plates, the upper air,
And at his back perceives the quiv'ring ſpear:
A fate ſo near him, chills his ſoul with fright;
And ſwims before his eyes the many-colour'd light.
Achilles, ruſhing in with dreadful cries,
Draws his broad blade, and at *Æneas* flies:
Æneas rouſing as the foe came on,
(With force collected) heaves a mighty ſtone:

A maſs enormous! which in modern days
No two of earth's degen'rate ſons could raiſe.
But Ocean's God, whoſe earthquakes rock the ground,
Saw the diſtreſs, and mov'd the pow'rs around.
Lo! on the brink of fate *Æneas* ſtands,
An inſtant victim to *Achilles'* hands:
By *Phœbus* urg'd; but *Phœbus* has beſtow'd
His aid in vain: the man o'erpow'rs the God.
And can ye ſee this righteous chief atone
With guiltleſs blood, for vices not his own?

℣. 339. *But Ocean's God*, &c.] The conduct of the poet in making *Æneas* owe his ſafety to *Neptune* in this place is remarkable: *Neptune* is an enemy to the *Trojans*, yet he dares not ſuffer ſo pious a man to fall, leſt *Jupiter* ſhould be offended: this ſhews, ſays *Euſtathius*, that piety is always under the protection of God; and that favours are ſometimes conferred, not out of kindneſs, but to prevent a greater detriment; thus *Neptune* preſerves *Æneas*, leſt *Jupiter* ſhould revenge his death upon the *Grecians*.

℣. 345. *And can ye ſee this righteous chief*, &c.] Though *Æneas* is repreſented as a man of great courage, yet his piety is his moſt ſhining character: this is the reaſon why he is always the care of the Gods, and they favour him conſtantly through the whole poem with their immediate protection.

It is in this light that *Virgil* has preſented him to the view of the reader: his valour bears but the ſecond place in the *Æneis*. In the *Ilias* indeed he is drawn in miniature, and in the *Æneis* at full length; but there are the ſame features in

To all the Gods his conſtant vows were paid:
Sure, tho' he wars for *Troy*, he claims our aid.
Fate wills not this; nor thus can *Jove* reſign
The future father of the *Dardan* line:
The firſt great anceſtor obtain'd his grace,
And ſtill his love deſcends on all the race.
For *Priam* now, and *Priam*'s faithleſs kind,
At length are odious to th' all-ſeeing mind;
On great *Æneas* ſhall devolve the reign,
And ſons ſucceeding ſons the laſting line ſuſtain.

the copy, which are in the original, and he is the ſame *Æneas* in *Rome* as he was in *Troy*.

℣. 355. *On great* Æneas *ſhall devolve the reign,*
And ſons ſucceeding ſons the laſting line ſuſtain.]

The ſtory of *Æneas*'s founding the *Roman* empire, gave *Virgil* the fineſt occaſion imaginable of paying a compliment to *Auguſtus*, and his countrymen, who were fond of being thought the deſcendants of *Troy*. He has tranſlated theſe two lines literally, and put them in the nature of a prophecy; as the favourers of the opinion of *Æneas*'s ſailing into *Italy*, imagine *Homer*'s to be.

— — — Αἰνείαο βίη Τρώεσσιν ἀνάξει
Καὶ παῖδες παίδων τοί κεν μετόπισθε γένωνται.

"Hic domus *Æneæ* cunctis dominabitur oris,
"Et nati natorum & qui naſcentur ab illis."

There has been a very ancient alteration made (as *Strabo* obſerves) in theſe two lines, by ſubſtituting πάντεσσι in the room of τρώεσσι. It is not improbable but *Virgil* might give occaſion for it, by his *cunctis dominabitur oris*.

The great earth-ſhaker thus: to whom replies
Th' imperial Goddeſs with the radiant eyes.

Euſtathius does not entirely diſcountenance this ſtory: if it be underſtood, ſays he, as a prophecy, the poet might take it from the *Sibylline oracles*. He farther remarks, that the poet artfully interweaves into his poem not only the things which happened before the commencement, and in the proſecution of the *Trojan* war; but other matters of importance which happened even after that war was brought to a concluſion. Thus for inſtance, we have here a piece of hiſtory not extant in any other author, by which we are informed that the houſe of *Æneas* ſucceeded to the crown of *Troas*, and to the kingdom of *Priam*. *Euſtathius*.

This paſſage is very conſiderable, for it ruins the famous chimæra of the *Roman* empire, and of the family of the *Cæſars*, who both pretended to deduce their original from *Venus* by *Æneas*, alledging that after the taking of *Troy*, *Æneas* came into *Italy*: and this pretenſion is hereby actually deſtroyed. This teſtimony of *Homer* ought to be looked upon as an authentick act, the fidelity and verity thereof cannot be queſtioned. *Neptune*, as much an enemy as he is to the *Trojans*, declares that *Æneas*, and after him his poſterity, ſhall reign over the *Trojans*. Would *Homer* have put this prophecy in *Neptune*'s mouth, if he had not known that *Æneas* did not leave *Troy*, but that he reigned there, and if he had not ſeen in his time the deſcendants of that Prince reign there likewiſe? That poet wrote two hundred and ſixty years, or thereabouts after the taking of *Troy*; and what is very remarkable, he wrote in ſome of the towns of *Ionia*, that is to ſay, in the neighbourhood of *Phrygia*, ſo that the time and place gave ſuch a weight to his depoſition that nothing can invalidate it. All that the hiſtorians have written concerning *Æneas*'s voyage into *Italy*, ought to be conſidered as a Romance, made on purpoſe to deſtroy all hiſtorical truth; for the moſt ancient of them is poſterior to *Homer* by ſome ages. Before *Dionyſius* of *Halicarnaſſus*, ſome writers being ſenſible of the ſtrength of

Good as he is, to immolate or ſpare
The *Dardan* Prince, O *Neptune*, be thy care;
Pallas and I, by all that Gods can bind,
Have ſworn deſtruction to the *Trojan* kind;

this paſſage of *Homer*, undertook to explain it ſo as to reconcile it with this fable; and they ſaid that *Æneas*, after having been in *Italy*, returned to *Troy*, and left his ſon *Aſcanius* there. *Dionyſius* of *Halicarnaſſus*, little ſatisfied with this ſolution, which did not ſeem to him to be probable, has taken another method: he would have it that by theſe words, "He ſhall "reign over the *Trojans*," *Homer* meant, He ſhall reign over the *Trojans* whom he ſhall carry with him into *Italy*. "For "is it not poſſible, ſays he, that *Æneas* ſhould reign over the "*Trojans*, whom he had taken with him, though ſettled "elſewhere?"

That hiſtorian, who wrote in *Rome* itſelf, and in the reign of *Auguſtus*, was willing to make his court to that Prince, by explaining this paſſage of *Homer*, ſo as to favour the chimæra he was poſſeſſed with. And this is a reproach that may with ſome juſtice be caſt on him; for Poets may by their fictions flatter Princes and welcome: it is their trade. But for hiſtorians to corrupt the gravity and ſeverity of hiſtory, to ſubſtitute fable in the place of truth, is what ought not to be pardoned. *Strabo* was much more ſcrupulous, for though he wrote his books of geography towards the beginning of *Tiberius*'s reign, yet he had the courage to give a right explication to this paſſage of *Homer*, and to aver, that this Poet ſaid, and meant, that *Æneas* remained at *Troy*, that he reigned therein, *Priam*'s whole race being extinguiſhed, and that he left the kingdom to his children after him, *lib.* xiii. You may ſee this whole matter diſcuſſed in a letter from M. *Bochart* to M. *de Segrais*, who has prefixed it to his remarks upon the tranſlation of *Virgil*.

Not ev'n an inſtant to protract their fate,
Or ſave one member of the ſinking ſtate;
'Till her laſt flame be quench'd with her laſt gore,
And ev'n her crumbling ruins are no more.
The King of Ocean to the fight deſcends,
Thro' all the whiſtling darts his courſe he bends,
Swift interpos'd between the warriours flies,
And caſts thick darkneſs o'er *Achilles'* eyes.
From great *Æneas'* ſhield the ſpear he drew,
And at its maſter's feet the weapon threw.
That done, with force divine he ſnatch'd on high
The *Dardan* Prince, and bore him thro' the ſky,
Smooth-gliding without ſtep, above the heads
Of warring heroes, and of bounding ſteeds:
'Till at the battle's utmoſt verge they light,
Where the ſlow *Caucans* cloſe the rear of fight.

℣. 378. *Where the ſlow* Caucans *cloſe the rear.*] The *Caucones* (ſays *Euſtathius*) were of *Paphlagonian* extract: and this perhaps was the reaſon why they are not diſtinctly mentioned in the catalogue, they being included under the general name of *Paphlagonians:* though two lines are quoted which are ſaid to have been left out by ſome tranſcriber, and immediately followed this,

The Godhead there (his heav'nly form confeſs'd)
With words like theſe the panting chief addreſs'd.
What Pow'r, O Prince, with force inferiour far
Urg'd thee to meet *Achilles'* arm in war?
Henceforth beware, nor antedate thy doom,
Defrauding Fate of all thy fame to come.
But when the day decreed (for come it muſt)
Shall lay this dreadful hero in the duſt,
Let then the furies of that arm be known,
Secure, no *Grecian* force tranſcends thy own.

Κρῶμναν τ' Αἰγιαλόν τε καὶ ὑψηλὰς Ἐρυθίνας.

Which verſes are theſe,

Καύκωνας αὖτ' ἠγε πολυκλέος υἱὸς Ἀμύμων.

Or as others read it, Ἀμυδῶν.

Οἱ περὶ παρθένιον ποταμὸν κλυτὰ δώματ' ἔναιον.

Or according to others,

Κατὰ δώματ' ἔναιον.

Yet I believe theſe are not *Homer's* lines, but rather the addition of ſome tranſcriber, and it is evident by conſulting the paſſage from which they are ſaid to have been curtailed, that they would be abſurd in that place; for the ſecond line is actually there already; and as theſe *Caucons* are ſaid to live upon the banks of the *Parthenius*, ſo are the *Paphlagonians* in the above-mentioned paſſage. It is therefore more probable that the *Caucons* are included in the *Paphlagonians*.

With that, he left him wond'ring as he lay,
Then from *Achilles* chas'd the miſt away:
Sudden, returning with the ſtream of light,
The ſcene of war came ruſhing on his ſight.
Then thus, amaz'd: What wonders ſtrike my mind!
My ſpear, that parted on the wings of wind,
Laid here before me! and the *Dardan* Lord
That fell this inſtant, vaniſh'd from my ſword!
I thought alone with mortals to contend,
But pow'rs cœleſtial ſure this foe defend.
Great as he is, our arm he ſcarce will try,
Content for once, with all his Gods, to fly.
Now then let others bleed — This ſaid, aloud
He vents his fury, and inflames the croud,
O *Greeks* (he cries, and ev'ry rank alarms)
Join battle, man to man, and arms to arms!
'Tis not in me, tho' favour'd by the ſky,
To mow whole troops, and make whole armies fly:
No God can ſingly ſuch a hoſt engage,
Not *Mars* himſelf, nor great *Minerva*'s rage.
But whatſoe'er *Achilles* can inſpire,
Whate'er of active force, or acting fire;

Whate'er this heart can prompt, or hand obey;
All, all *Achilles*, *Greeks!* is yours to-day.
Thro' yon' wide hoſt this arm ſhall ſcatter fear,
And thin the ſquadrons with my ſingle ſpear.
He ſaid: nor leſs elate with martial joy,
The god-like *Hector* warm'd the troops of *Troy*.
Trojans to war! Think *Hector* leads you on;
Nor dread the vaunts of *Peleus'* haughty ſon.
Deeds muſt decide our fate. Ev'n thoſe with words
Inſult the brave, who tremble at their ſwords:
The weakeſt Atheiſt-wretch all heav'n defies,
But ſhrinks and ſhudders, when the thunder flies.
Nor from yon' boaſter ſhall your chief retire,
Not tho' his heart were ſteel, his hands were fire;
That fire, that ſteel, your *Hector* ſhou'd withſtand,
And brave that vengeful heart, that dreadful hand.
Thus (breathing rage thro' all) the hero ſaid;
A wood of lances riſes round his head,
Clamours on clamours tempeſt all the air,
They join, they throng, they thicken to the war.

But *Phœbus* warns him from high heav'n to ſhun
The ſingle fight with *Thetis'* god-like ſon;
More ſafe to combat in the mingled band,
Nor tempt too near the terrours of his hand.
He hears, obedient to the God of Light,
And plung'd within the ranks, awaits the fight.
Then fierce *Achilles*, ſhouting to the ſkies,
On *Troy*'s whole force with boundleſs fury flies.
Firſt falls *Iphytion*, at his army's head;
Brave was the chief, and brave the hoſt he led;
From great *Otrynteus* he deriv'd his blood,
His mother was a *Naïs* of the flood;
Beneath the ſhades of *Tmolus*, crown'd with ſnow,
From *Hyde*'s walls he rul'd the lands below.
Fierce as he ſprings, the ſword his head divides;
The parted viſage falls on equal ſides:
With loud-reſounding arms he ſtrikes the plain;
While thus *Achilles* glories o'er the ſlain.
Lie there *Otryntides!* the *Trojan* earth
Receives thee dead, tho' *Gygæ* boaſt thy birth;
Thoſe beauteous fields where *Hyllus*' waves are roll'd,
And plenteous *Hermus* ſwells with tides of gold,

Are thine no more — Th' inſulting hero ſaid,
And left him ſleeping in eternal ſhade.
The rolling wheels of *Greece* the body tore,
And daſh'd their axles with no vulgar gore.
Demoleon next, *Antenor*'s offspring, laid
Breathleſs in duſt, the price of raſhneſs paid.
Th' impatient ſteel with full-deſcending ſway
Forc'd thro' his brazen helm its furious way.
Reſiſtleſs drove the batter'd ſkull before,
And daſh'd and mingled all the brains with gore.
This ſees *Hippodamas*, and ſeiz'd with fright,
Deſerts his chariot for a ſwifter flight:
The lance arreſts him: an ignoble wound
The panting *Trojan* rivets to the ground.
He groans away his ſoul: not louder roars
At *Neptune*'s ſhrine on *Helice*'s high ſhores

℣. 467. — — — — *Not louder roars*
At Neptune's *ſhrine on* Helice's *high ſhores*, &c.]

In *Helice*, a town of *Achaia*, three quarters of a league from the gulf of *Corinth*, *Neptune* had a magnificent temple, where the *Ionians* offered every year to him a ſacrifice of a bull; and it was with theſe people an auſpicious ſign, and a certain mark that the ſacrifice would be accepted, if the bull bellowed as he was led to the altar. After the *Ionick* migration, which happened about one hundred and forty years after the taking

The victim bull; the rocks rebellow round,
And Ocean liſtens to the grateful ſound.
Then fell on *Polydore* his vengeful rage,
The youngeſt hope of *Priam*'s ſtooping age:
(Whoſe feet for ſwiftneſs in the race ſurpaſt)
Of all his ſons, the deareſt, and the laſt.
To the forbidden field he takes his flight
In the firſt folly of a youthful Knight,
To vaunt his ſwiftneſs wheels around the plain,
But vaunts not long, with all his ſwiftneſs ſlain.

of *Troy*, the *Ionians* of *Aſia* aſſembled in the fields of *Priene* to celebrate the ſame feſtival in honour of *Heliconian Neptune*; and as thoſe of *Priene* valued themſelves upon being originally of *Helice*, they choſe for the King of the ſacrifice a young *Prienian*. It is needleſs to diſpute from whence the poet has taken his compariſon; for as he lived a hundred, or a hundred and twenty-one years after the *Ionick* migration, it cannot be doubted but he took it in the *Aſian Ionia*, and at *Priene* itſelf; where he had probably often aſſiſted at that ſacrifice, and been witneſs of the ceremonies therein obſerved. This poet always appears ſtrongly addicted to the cuſtoms of the *Ionians*, which makes ſome conjecture that he was an *Ionian* himſelf. *Euſtathius*. *Dacier*.

℣. 471. *Then fell on* Polydore *his vengeful rage.*] *Euripides* in his *Hecuba* has followed another tradition, when he makes *Polydorus* the ſon of *Priam* and of *Hecuba*, and ſlain by *Polymneſtor* King of *Thrace*, after the taking of *Troy*; for according to *Homer*, he is not the ſon of *Hecuba*, but of *Laothoë*, as he ſays in the following book, and is ſlain by *Achilles*. *Virgil* too has rather choſen to follow *Euripides* than *Homer*.

Struck where the croſſing belts unite behind,
And golden rings the double back-plate join'd: 480
Forth thro' the navel burſt the thrilling ſteel;
And on his knees with piercing ſhrieks he fell;
The ruſhing entrails pour'd upon the ground
His hands collect; and darkneſs wraps him round.
When *Hector* view'd, all ghaſtly in his gore 485
Thus ſadly ſlain, th' unhappy *Polydore*;
A cloud of ſorrow overcaſt his ſight,
His ſoul no longer brook'd the diſtant fight,
Full in *Achilles'* dreadful front he came,
And ſhook his jav'lin like a waving flame. 490
The ſon of *Peleus* ſees, with joy poſſeſt,
His heart high-bounding in his riſing breaſt:

℣. 489. *Full in* Achilles' *dreadful front he came.*] The great judgment of the Poet in keeping the character of his Hero, is in this place very evident: when *Achilles* was to engage *Æneas*, he holds a long conference with him, and with patience bears the reply of *Æneas*: had he purſued the ſame method with *Hector*, he had departed from his character. Anger is the prevailing paſſion in *Achilles*: he left the field in a rage againſt *Agamemnon*, and entered it again to be revenged of *Hector*: the Poet therefore judiciouſly makes him take fire at the ſight of his enemy: he deſcribes him as impatient to kill him, he gives him a haughty challenge, and that challenge is comprehended in a ſingle line: his impatience to be revenged, would not ſuffer him to delay it by a length of words.

And, lo! the Man, on whom black fates attend;
The man, that ſlew *Achilles*, in his friend!
No more ſhall *Hector*'s and *Pelides*' ſpear
Turn from each other in the walks of war —
Then with revengeful eyes he ſcann'd him o'er:
Come, and receive thy fate! He ſpake no more.

Hector, undaunted, thus. Such words employ
To one that dreads thee, ſome unwarlike boy:
Such we could give, defying and defy'd,
Mean intercourſe of obloquy and pride!
I know thy force to mine ſuperiour far;
But heav'n alone confers ſucceſs in war:
Mean as I am, the Gods may guide my dart,
And give it ent'rance in a braver heart.

Then parts the lance: but *Pallas*' heav'nly breath
Far from *Achilles* wafts the winged death:
The bidden dart again to *Hector* flies,
And at the feet of its great maſter lies.
Achilles cloſes with his hated foe,
His heart and eyes with flaming fury glow:

But preſent to his aid, *Apollo* ſhrouds
The favour'd hero in a veil of clouds.
Thrice ſtruck *Pelides* with indignant heart,
Thrice in impaſſive air he plung'd the dart:
The ſpear a fourth time bury'd in the cloud;
He foams with fury, and exclaims aloud.
Wretch! thou haſt 'ſcap'd again, once more thy flight
Has ſav'd thee, and the partial God of Light.
But long, thou ſhalt not thy juſt fate withſtand,
If any power aſſiſt *Achilles'* hand.
Fly then inglorious! but thy flight this day
Whole hecatombs of *Trojan* ghoſts ſhall pay.

ỳ. 513. *But preſent to his aid*, Apollo.] It is a common obſervation, that a God ſhould never be introduced into a poem but where his preſence is neceſſary. And it may be aſked why the life of *Hector* is of ſuch importance that *Apollo* ſhould reſcue him from the hand of *Achilles* here, and yet ſuffer him to fall ſo ſoon after? *Euſtathius* anſwers, that the Poet had not yet ſufficiently exalted the valour of *Achilles*, he takes time to enlarge upon his atchievements, and riſes by degrees in his character, till he completes both his courage and reſentment at one blow in the death of *Hector*. And the Poet, adds he, pays a great compliment to his favourite countryman, by ſhewing that nothing but the intervention of a God could have ſaved *Æneas* and *Hector* from the hand of *Achilles*.

Not ev'n an inſtant to protract their fate,
Or ſave one member of the ſinking ſtate;
'Till her laſt flame be quench'd with her laſt gore,
And ev'n her crumbling ruins are no more.
The King of Ocean to the fight deſcends,
Thro' all the whiſtling darts his courſe he bends,
Swift interpos'd between the warriours flies,
And caſts thick darkneſs o'er *Achilles'* eyes.
From great *Æneas'* ſhield the ſpear he drew,
And at its maſter's feet the weapon threw.
That done, with force divine he ſnatch'd on high
The *Dardan* Prince, and bore him thro' the ſky,
Smooth-gliding without ſtep, above the heads
Of warring heroes, and of bounding ſteeds:
'Till at the battle's utmoſt verge they light,
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Urg'd thee to meet *Achilles'* arm in war?
Henceforth beware, nor antedate thy doom,
Defrauding Fate of all thy fame to come.
But when the day decreed (for come it muſt)
Shall lay this dreadful hero in the duſt,
Let then the furies of that arm be known,
Secure, no *Grecian* force tranſcends thy own.

Κρῶμναν τ' Αἰγιαλόν τε καὶ ὑψηλὰς Ἐρυθίνας.

Which verſes are theſe,

Καὶ Κώπας αὖτ' ἦγε πολυκλέος υἱὸς Ἀμύμων.

Or as others read it, Ἀμισῶ.

Οἱ περὶ Παρθένιον πολυμὸν κλυτὰ δώματ' ἔναιον.

Or according to others,

Κατὰ δώματ' ἔναιον.

Yet I believe theſe are not *Homer's* lines, but rather the addition of ſome tranſcriber, and it is evident by conſulting the paſſage from which they are ſaid to have been curtailed, that they would be abſurd in that place; for the ſecond line is actually there already; and as theſe *Caucons* are ſaid to live upon the banks of the *Parthenius*, ſo are the *Paphlagonians* in the above-mentioned paſſage. It is therefore more probable that the *Caucons* are included in the *Paphlagonians*.

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Then from *Achilles* chas'd the miſt away:
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The ſcene of war came ruſhing on his ſight.
Then thus, amaz'd: What wonders ſtrike my mind!
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Laid here before me! and the *Dardan* Lord
That fell this inſtant, vaniſh'd from my ſword!
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Great as he is, our arm he ſcarce will try,
Content for once, with all his Gods, to fly.
Now then let others bleed — This ſaid, aloud
He vents his fury, and inflames the croud,
O *Greeks* (he cries, and ev'ry rank alarms)
Join battle, man to man, and arms to arms!
'Tis not in me, tho' favour'd by the ſky,
To mow whole troops, and make whole armies fly:
No God can ſingly ſuch a hoſt engage,
Not *Mars* himſelf, nor great *Minerva*'s rage.
But whatſoe'er *Achilles* can inſpire,
Whate'er of active force, or acting fire;

When round and round, with never-weary'd pain,
The trampling ſteers beat out th' un-number'd grain:
So the fierce courſers, as the chariot rolls,
Tread down whole ranks, and cruſh out Heroes ſouls.
Daſh'd from their hoofs while o'er the dead they fly,
Black, bloody drops the ſmoking chariot dye:

ỳ. 580. *The trampling ſteers beat out the un-number'd grain.*] In *Greece*, inſtead of threſhing the corn as we do, they cauſed it to be trod out by oxen; this was likewiſe practiſed in *Judæa*, as is ſeen by the law of God, who forbad the *Jews* to muzzle the ox who trod out the corn. *Non ligabis os bovis terentis in areâ fruges tuas.* Deut. xxv. *Dacier.*

The ſame practice is ſtill preſerved among the *Turks* and modern *Greeks*.

The ſimiles at the end.] It is uſual with our author to heap his ſimiles very thick together at the concluſion of a book. He has done the ſame in the ſeventeenth: it is the natural diſcharge of a vaſt imagination, heated in its progreſs, and giving itſelf vent in this croud of images.

I cannot cloſe the notes upon this book, without obſerving the dreadful idea of *Achilles*, which the Poet leaves upon the mind of the reader. He drives his chariot over ſhields, and mangled heaps of ſlain: the wheels, the axle-tree, and the horſes are ſtained with blood, the hero's eyes burn with fury, and his hands are red with ſlaughter. A Painter might form from this paſſage the picture of *Mars* in the fulneſs of his terrours, as well as *Phidias* is ſaid to have drawn from another, that of *Jupiter* in all his majeſty.

The ſpiky wheels thro' heaps of carnage tore;
And thick the groaning axles dropp'd with gore.
High o'er the ſcene of death *Achilles* ſtood,
All grim with duſt, all horrible in blood:
Yet ſtill inſatiate, ſtill with rage on flame;
Such is the Luſt of never-dying Fame!

THE TWENTY-FIRST BOOK OF THE ILIAD.

The ARGUMENT.

The battle in the river *Scamander*.

THE Trojans *fly before* Achilles, *ſome towards the town, others to the river* Scamander: *he falls upon the latter with great ſlaughter, takes twelve captives alive, to ſacrifice to the ſhade of* Patroclus; *and kills* Lycaon *and* Aſteropæus. Scamander *attacks him with all his waves*; Neptune *and* Pallas *aſſiſt the Hero*; Simois *joins* Scamander; *at length* Vulcan, *by the inſtigation of* Juno, *almoſt dries up the river. This combat ended, the other Gods engage each other. Meanwhile* Achilles *continues the ſlaughter, drives the reſt into* Troy: Agenor *only makes a ſtand, and is conveyed away in a cloud by* Apollo; *who (to delude* Achilles) *takes upon him* Agenor's *ſhape, and while he purſues him in that diſguiſe, gives the* Trojans *an opportunity of retiring into their city.*

The ſame day continues. The ſcene is on the banks and in the ſtream of Scamander.

THE

*TWENTY-FIRST BOOK

OF THE

ILIAD.

AND now to *Xanthus'* gliding ſtream they drove,
Xanthus, immortal progeny of *Jove*.
The river here divides the flying train.
Part to the town fly diverſe o'er the plain,

* This book is entirely different from all the foregoing: though it be a battle, it is entirely of a new and ſurpriſing kind, diverſified with a vaſt variety of imagery and deſcription. The ſcene is totally changed: he paints the combat of his hero with the rivers, and deſcribes a battle amidſt an inundation. It is obſervable, that though the whole war of the

Where late their troops triumphant bore the fight,
Now chas'd, and trembling in ignoble flight:
(Theſe with a gather'd miſt *Saturnia* ſhrouds,
And rolls behind the rout a heap of clouds)
Part plunge into the ſtream: old *Xanthus* roars,
The flaſhing billows beat the whiten'd ſhores:
With cries promiſcuous all the banks reſound;
And here, and there, in eddies whirling round,
The flouncing ſteeds and ſhrieking warriours drown'd.

Iliad was upon the banks of theſe rivers, *Homer* has artfully left out the machinery of River-Gods in all the other battles, to aggrandize this of his hero. There is no book of the poem that has more force of imagination, or in which the great and inexhauſted invention of our author is more powerfully exerted. After this deſcription of an inundation, there follows a very beautiful contraſt in that of the drought: the part of *Achilles* is admirably ſuſtained, and the new ſtrokes which *Homer* gives to his picture are ſuch, as are derived from the very ſource of his character, and finiſh the entire draught of this hero.

How far all that appears wonderful or extravagant in this Epiſode, may be reconciled to probability, truth and natural reaſon, will be conſidered in a diſtinct note on that head: the reader may find it on *y*. 447.

y. 2. Xanthus, *immortal progeny of* Jove:] The river is here ſaid to be the ſon of *Jupiter*, on account of its being ſupplied with waters that fall from *Jupiter*, that is, from heaven. *Euſtathius*.

As the ſcorch'd Locuſts from their fields retire,
While faſt behind them runs the blaze of fire;
Driv'n from the land before the ſmoky cloud,
The cluſt'ring legions ruſh into the flood:
So plung'd in *Xanthus* by *Achilles'* force,
Roars the reſounding ſurge with men and horſe.

℣. 14. *As the ſcorch'd Locuſts*, &c.] *Euſtathius* obſerves that ſeveral countries have been much infeſted with armies of locuſts; and that, to prevent their deſtroying the fruits of the earth, the countrymen by kindling large fires drove them from their fields; the locuſts to avoid the intenſe heat were forced to caſt themſelves into the water. From this obſervation the Poet draws his alluſion, which is very much to the honour of *Achilles*, ſince it repreſents the *Trojans* with reſpect to him as no more than ſo many inſects.

The ſame commentator takes notice, that becauſe the Iſland of *Cyprus* in particular was uſed to practiſe this method with the locuſts, ſome authors have conjectured that *Homer* was of that country. But if this were a ſufficient reaſon for ſuch a ſuppoſition, he might be ſaid to be born in almoſt all the countries of the world, ſince he draws his obſervations from the cuſtoms of them all.

We may hence account for the innumerable armies of theſe locuſts, mentioned among the plagues of *Ægypt*, without having recourſe to an immediate creation, as ſome good men have imagined, whereas the miracle indeed conſiſts in the wonderful manner of bringing them upon the *Ægyptians*. I have often obſerved with pleaſure the ſimilitude which many of *Homer*'s expreſſions bear with the holy ſcriptures, and that the moſt ancient heathen writer in the world, often ſpeaks in the Idiom of *Moſes:* thus as the locuſts in *Exodus* are ſaid to be driven into the *ſea*, ſo in *Homer* they are forced into *a river*.

His bloody lance the hero caſts aſide,
(Which ſpreading Tam'riſks on the margin hide)
Then, like a God, the rapid billows braves,
Arm'd with his ſword, high-brandiſh'd o'er the waves:
Now down he plunges, now he whirls it round,
Deep groan'd the waters with the dying ſound;
Repeated wounds the red'ning river dy'd,
And the warm purple circled on the tide.
Swift thro' the foamy flood the *Trojans* fly,
And cloſe in rocks or winding caverns lie:
So the huge Dolphin tempeſting the main,
In ſhoals before him fly the ſcaly train,
Confus'dly heap'd they ſeek their inmoſt caves,
Or pant and heave beneath the floating waves.
Now tir'd with ſlaughter, from the *Trojan* band
Twelve choſen youths he drags alive to land;

℣. 30. *So the huge Dolphin*, &c.] It is obſervable with what juſtneſs the author diverſifies his compariſons according to the different ſcenes and elements he is engaged in: *Achilles* has been hitherto on the land, and compared to land-animals, a lion, &c. Now he is in the water, the Poet derives his images from thence, and likens him to a dolphin. *Euſtathius.*

℣. 34. *Now tir'd with ſlaughter.*] This is admirably well ſuited to the character of *Achilles*, his rage bears him headlong

With their rich belts their captive arms conſtrains,
(Late their proud ornaments, but now their chains.)

on the enemy, he kills all that oppoſe him, and ſtops not, till nature itſelf could not keep pace with his anger; he had determined to reſerve twelve noble youths to ſacrifice them to the *Manes* of *Patroclus*, but his reſentment gives him no time to think of them, till the hurry of his paſſion abates, and he is tired with ſlaughter: without this circumſtance, I think an objection might naturally be raiſed, that in the time of a purſuit *Achilles* gave the enemy too much leiſure to eſcape, while he buſied himſelf with tying theſe priſoners: though it is not abſolutely neceſſary to ſuppoſe he tied them with his own hands.

ỳ. 35. *Twelve choſen youths.*] This piece of cruelty in *Achilles* has appeared ſhocking to many, and indeed is what I think can only be excuſed by conſidering the ferocious and vindictive ſpirit of this hero. It is however certain that the cruelties exerciſed on enemies in war were authoriſed by the military laws of thoſe times; nay, religion itſelf became a ſanction to them. It is not only the fierce *Achilles*, but the pious and religious *Æneas*, whoſe very character is virtue and compaſſion, that reſerves ſeveral young unfortunate captives taken in battle, to ſacrifice them to the *Manes* of his favourite hero. *Æn.* x. ỳ. 517.

" — — — — — Sulmone creatos
" Quatuor hic juvenes, totidem quos educat Ufens,
" Viventes rapit; inferias quos immolet umbris,
" Captivoque rogi perfundat ſanguine flammas."

And *Æn.* xi. ỳ. 81.

" Vinxerat & poſt terga manus, quos mitteret umbris
" Inferias, cæſo ſparſuros ſanguine flammam."

And (what is very particular) the *Latin* poet expreſſes no diſapprobation of this action, which the *Grecian* does in plain terms, ſpeaking of this in *Iliad* xxiii. ỳ. 176.

— — — — Κακὰ δὲ φρεσὶ μήδετο ἔργα.

Theſe his attendants to the ſhips convey'd,
Sad victims! deſtin'd to *Patroclus'* ſhade.
Then, as once more he plung'd amid the flood,
The young *Lycaon* in his paſſage ſtood;
The ſon of *Priam*, whom the hero's hand
But late made captive in his father's land,
(As from a ſycamore, his ſounding ſteel
Lopp'd the green arms to ſpoke a chariot-wheel)
To *Lemnos* iſle he ſold the royal ſlave,
Where *Jaſon's* ſon the price demanded gave;

ỳ. 41. *The young* Lycaon, *&c.*] *Homer* has a wonderful art and judgment in contriving ſuch incidents as ſet the characteriſtick qualities of his heroes in the higheſt point of light. There is hardly any in the whole *Iliad* more proper to move pity than this circumſtance of *Lycaon*; or to raiſe terrour, than this view of *Achilles*. It is alſo the fineſt picture of them both imaginable. We ſee the different attitude of their perſons, and the different paſſions which appeared in their countenances: at firſt *Achilles* ſtands erect, with ſurpriſe in his looks at the ſight of one whom he thought it impoſſible to find there; while *Lycaon* is in the poſture of a ſuppliant, with looks that plead for compaſſion; with one hand holding the hero's lance, and his knee with the other: afterwards, when at his death he lets go the ſpear, and places himſelf on his knees with his arms extended, to receive the mortal wound, how lively and how ſtrongly is this painted? I believe every one perceives the beauty of this paſſage, and allows that poetry (at leaſt in *Homer*) is truly a ſpeaking picture.

But kind *Eëtion* touching on the ſhore,
The ranſom'd Prince to fair *Ariſbe* bore.
Ten days were paſt, ſince in his father's reign
He felt the ſweets of liberty again;
The next, that God whom men in vain withſtand,
Gives the ſame youth to the ſame conqu'ring hand;
Now never to return! and doom'd to go
A ſadder journey to the ſhades below.
His well-known face when great *Achilles* ey'd,
(The helm and viſor he had caſt aſide
With wild affright, and dropp'd upon the field
His uſeleſs lance and unavailing ſhield.)
As trembling, panting, from the ſtream he fled,
And knock'd his falt'ring knees, the hero ſaid.

Ye mighty Gods! what wonders ſtrike my view!
Is it in vain our conqu'ring arms ſubdue?
Sure I ſhall ſee yon' heaps of *Trojans* kill'd,
Riſe from the ſhades, and brave me on the field:
As now the captive, whom ſo late I bound
And ſold to *Lemnos*, ſtalks on *Trojan* ground!
Not him the ſea's unmeaſur'd deeps detain,
That bar ſuch numbers from their native plain:

Lo! he returns. Try, then, my flying ſpear! 70
Try, if the grave can hold the wanderer;
If Earth at length this active Prince can ſeize,
Earth, whoſe ſtrong graſp has held down *Hercules.*
Thus while he ſpake, the *Trojan* pale with fears
Approach'd, and ſought his knees with ſuppliant tears; 75
Loth as he was to yield his youthful breath,
And his ſoul ſhiv'ring at th' approach of death.
Achilles rais'd the ſpear, prepar'd to wound;
He kiſs'd his feet, extended on the ground:
And while, above, the ſpear ſuſpended ſtood, 80
Longing to dip its thirſty point in blood,
One hand embrac'd them cloſe, one ſtopt the dart,
While thus theſe melting words attempt his heart.
Thy well-known captive, great *Achilles!* ſee,
Once more *Lycaon* trembles at thy knee. 85

ỳ. 84. *The ſpeeches of* Lycaon *and* Achilles.] It is impoſſible for any thing to be better imagined than theſe two ſpeeches: that of *Lycaon* is moving and compaſſionate, that of *Achilles* haughty and dreadful; the one pleads with the utmoſt tenderneſs, the other denies with the utmoſt ſterneſs: one would think it impoſſible to amaſs ſo many moving arguments in ſo few words as thoſe of *Lycaon:* he forgets no circumſtance to ſoften his enemy's anger, he flatters the memory of *Patroclus,*

Some pity to a Suppliant's name afford,
Who ſhar'd the gifts of *Ceres* at thy board;
Whom late thy conqu'ring arm to *Lemnos* bore,
Far from his father, friends, and native ſhore;
A hundred oxen were his price that day,
Now ſums immenſe thy mercy ſhall repay.
Scarce reſpited from woes I yet appear,
And ſcarce twelve morning ſuns have ſeen me here;
Lo! *Jove* again ſubmits me to thy hands,
Again, her victim cruel Fate demands!
I ſprung from *Priam*, and *Laothöe* fair,
(Old *Alte*'s daughter, and *Lelegia*'s heir;
Who held in *Pedaſus* his fam'd abode,
And rul'd the fields where ſilver *Satnio* flow'd)

is afraid of being thought too nearly related to *Hector*, and would willingly put himſelf upon him as a ſuppliant, and conſequently as an inviolable perſon: but *Achilles* is immoveable, his reſentment makes him deaf to entreaties, and it muſt be remembered that anger, not mercy, is his character.

I muſt confeſs I could have wiſhed *Achilles* had ſpared him: there are ſo many circumſtances that ſpeak in his favour, that he deſerved his life, had he not aſked it in terms a little too abject.

There is an air of greatneſs in the concluſion of the ſpeech of *Achilles*, which ſtrikes me very much: he ſpeaks very unconcernedly of his own death, and upbraids his enemy for aſking life ſo earneſtly, a life that was of ſo much leſs importance than his own.

Two ſons (alas! unhappy ſons) ſhe bore;
For ah! one ſpear ſhall drink each brother's gore,
And I ſucceed to ſlaughter'd *Polydore*.
How from that arm of terrour ſhall I fly?
Some Dæmon urges! 'tis my doom to die!
If ever yet ſoft pity touch'd thy mind,
Ah! think not me too much of *Hector*'s kind!
Not the ſame mother gave thy ſuppliant breath,
With his, who wrought thy lov'd *Patroclus*' death.

Theſe words, attended with a ſhow'r of tears,
The youth addreſt to unrelenting ears:
Talk not of life, or ranſom, (he replies)
Patroclus dead, whoever meets me, dies:
In vain a ſingle *Trojan* ſues for grace;
But leaſt, the ſons of *Priam*'s hateful race.
Die then, my friend! what boots it to deplore?
The great, the good *Patroclus* is no more!
He, far thy better, was foredoom'd to die,
" And thou, doſt thou, bewail mortality?"
See'ſt thou not me, whom nature's gifts adorn,
Sprung from a hero, from a Goddeſs born;

The day ſhall come (which nothing can avert)
When by the ſpear, the arrow, or the dart,
By night, or day, by force or by deſign,
Impending death and certain fate are mine.
Die then—he ſaid; and as the word he ſpoke
The fainting ſtripling ſunk, before the ſtroke:
His hand forgot its graſp, and left the ſpear:
While all his trembling frame confeſt his fear;
Sudden, *Achilles* his broad ſword diſplay'd,
And buried in his neck the reeking blade.
Prone fell the youth; and panting on the land,
The guſhing purple dy'd the thirſty ſand:
The victor to the ſtream the carcaſe gave,
And thus inſults him, floating on the wave.
Lie there, *Lycaon!* let the fiſh ſurround
Thy bloated corſe, and ſuck thy gory wound:
There no ſad mother ſhall thy fun'rals weep,
But ſwift *Scamander* roll thee to the deep,

ỳ. 121. *The day ſhall come* ———
When by the ſpear, the arrow, or the dart.]

This is not ſpoken at random, but with an air of ſuperiority; when *Achilles* ſays he ſhall fall by an arrow, a dart, or a ſpear, he inſinuates that no man will have the courage to approach him in a cloſe fight, or engage him hand to hand. *Euſtathius.*

Whoſe ev'ry wave ſome wat'ry monſter brings,
To feaſt unpuniſh'd on the fat of kings.
So periſh *Troy*, and all the *Trojan* line!
Such ruin theirs, and ſuch compaſſion mine.
What boots ye now *Scamander*'s worſhipp'd ſtream,
His earthly honours, and immortal name;
In vain your immolated bulls are ſlain,
Your living courſers glut his gulphs in vain:
Thus he rewards you, with this bitter fate;
Thus, 'till the *Grecian* vengeance is compleat;
Thus is aton'd *Patroclus*' honour'd ſhade,
And the ſhort abſence of *Achilles* paid.
Theſe boaſtful words provoke the raging God;
With fury ſwells the violated flood.

℣. 146. *Your living courſers glut his gulphs in vain.*] It was an ancient cuſtom to caſt living horſes into the ſea, and into rivers, to honour, as it were, by theſe victims, the rapidity of their ſtreams. This practice continued a long time, and hiſtory ſupplies us with examples of it; *Aurelius Victor* ſays of *Pompey* the younger, *Cùm mari feliciter uteretur*, Neptuni *ſe filium confeſſus eſt, eumque bobus auratis & equo placavit.* He offered oxen in ſacrifice, and threw a living horſe into the ſea, as appears from *Dion*, which is perfectly conformable to this of *Homer*. *Euſtathius*. *Dacier*.

℣. 152. *With fury ſwells the violated flood.*] The poet has been preparing us for the epiſode of the river *Xanthus* ever ſince the beginning of the laſt book; and here he gives us an ac-

What means divine may yet the pow'r employ,
To check *Achilles*, and to reſcue *Troy?*
Meanwhile the hero ſprings in arms, to dare
The great *Aſteropeus* to mortal war;
The ſon of *Pelagon*, whoſe lofty line
Flows from the ſource of *Axius*, ſtream divine!
(Fair *Peribœa's* love the God had crown'd,
With all his refluent waters circled round)
On him *Achilles* ruſh'd: he fearleſs ſtood,
And ſhook two ſpears, advancing from the flood;
The flood impell'd him, on *Pelides'* head
T' avenge his waters chok'd with heaps of dead.
Near as they drew, *Achilles* thus began.

What art thou, boldeſt of the race of man?
Who, or from whence? Unhappy is the Sire,
Whoſe ſon encounters our reſiſtleſs ire.

O ſon of *Peleus!* what avails to trace
(Reply'd the warriour) our illuſtrious Race?

count why the river wars upon *Achilles:* it is not only becauſe he is a river of *Troas*, but, as *Euſtathius* remarks, becauſe it is in defence of a man that was deſcended from a brother River-God: he was angry too with *Achilles* on another account, becauſe he had choked up his current with the bodies of his countrymen, the *Trojans*.

From rich *Pæonia*'s valleys I command
Arm'd with protended ſpears, my native band;
Now ſhines the tenth bright morning ſince I came
In aid of *Ilion* to the fields of fame:
Axius, who ſwells with all the neighb'ring rills,
And wide around the floated region fills,
Begot my ſire, whoſe ſpear ſuch glory won:
Now lift thy arm, and try that hero's ſon!
Threat'ning he ſaid: the hoſtile chiefs advance;
At once *Aſteropeus* diſcharg'd each lance,
(For both his dext'rous hands the lance cou'd wield)
One ſtruck, but pierc'd not the *Vulcanian* ſhield;

ỳ. 171. *From rich* Pæonia's — &c.] In the *Catalogue Pyræchmes* is ſaid to be commander of the *Pæonians*, where they are deſcribed as bow-men; but here they are ſaid to be armed with ſpears, and to have *Aſteropeus* for their general. *Euſtathius* tells us, ſome criticks aſſerted that this line in the *Cat.* ỳ. 355.

Πηλεγόνος δ' υἱὸς περιδέξιος Ἀστεροπαῖος,

followed

Αὐτὰρ Πυραίχμης ἄγε Παίονας ἀγκυλοτόξους.

But I ſee no reaſon for ſuch an aſſertion. *Homer* has expreſly told us in this ſpeech that it was but ten days ſince he came to the aid of *Troy*; he might be made general of the *Pæonians* upon the death of *Pyræchmes*, who was killed in the ſixteenth book. Why alſo might not the *Pæonians*, as well as *Teucer*, excel in the management both of the bow and the ſpear?

One raz'd *Achilles'* hand; the ſpouting blood
Spun forth, in earth the faſten'd weapon ſtood.
Like light'ning next the *Pelian* jav'lin flies:
Its erring fury hiſs'd along the ſkies;
Deep in the ſwelling bank was driv'n the ſpear,
Ev'n to the middle earth'd; and quiver'd there.
Then from his ſide the ſword *Pelides* drew,
And on his foe with doubled fury flew.
The foe thrice tugg'd, and ſhook the rooted wood;
Repulſive of his might the weapon ſtood:
The fourth, he tries to break the ſpear, in vain;
Bent as he ſtands, he tumbles to the plain;
His belly open'd with a ghaſtly wound,
The reeking entrails pour upon the ground.

ỳ. 187. *Deep in the ſwelling bank was driv'n the ſpear,*
Ev'n to the middle earth'd; —]

It was impoſſible for the poet to give us a greater idea of the ſtrength of *Achilles*, than he has by this circumſtance: his ſpear pierced ſo deep into the ground, that another hero of great ſtrength could not diſengage it by repeated efforts; but immediately after, *Achilles* draws it with the utmoſt eaſe: how prodigious was the force of that arm that could drive at one throw a ſpear half way into the earth, and then with a touch releaſe it?

Beneath the hero's feet he panting lies,
And his eye darkens, and his ſpirit flies:
While the proud victor thus triumphing ſaid,
His radiant armour tearing from the dead:
So ends thy glory! Such the fate they prove
Who ſtrive preſumptuous with the ſons of *Jove*.
Sprung from a River, didſt thou boaſt thy line?
But great *Saturnius* is the ſource of mine.
How durſt thou vaunt thy wat'ry progeny?
Of *Peleus*, *Æacus*, and *Jove*, am I;
The race of theſe ſuperiour far to thoſe,
As he that thunders to the ſtream that flows.
What rivers can, *Scamander* might have ſhown;
But *Jove* he dreads, nor wars againſt his ſon.
Ev'n *Achelöus* might contend in vain,
And all the roaring billows of the main.
Th' eternal Ocean, from whoſe fountains flow
The ſeas, the rivers, and the ſprings below,
The thund'ring voice of *Jove* abhors to hear,
And in his deep abyſſes ſhakes with fear.
He ſaid; then from the bank his jav'lin tore,
And left the breathleſs warriour in his gore.

The floating tides the bloody carcaſe lave,
And beat againſt it, wave ſucceeding wave;
'Till roll'd between the banks, it lies the food
Of curling eels, and fiſhes of the flood.
All ſcatter'd round the ſtream (their mightieſt ſlain)
Th' amaz'd *Pæonians* ſcour along the plain:
He vents his fury on the flying crew,
Thraſius, *Aſtypylus*, and *Mneſus* ſlew;
Mydon, *Therſilochus*, with *Ænius* fell;
And numbers more his lance had plung'd to hell;
But from the bottom of his gulfs profound,
Scamander ſpoke; the ſhores return'd the ſound.
O firſt of mortals! (for the Gods are thine)
In valour matchleſs, and in force divine!
If *Jove* have giv'n thee ev'ry *Trojan* head,
'Tis not on me thy rage ſhould heap the dead.
See! my chok'd ſtreams no more their courſe can keep,
Nor roll their wonted tribute to the deep.
Turn then, impetuous! from our injur'd flood;
Content, thy ſlaughters could amaze a God.

In human form, confeſs'd before his eyes,
The river thus; and thus the Chief replies.
O ſacred ſtream! thy word we ſhall obey;
But not 'till *Troy* the deſtin'd vengeance pay,
Not 'till within her tow'rs the perjur'd train
Shall pant, and tremble at our arms again;
Not 'till proud *Hector*, guardian of her wall,
Or ſtain this lance, or ſee *Achilles* fall.
He ſaid; and drove with fury on the foe.
Then to the Godhead of the ſilver bow
The yellow Flood began: O ſon of *Jove!*
Was not the mandate of the Sire above
Full and expreſs? that *Phœbus* ſhould employ
His ſacred arrows in defence of *Troy*,
And make her conquer, 'till *Hyperion*'s fall
In awful darkneſs hide the face of all?
He ſpoke in vain — the chief without diſmay
Ploughs thro' the boiling ſurge his deſp'rate way.
Then riſing in his rage above the ſhores,
From all his deep the bellowing river roars,
Huge heaps of ſlain diſgorges on the coaſt,
And round the banks the ghaſtly dead are toſt.

While all before, the billows rang'd on high
(A wat'ry bulwark) ſkreen the bands who fly.
Now burſting on his head with thund'ring ſound,
The falling deluge whelms the hero round:
His loaded ſhield bends to the ruſhing tide;
His feet, upborn, ſcarce the ſtrong flood divide,
Slidd'ring, and ſtagg'ring. On the border ſtood
A ſpreading elm, that overhung the flood;
He ſeiz'd a bending bough, his ſteps to ſtay;
The plant uprooted to his weight gave way,
Heaving the bank, and undermining all;
Loud flaſh the waters to the ruſhing fall
Of the thick foilage. The large trunk diſplay'd
Bridg'd the rough flood acroſs: the hero ſtay'd.

ỳ. 263. *Now burſting on his head*, &c.] There is a great beauty in the verſification of this whole paſſage in *Homer*: ſome of the verſes run hoarſe, full and ſonorous, like the torrent they deſcribe; others by their broken cadences, and ſudden ſtops, image the difficulty, labour, and interruption of the hero's march againſt it. The fall of the elm, the tearing up of the bank, the ruſhing of the branches in the water, are all put into ſuch words, that almoſt every letter correſponds in its ſound, and echoes to the ſenſe, of each particular.

ỳ. 274. *Bridg'd the rough flood acroſs:*—] If we had no other account of the river *Xanthus* but this, it were alone ſufficient to ſhew that the current could not be very wide; for the poet here ſays that the elm ſtretched from bank to bank,

On this his weight, and rais'd upon his hand,
Leapt from the channel, and regain'd the land.
Then blacken'd the wild waves; the murmur roſe;
The God purſues, a huger billow throws,
And burſts the bank, ambitious to deſtroy
The man whoſe Fury is the Fate of *Troy*.
He, like the warlike eagle ſpeeds his pace,
(Swifteſt and ſtrongeſt of th' aërial race)
Far as a ſpear can fly, *Achilles* ſprings
At ev'ry bound; his clanging armour rings:
Now here, now there, he turns on ev'ry ſide,
And winds his courſe before the following tide;

and as it were made a bridge over it: the ſuddenneſs of this innundation perfectly well agrees with a narrow river.

℣. 276. *Leapt from the channel.*] *Euſtathius* recites a criticiſm on this verſe, in the original the word Λίμνη ſignifies *Stagnum, Palus*, a *ſtanding water*; now this is certainly contrary to the idea of a river, which always implies a *current:* to ſolve this, ſays that author, ſome have ſuppoſed that the tree which lay acroſs the river ſtopped the flow of the waters, and forced them to ſpread as it were into a pool. Others, diſſatisfied with this ſolution, think that a miſtake is crept into the Text, and that inſtead of ἐκ Λίμνης, ſhould be inſerted ἐκ Δίνης. But I do not ſee the neceſſity of having recourſe to either of theſe ſolutions; for why may not the word Λίμνη ſignify here the *channel* of the river, as it evidently does in the 317th verſe of the original? And nothing being more common than to ſubſtitute a part for the whole, why may not the channel be ſuppoſed to imply the whole river?

The waves flow after, whereſoe'er he wheels,
And gather faſt, and murmur at his heels.
So when a peaſant to his garden brings
Soft rills of water from the bubbling ſprings,
And calls the floods from high, to bleſs his bow'rs
And feed with pregnant ſtreams the plants and flow'rs;
Soon as he clears whate'er their paſſage ſtaid,
And marks the future current with his ſpade,
Swift o'er the rolling pebbles, down the hills
Louder and louder purl the falling rills,
Before him ſcatt'ring, they prevent his pains,
And ſhine in mazy wand'rings o'er the plains.

ỳ. 289. *So when a peaſant to his garden brings*, &c.] This changing of the character is very beautiful; no poet ever knew, like *Homer*, to paſs from the vehement and the nervous, to the gentle and agreeable; ſuch tranſitions, when properly made, give a ſingular pleaſure, as when in muſick a maſter paſſes from the rough to the tender. *Demetrius Phalereus*, who only praiſes this compariſon for its clearneſs, has not ſufficiently recommended its beauty and value. *Virgil* has transferred it into his firſt book of the *Georgicks*, ỳ. 106.

" Deinde ſatis fluvium inducit, rivoſque ſequentes:
" Et cùm exuſtus ager morientibus æſtuat herbis,
" Ecce ſupercilio clivoſi tramitis undam
" Elicit: illa cadens raucum per levia murmur
" Saxa ciet, ſcatebriſque arentia temperat arva." *Dacier.*

Still flies *Achilles*, but before his eyes
Still ſwift *Scamander* rolls where-e'er he flies:
Not all his ſpeed eſcapes the rapid floods;
The firſt of men, but not a match for Gods.
Oft' as he turn'd the torrent to oppoſe,
And bravely try if all the pow'rs were foes;
So oft' the ſurge, in wat'ry mountains ſpread,
Beat on his back, or burſts upon his head.
Yet dauntleſs ſtill the adverſe flood he braves,
And ſtill indignant bounds above the waves.
Tir'd by the tides, his knees relax with toil;
Waſh'd from beneath him ſlides the ſlimy ſoil;
When thus (his eyes on heav'n's expanſion thrown)
Forth burſts the hero with an angry groan.

Is there no God *Achilles* to befriend,
No pow'r t' avert his miſerable end?
Prevent, oh *Jove!* this ignominious date,
And make my future life the ſport of Fate.
Of all heav'n's oracles believ'd in vain,
But moſt of *Thetis*, muſt her ſon complain;
By *Phœbus* darts ſhe propheſy'd my fall,
In glorious arms before the *Trojan* wall.

Oh! had I dy'd in fields of battle warm,
Stretch'd like a hero, by a hero's arm!
Might *Hector*'s ſpear this dauntleſs boſom rend,
And my ſwift ſoul o'ertake my ſlaughter'd friend!

ỳ. 321. *Oh! had I dy'd in fields of battle warm*, &c.] Nothing is more agreeable than this wiſh to the heroick character of *Achilles:* glory is his prevailing paſſion; he grieves not that he muſt die, but that he ſhould die unlike a man of honour. *Virgil* has made uſe of the ſame thought in the ſame circumſtance, where *Æneas* is in danger of being drowned, *Æn.* i. ỳ. 98.

" — — — O terque quaterque beati,
" Queis ante ora patrum, *Trojæ* ſub mœnibus altis,
" Contigit oppetere! O *Danaûm* fortiſſime gentis
" *Tydide*, mene *Iliacis* occumbere campis
" Non potuiſſe? tuâque animam hanc effundere dextrâ?"

Lucan in the fifth book of his *Pharſalia*, repreſenting *Cæſar* in the ſame circumſtance, has (I think) carried yet farther the character of ambition, and a boundleſs thirſt of glory, in his hero; when, after he has repined in the ſame manner with *Achilles*, he acquieſces at laſt in the reflection of the glory he had already acquired;

" — — — — — Licet ingentes abruperit actus
" Feſtinata dies fatis, ſat magna peregi.
" Arctoas domui gentes: inimica ſubegi
" Arma manu: vidit Magnum mihi *Roma* ſecundum."

And only wiſhes that his obſcure fate might be concealed, in the view that all the world might ſtill fear and expect him.

" — — — — — Lacerum retinete cadaver
" Fluctibus in mediis; deſint mihi buſta, roguſque,
" Dum metuar ſemper, terrâque expecter ab omni."

Ah no! *Achilles* meets a ſhameful fate,
Oh how unworthy of the brave and great!
Like ſome vile ſwain, whom on a rainy day,
Croſſing a ford, the torrent ſweeps away,
An unregarded carcaſe to the ſea.
Neptune and *Pallas* haſte to his relief,
And thus in human form addreſs the chief:
The pow'r of Ocean firſt. Forbear thy fear,
O ſon of *Peleus!* Lo thy Gods appear!
Behold! from *Jove* deſcending to thy aid,
Propitious *Neptune*, and the blue-ey'd maid.
Stay, and the furious flood ſhall ceaſe to rave:
'Tis not thy fate to glut his angry wave.
But thou, the counſel heav'n ſuggeſts, attend!
Nor breathe from combat, nor thy ſword ſuſpend,
'Till *Troy* receive her flying ſons, 'till all
Her routed ſquadrons pant behind their wall:
Hector alone ſhall ſtand his fatal chance,
And *Hector*'s blood ſhall ſmoke upon thy lance.
Thine is the glory doom'd. Thus ſpake the Gods:
Then ſwift aſcended to the bright abodes.

Stung with new ardour, thus by heav'n impell'd,
He ſprings impetuous, and invades the field:
O'er all th' expanded plain the waters ſpread;
Heav'd on the bounding billows danc'd the dead,
Floating 'midſt ſcatter'd arms; while caſques of gold
And turn'd-up bucklers glitter'd as they roll'd.
High o'er the ſurging tide, by leaps and bounds,
He wades, and mounts; the parted wave reſounds.
Not a whole river ſtops the hero's courſe,
While *Pallas* fills him with immortal force.
With equal rage, indignant *Xanthus* roars,
And lifts his billows, and o'erwhelms his ſhores.
Then thus to *Simois*: Haſte, my brother flood!
And check this mortal that controlls a God:
Our braveſt Heroes elſe ſhall quit the fight,
And *Ilion* tumble from her tow'ry height.
Call then thy ſubject ſtreams, and bid them roar,
From all thy fountains ſwell thy wat'ry ſtore,
With broken rocks, and with a load of dead
Charge the black ſurge, and pour it on his head.

Mark how reſiſtleſs thro' the floods he goes,
And boldly bids the warring Gods be foes!
But nor that force, nor form divine to fight
Shall ought avail him, if our rage unite:
Whelm'd under our dark gulfs thoſe arms ſhall lie,
That blaze ſo dreadful in each *Trojan* eye;
And deep beneath a ſandy mountain hurl'd,
Immers'd remain this terrour of the world.
Such pond'rous ruin ſhall confound the place,
No *Greek* ſhall e'er his periſh'd relicks grace,
No hand his bones ſhall gather, or inhume;
Theſe his cold rites, and this his wat'ry tomb.
He ſaid; and on the chief deſcends amain,
Increas'd with gore, and ſwelling with the ſlain.
Then murm'ring from his beds, he boils, he raves,
And a foam whitens on the purple waves:
At ev'ry ſtep, before *Achilles* ſtood
The crimſon ſurge, and delug'd him with blood.
Fear touch'd the Queen of heav'n: ſhe ſaw diſmay'd,
She call'd aloud, and ſummon'd *Vulcan*'s aid.

Riſe to the war! th' inſulting flood requires
Thy waſteful arm: aſſemble all thy fires!
While to their aid, by our command enjoin'd,
Ruſh the ſwift Eaſtern and the Weſtern wind;
Theſe from old Ocean at my word ſhall blow,
Pour the red torrent on the wat'ry foe,
Corſes and arms to one bright ruin turn,
And hiſſing rivers to their bottoms burn.
Go, mighty in thy rage! diſplay thy pow'r,
Drink the whole flood, the crackling trees devour,
Scorch all the banks! and ('till our voice reclaim)
Exert th' unweary'd furies of the flame!

Th' Pow'r Ignipotent her word obeys:
Wide o'er the plain he pours the boundleſs blaze;
At once conſumes the dead, and dries the ſoil;
And the ſhrunk waters in their channel boil.
As when autumnal *Boreas* ſweeps the ſky,
And inſtant blows the water'd gardens dry:
So look'd the field, ſo whiten'd was the ground,
While *Vulcan* breath'd the fiery blaſt around.

ỳ. 405. *While* Vulcan *breath'd the fiery blaſt around.*] It is in the original, ỳ. 355.

Πνοιῇ τειρόμενοι πολυμήτιος Ἡφαίστοιο.

Swift on the ſedgy reeds the ruin preys;
Along the margin winds the running blaze:
The trees in flaming rows to aſhes turn,
The flow'ry *Lotos*, and the Tam'riſk burn,
Broad elm, and cypreſs riſing in a ſpire;
The wat'ry willows hiſs before the fire.
Now glow the waves, the fiſhes pant for breath,
The eels lie twiſting in the pangs of death:
Now flounce aloft, now dive the ſcaly fry,
Or gaſping, turn their bellies to the ſky.
At length the river rear'd his languid head,
And thus, ſhort-panting, to the God he ſaid.

Oh *Vulcan!* oh! what pow'r reſiſts thy might?
I faint, I ſink, unequal to the fight ——

The epithet given to *Vulcan* in this verſe (as well as in the 367th) Ἡφαίστου πολύφρονος, has no ſort of alluſion to the action deſcribed: for what has *wiſdom* or *knowledge* to do with burning up the river *Xanthus?* This is uſual in our author, and much exclaimed againſt by his modern antagoniſts, whom Mr. *Boileau* very well anſwers. "It is not ſo ſtrange in *Homer* "to give theſe epithets to perſons upon occaſions which can "have no reference to them; the ſame is frequent in mo- "dern languages, in which we call a man by the name of "*Saint*, when we ſpeak of any action of his that has not the "leaſt regard to his *ſanctity*: as when we ſay, for example, "that St. *Paul* held the garments of thoſe who ſtoned St. "*Stephen*."

I yield — Let *Ilion* fall; if Fate decree
Ah — bend no more thy fiery arms on me!
He ceas'd; wide conflagration blazing round;
The bubbling waters yield a hiſſing ſound.
As when the flames beneath a caldron riſe,
To melt the fat of ſome rich ſacrifice,
Amid the fierce embrace of circling fires
The waters foam, the heavy ſmoke aſpires:
So boils th' impriſon'd flood, forbid to flow,
And chok'd with vapours, feels his bottom glow.
To *Juno* then, imperial Queen of Air,
The burning River ſends his earneſt pray'r.
Ah why, *Saturnia!* muſt thy ſon engage
Me, only me, with all his waſteful rage?

γ. 424. *As when the flames beneath a caldron riſe.*] It is impoſſible to render literally ſuch paſſages with any tolerable beauty. Theſe ideas can never be made to ſhine in *Engliſh*, ſome particularities cannot be preſerved; but the *Greek* language gives them luſtre, the words are noble and muſical.

Ὡς δὲ λέβης ζείῃ ἔνδον ὑπαυγόμενος πυρὶ πολλῷ,
Κνίσσῃ μειλόμενος ἀπαλοτρεφέος σιάλοιο,
Πάντοθεν ἀμβολάδην, ὑπὸ δὲ ξύλα κάγκανα κεῖται.

All therefore that can be expected from a tranſlator is to preſerve the meaning of the ſimile, and embelliſh it with ſome words of affinity that carry nothing low in the ſenſe or ſound.

On other Gods his dreadful arm employ,
For mightier Gods aſſert the cauſe of *Troy*.
Submiſſive I deſiſt, if thou command;
But ah! with-draw this all-deſtroying hand.
Hear then my ſolemn oath, to yield to Fate
Unaided *Ilion*, and her deſtin'd ſtate,
'Till *Greece* ſhall gird her with deſtructive flame,
And in one ruin ſink the *Trojan* name.

His warm intreaty touch'd *Saturnia*'s ear:
She bade th' Ignipotent his rage forbear,
Recall the flame, nor in a mortal cauſe
Infeſt a God: th' obedient flame withdraws:
Again, the branching ſtreams begin to ſpread,
And ſoft re-murmur in their wonted bed.

℣. 447. *And ſoft re-murmur in their wonted bed.*] Here ends the *epiſode* of the *river-fight*; and I muſt here lay before the reader my thoughts upon the whole of it: which appears to be in part an allegory, and in part a true hiſtory. Nothing can give a better idea of *Homer*'s manner of enlivening his inanimate machines, and of making the plaineſt and ſimpleſt incidents noble and poetical, than to conſider the whole paſſage in the common hiſtorical ſenſe, which I ſuppoſe to be no more than this. There happened a great overflow of the river *Xanthus* during the ſiege, which very much incommoded the Aſſailants: this gave occaſion for the fiction of an engagement between *Achilles* and the River-God: *Xanthus* calling

While theſe by *Juno*'s will the ſtrife reſign,
The warring Gods in fierce contention join:

Simois to aſſiſt him, implies that theſe two neighbouring rivers joined in the inundation: *Pallas* and *Neptune* relieve *Achilles*; that is, *Pallas*, or the *wiſdom of Achilles*, found ſome means to divert the waters, and turn them into the *ſea*; wherefore *Neptune*, the God of it, is feigned to aſſiſt him. *Jupiter* and *Juno* (by which are underſtood the aërial regions) conſent to aid *Achilles*; that may ſignify, that after this great flood there happened a warm, dry, windy ſeaſon, which aſſuaged the waters, and dried the ground: and what makes this in a manner plain, is, that *Juno* (which ſignifies the *air*) promiſes to ſend the *north* and *weſt winds* to diſtreſs the river. *Xanthus* being conſumed by *Vulcan*, that is dried up with heat, prays to *Juno* to relieve him: what is this, but that the drought having drunk up his ſtreams, he has recourſe to the *air* for rains to re-ſupply his current? Or, perhaps the whole may ſignify no more, than that *Achilles* being on the farther ſide of the river, plunged himſelf in to purſue the enemy; that in this adventure he run the riſk of being drowned; that to ſave himſelf, he laid hold on a fallen tree, which ſerved to keep him a-float; that he was ſtill carried down the ſtream to the place where was the confluence of the two rivers (which is expreſſed by the one calling the other to his aid) and that when he came nearer the ſea [*Neptune*] he found means by his prudence [*Pallas*] to ſave himſelf from his danger.

If the reader ſtill ſhould think, the fiction of rivers, ſpeaking and fighting, is too bold; the objection will vaniſh by conſidering, how much the heathen mythology authoriſes the repreſentation of rivers as perſons: nay, even in old hiſtorians nothing is more common than ſtories of rapes committed by River-Gods; and the fiction was no way unprecedented, after one of the ſame nature ſo well known, as the engagement between *Hercules* and the river *Achelous*.

Re-kindling rage each heav'nly breaſt alarms;
With horrid clangor ſhock'd th' æthereal arms:
Heav'n in loud thunder bids the trumpet ſound;
And wide beneath them groans the rending ground.
Jove, as his ſport, the dreadful ſcene deſcries,
And views contending Gods with careleſs eyes.
The pow'r of battles lifts his brazen ſpear,
And firſt aſſaults the radiant Queen of War.

℣. 454. Jove, *as his ſport, the dreadful ſcene deſcries,*
And views contending Gods with careleſs eyes.]

I was at a loſs for the reaſon why *Jupiter* is ſaid to ſmile at the diſcord of the Gods, till I found it in *Euſtathius*; *Jupiter*, ſays he, who is the lord of nature, is well pleaſed with the war of the Gods, that is, of earth, ſea, and air, *&c.* becauſe the harmony of all beings ariſes from that diſcord: thus earth is oppoſite to water, air to earth, and water to them all; and yet from this oppoſition ariſes that diſcordant concord by which all nature ſubſiſts. Thus heat and cold, moiſt and dry, are in a continual war, yet upon this depends the fertility of the earth, and the beauty of the creation. So that *Jupiter*, who according to the *Greeks* is the ſoul of all, may well be ſaid to ſmile at this contention.

℣. 456. *The pow'r of battles*, &c.] The combat of *Mars* and *Pallas* is plainly allegorical: Juſtice and Wiſdom demanded that an end ſhould be put to this terrible war: the God of war oppoſes this, but is worſted. *Euſtathius* ſays that this holds forth the oppoſition of rage and wiſdom; and no ſooner has our reaſon ſubdued one temptation, but another ſucceeds to reinforce it, as *Venus* ſuccours *Mars*. The poet ſeems farther to inſinuate, that Reaſon when it reſiſts a temptation vigorouſly, eaſily overcomes it: ſo it is with the utmoſt facil-

What mov'd thy madneſs, thus to diſ-unite
Æthereal minds, and mix all heav'n in fight?
What wonder this, when in thy frantick mood
Thou drov'ſt a mortal to inſult a God?
Thy impious hand *Tydides'* jav'lin bore,
And madly bath'd it in celeſtial gore.
He ſpoke, and ſmote the loud-reſounding ſhield,
Which bears *Jove's* thunder on its dreadful field;
The adamantine *Ægis* of her Sire,
That turns the glancing bolt, and forked fire.
Then heav'd the Goddeſs in her mighty hand
A ſtone, the limit of the neighb'ring land,

lity, that *Pallas* conquers both *Mars* and *Venus*. He adds, that *Pallas* retreated from *Mars* in order to conquer him: this ſhews us that the beſt way to ſubdue a temptation is to retreat from it.

ỳ. 468. *Then heav'd the Goddeſs in her mighty hand*
A ſtone, &c.]

The poet has deſcribed many of his heroes in former parts of his poem, as throwing ſtones of enormous bulk and weight; but here he riſes in his image: he is deſcribing a goddeſs, and has found a way to make that action excel all human ſtrength, and be equal to a deity.

Virgil has imitated this paſſage in his twelfth book, and applied it to *Turnus*; but I cannot help thinking that the action

There fix'd from eldeſt times; black, craggy, vaſt:
This, at the heav'nly homicide ſhe caſt.
Thund'ring he falls, a maſs of monſtrous ſize;
And ſev'n broad acres covers as he lies.
The ſtunning ſtroke his ſtubborn nerves unbound;
Loud o'er the fields his ringing arms reſound:
The ſcornful Dame her conqueſts views with ſmiles,
And glorying thus, the proſtrate God reviles.

in a mortal is ſomewhat extravagantly imagined: what principally renders it ſo, is an addition of two lines to this ſmile which he borrows from another part of *Homer*, only with this difference, that whereas *Homer* ſays no two men could raiſe ſuch a ſtone, *Virgil* extends it to twelve.

" ——————— Saxum circumſpicit ingens
" Saxum antiquum, ingens, campo quod forte jacebat,
" Limes agro poſitus, litem ut diſcerneret arvis."

(There is a beauty in the repetition of *ſaxum ingens*, in the ſecond line; it makes us dwell upon the image, and gives us leiſure to conſider the vaſtneſs of the ſtone:) the other two lines are as follow;

" Vix illud, lecti bis ſex cervice ſubirent,
" Qualia nunc hominum producit corpora tellus."

May I be allowed to think too, they are not ſo well introduced in *Virgil?* For it is juſt after *Turnus* is deſcribed as weakened and oppreſſed with fears and ill omens; it exceeds probability; and *Turnus*, methinks, looks more like a knight-errant in a romance, than an hero in an epick poem.

Haſt thou not yet, inſatiate fury! known
How far *Minerva*'s force tranſcends thy own?
Juno, whom thou rebellious dar'ſt withſtand,
Corrects thy folly thus by *Pallas*' hand;
Thus meets thy broken faith with juſt diſgrace,
And partial aid to *Troy*'s perfidious race.

The Goddeſs ſpoke, and turn'd her eyes away,
That beaming round, diffus'd celeſtial day.
Jove's *Cyprian* daughter, ſtooping on the land,
Lent to the wounded God her tender hand:
Slowly he riſes, ſcarcely breathes with pain,
And propt on her fair arm, forſakes the plain.
This the bright Empreſs of the heav'ns ſurvey'd,
And ſcoffing, thus, to War's victorious maid.

Lo! what an aid on *Mars*'s ſide is ſeen!
The *Smiles* and *Love's* unconquerable Queen!
Mark with what inſolence, in open view,
She moves: let *Pallas*, if ſhe daires, purſue.

Minerva ſmiling heard, the pair o'ertook,
And ſlightly on her breaſt the wanton ſtrook:
She, unreſiſting, fell; (her ſpirits fled)
On earth together lay the lovers ſpread.

And like theſe heroes, be the fate of all
(*Minerva* cries) who guard the *Trojan* wall!
To *Grecian* Gods ſuch let the *Phrygian* be,
So dread, ſo fierce, as *Venus* is to me;
Then from the loweſt ſtone ſhall *Troy* be mov'd—
Thus ſhe, and *Juno* with a ſmile approv'd.
Meantime, to mix in more than mortal fight,
The God of Ocean dares the God of Light.

℣. 507. *The God of Ocean dares the God of Light.*] The interview between *Neptune* and *Apollo* is very judiciouſly in this place enlarged upon by our author. The poem now draws to a concluſion, the *Trojans* are to be puniſhed for their perjury and violence: *Homer* accordingly with a poetical juſtice ſums up the evidence againſt them, and repreſents the very founder of *Troy* as an injurious perſon. There have been ſeveral references to this ſtory ſince the beginning of the poem, but he forbore to give it at large till near the end of it; that it might be freſh upon the memory, and ſhew, the *Trojans* deſerve the puniſhment they are going to ſuffer.

Euſtathius gives the reaſon why *Apollo* aſſiſts the *Trojans*, though he had been equally with *Neptune* affronted by *Laomedon*: this proceeded from the honours which *Apollo* received from the poſterity of *Laomedon*; *Troy* paid him no leſs worſhip than *Cilla*, or *Tenedos*; and by theſe means won him over to a forgiveneſs; but *Neptune* ſtill was ſlighted, and conſequently continued an enemy to the whole race.

The ſame author gives us various opinions why *Neptune* is ſaid to have built the *Trojan* wall, and to have been defrauded of his Wages: ſome ſay that *Laomedon* ſacrilegiouſly took away the treaſures out of the temples of *Apollo* and *Neptune*, to carry on the fortifications; from whence it was fabled that *Neptune*

What ſloth has ſeiz'd us, when the fields around
Ring with conflicting pow'rs, and heav'n returns the ſound?
Shall, ignominious, we with ſhame retire,
No deed perform'd, to our *Olympian* Sire?
Come, prove thy arm! for firſt the war to wage,
Suits not my Greatneſs, our Superiour age:

and *Apollo* built the walls. Others will have it, that two of the workmen dedicated their wages to *Apollo* and *Neptune*; and that *Laomedon* detained them: ſo that he might in ſome ſenſe be ſaid to defraud the deities themſelves, by with-holding what was dedicated to their temples.

The reaſon why *Apollo* is ſaid to have kept the herds of *Laomedon*, is not ſo clear. *Euſtathius* obſerves that all plagues firſt ſeize upon the four-footed creation, and are ſuppoſed to ariſe from this deity: thus *Apollo* in the firſt book ſends the plague into the *Grecian* army; the ancients therefore made him to preſide over cattle, that by preſerving them from the plague, mankind might be ſafe from infectious diſeaſes. Others tell us, that this employment is aſcribed to *Apollo*, becauſe he ſignifies the ſun: now the ſun cloaths the paſtures with graſs and herbs; ſo that *Apollo* may be ſaid himſelf to feed the cattle, by ſupplying them with food. Upon either of theſe accounts *Laomedon* may be ſaid to be ungrateful to that deity, for raiſing no temple to his honour.

It is obſervable that *Homer*, in this ſtory, aſcribes the building of the wall to *Neptune* only: I ſhould conjecture the reaſon might be, that *Troy* being a ſea-port town, the chief ſtrength depended upon its ſituation, ſo that the ſea was in a manner a wall to it: upon this account *Neptune* may not improbably be ſaid to have built the wall.

Raſh as thou art to prop the *Trojan* throne,
(Forgetful of my wrongs, and of thy own)
And guard the race of proud *Laomedon!*
Haſt thou forgot, how at the monarch's pray'r,
We ſhar'd the lengthen'd labours of a year?
Troy walls I rais'd (for ſuch were *Jove*'s commands)
And yon' proud bulwarks grew beneath my hands:
Thy taſk it was to feed the bellowing droves
Along fair *Ida*'s vales, and pendent groves.
But when the circling ſeaſons in their train
Brought back the grateful day that crown'd our pain;
With menace ſtern the fraudful King defy'd
Our latent Godhead, and the prize deny'd:
Mad as he was, he threaten'd ſervile bands,
And doom'd us exiles far in barb'rous lands.
Incens'd, we heav'nward fled with ſwifteſt wing,
And deſtin'd vengeance on the perjur'd King.
Doſt thou, for this, afford proud *Ilion* grace,
And not like us, infeſt the faithleſs race;

Like us, their preſent, future ſons deſtroy,
And from its deep foundations heave their *Troy*?
Apollo thus: To combat for mankind
Ill ſuits the wiſdom of celeſtial mind:
For what is man? Calamitous by birth,
They owe their life and nouriſhment to earth;
Like yearly leaves, that now, with beauty crown'd,
Smile on the ſun; now, wither on the ground.
To their own hands commit the frantick ſcene,
Nor mix immortals in a cauſe ſo mean.
Then turns his face, far-beaming heav'nly fires,
And from the Senior Pow'r, ſubmiſs retires;

℣. 537. *For what is man?* &c.] The poet is very happy in interſperſing his poem with moral ſentences; in this place he ſteals away his reader from war and horrour, and gives him a beautiful admonition of his own frailty. "Shall I (ſays "*Apollo*) contend with thee for the ſake of man? man, who "is no more than a leaf of a tree, now green and flouriſh-"ing, but ſoon withered away and gone?" The ſon of *Sirach* has an expreſſion which very much reſembles this, *Ecclus.* xiv. 18. *As the green leaves upon a thick tree, ſome fall, and ſome grow, ſo is the generation of fleſh and blood, one cometh to an end, and one is born.*

℣. 544. *And from the Senior Pow'r, ſubmiſs retires.*] Two things hinder *Homer* from making *Neptune* and *Apollo* fight. Firſt, becauſe having already deſcribed the fight between *Vulcan* and *Xanthus*, he has nothing farther to ſay here, for it is the ſame conflict between humidity and dryneſs. Secondly,

Him, thus retreating, *Artemis* upbraids,
The quiver'd huntreſs of the *Sylvan* ſhades.
And is it thus the youthful *Phœbus* flies,
And yields to Ocean's hoary Sire the prize?
How vain that martial pomp, and dreadful ſhow
Of pointed arrows, and the ſilver bow!
Now boaſt no more in yon' celeſtial bow'r,
Thy force can match the great Earth-ſhaking Pow'r.
Silent, he heard the Queen of Woods upbraid:
Not ſo *Saturnia* bore the vaunting maid;
But furious thus. What inſolence has driv'n
Thy pride to face the Majeſty of Heav'n?
What tho' by *Jove* the female plague deſign'd,
Fierce to the feeble race of woman-kind,

Apollo being the ſame with Deſtiny, and the ruin of the *Trojans* being concluded upon and decided, that God can no longer defer it. *Dacier.*

℣. 557. *The female plague* ———
Fierce to the feeble race of woman-kind, &c.]

The words in the original are, *Though* Jupiter *has made you a lion to women.* The meaning of this is, that *Diana* was terrible to that ſex, as being the ſame with the moon, and bringing on the pangs of child-birth: or elſe that the antients attributed all ſudden deaths of women to the darts of *Diana*,

The wretched matron feels thy piercing dart;
Thy ſex's tyrant, with a tyger's heart?
What tho' tremendous in the woodland chaſe,
Thy certain arrows pierce the ſavage race?
How dares thy raſhneſs on the pow'rs divine
Employ thoſe arms, or match thy force with mine?
Learn hence, no more unequal war to wage —
She ſaid, and ſeiz'd her wriſts with eager rage;

as of men to thoſe of *Apollo*: which opinion is frequently alluded to in *Homer*. *Euſtathius.*

ỳ. 566. *She ſaid, and ſeiz'd her wriſts*, &c.] I muſt confeſs I am at a loſs how to juſtify *Homer* in every point of theſe combats with the Gods: when *Diana* and *Juno* are to fight, *Juno* calls her an *impudent bitch*, κυνὸς ἀδδεὲς: when they fight, ſhe boxes her ſoundly, and ſends her crying and trembling to heaven: as ſoon as ſhe comes thither, *Jupiter* falls a laughing at her: indeed the reſt of the deities ſeem to be in a merry vein during all the action: *Pallas* beats *Mars*, and laughs at him: *Jupiter* ſees them in the ſame merry mood: *Juno*, when ſhe had cuffed *Diana*, is not more ſerious: in ſhort, unleſs there be ſome depths that I am not able to fathom, *Homer* never better deſerved than in this place the cenſure paſt upon him by the ancients, that as he raiſed the characters of his men up to Gods, ſo he ſunk thoſe of Gods down to men.

Yet I think it but reaſonable to conclude, from the very abſurdity of all this, (ſuppoſing it had no hidden meaning or allegory) that there muſt therefore certainly be ſome. Nor do I think it any inference to the contrary, that it is too obſcure for us to find out: the remoteneſs of our times muſt neceſſarily darken yet more and more ſuch things as were myſte-

Theſe in her left hand lock'd, her right unty'd
The bow, the quiver, and its plumy pride.
About her temples flies the buſy bow;
Now here, now there, ſhe winds her from the blow;
The ſcatt'ring arrows rattling from the caſe,
Drop round, and idly mark the duſty place.
Swift from the field the baffled huntreſs flies,
And ſcarce reſtrains the torrent in her eyes:
So, when the falcon wings her way above,
To the cleft cavern ſpeeds the gentle dove,
(Not fated yet to die) there ſafe retreats,
Yet ſtill her heart againſt the marble beats.
To her, *Latona* haſtes with tender care;
Whom *Hermes* viewing, thus declines the war.

ries at firſt. Not that it is at all impoſſible, notwitſtanding their preſent darkneſs, but they might then have been very obvious; as it is certain, Allegories ought to be diſguiſed, but not obſcured: an allegory ſhould be like a veil over a beautiful face, ſo fine and tranſparent, as to ſhew the very charms it covers.

ỳ. 580. *Whom* Hermes *viewing, thus declines the war.*] It is impoſſible that *Mercury* ſhould encounter *Latona:* ſuch a fiction would be unnatural, he being a planet, and ſhe repreſenting the night; for the planets owe all their luſtre to the ſhades of the night, and then only become viſible to the world. *Euſt.*

How ſhall I face the dame, who gives delight
To him whoſe thunders blacken heav'n with night?
Go matchleſs Goddeſs! triumph in the ſkies,
And boaſt my conqueſt, while I yield the prize.
He ſpoke; and paſt: *Latona*, ſtooping low,
Collects the ſcatter'd ſhafts, and fallen bow,
That glitt'ring on the duſt, lay here and there;
Diſhonour'd relicks of *Diana*'s war.
Then ſwift purſu'd her to her bleſt abode,
Where, all confus'd, ſhe ſought the Sov'reign God;
Weeping ſhe graſp'd his knees: the ambroſial veſt
Shook with her ſighs, and panted on her breaſt.
The Sire, ſuperiour ſmil'd; and bade her ſhow
What heav'nly hand had caus'd his daughter's woe?
Abaſh'd, ſhe names his own Imperial ſpouſe;
And the pale creſcent fades upon her brows.
Thus they above: while ſwiftly gliding down,
Apollo enters *Ilion*'s ſacred town:
The Guardian-God now trembled for her wall,
And fear'd the *Greeks*, tho' Fate forbade her fall.
Back to *Olympus*, from the war's alarms,
Return the ſhining bands of Gods in arms;

Some proud in triumph, ſome with rage on fire;
And take their thrones around th' ætherial Sire.
Thro' blood, thro' death, *Achilles* ſtill proceeds,
O'er ſlaughter'd heroes, and o'er rolling ſteeds.
As when avenging flames with fury driv'n
On guilty towns exert the wrath of heav'n;
The pale inhabitants, ſome fall, ſome fly;
And the red vapours purple all the ſky:
So rag'd *Achilles*: death and dire diſmay,
And toils, and terrours, fill'd the dreadful day.

℣. 607. *As when avenging flames with fury driv'n.*
On guilty towns exert the wrath of heav'n.]

This paſſage may be explained two ways, each very remarkable. Firſt, by taking this fire for a real fire, ſent from heaven to puniſh a criminal city, of which we have example in holy writ. Hence we find that *Homer* had a notion of this great truth, that God ſometimes exerts his judgments on whole cities in this ſignal and terrible manner. Or if we take it in the other ſenſe, ſimply as a fire thrown into a town by the enemies who aſſault it, and only expreſſed thus by the author in the ſame manner as *Jeremy* makes the city of *Jeruſalem* ſay, when the *Chaldæans* burnt the temple, (*The Lord from above hath ſent fire into my bones*, Lament. i. 13.) Yet ſtill thus much will appear underſtood by *Homer*, that the fire which is caſt into a city comes not, properly ſpeaking, from men, but from God, who delivers it up to their fury. *Dacier*,

High on a turret hoary *Priam* ſtands,
And marks the waſte of his deſtructive hands;
Views, from his arm, the *Trojans* ſcatter'd flight,
And the near hero riſing on his ſight!
No ſtop, no check, no aid! With feeble pace,
And ſettled ſorrow on his aged face,
Faſt as he could, he ſighing quits the walls;
And thus, deſcending on the guards he calls.

ỳ. 613. *High on a turret hoary* Priam, &c.] The poet ſtill raiſes the idea of the courage and ſtrength of his hero, by making *Priam* in a terrour that he ſhould enter the town after the routed troops: for if he had not ſurpaſſed all mortals, what could have been more deſirable for an enemy, than to have let him in, and then deſtroyed him?

Here again there was need of another *machine* to hinder him from entering the city; for *Achilles* being vaſtly ſpeedier than thoſe he purſued, he muſt neceſſarily overtake ſome of them, and the narrow gates could not let in a body of troops, without his mingling with the hindmoſt. The ſtory of *Agenor* is therefore admirably contrived, and *Apollo*, (who was to take care that the fatal decrees ſhould be punctually executed) interpoſes both to ſave *Agenor* and *Troy*; for *Achilles* might have killed *Agenor*, and ſtill entered with the troops, if *Apollo* had not diverted him by the purſuit of that phantom. *Agenor* oppoſed himſelf to *Achilles* only becauſe he could not do better; for he ſees himſelf reduced to a dilemma, either ingloriouſly to periſh among the fugitives, or hide himſelf in the foreſt; both which were equally unſafe: therefore he is purpoſely inſpired with a generous reſolution to try to ſave his countrymen, and as the reward of that ſervice, is at laſt ſaved himſelf.

You to whoſe care our city-gates belong,
Set wide your portals to the flying throng:
For lo! he comes, with unreſiſted ſway;
He comes, and Deſolation marks his way!
But when within the walls our troops take breath,
Lock faſt the brazen bars, and ſhut out death.
Thus charg'd the rev'rend monarch: wide were flung
The opening folds; the ſounding hinges rung.
Phœbus ruſh'd forth, the flying bands to meet;
Struck ſlaughter back, and cover'd the retreat.
On heaps the *Trojans* croud to gain the gate,
And gladſome ſee their laſt eſcape from Fate.
Thither, all parch'd with thirſt, a heartleſs train,
Hoary with duſt, they beat the hollow plain:
And gaſping, panting, fainting, labour on
With heavier ſtrides, that lengthen tow'rd the town.
Enrag'd *Achilles* follows with his ſpear;
Wild with revenge, inſatiable of war.
Then had the *Greeks* eternal praiſe acquir'd,
And *Troy* inglorious to her walls retir'd;

But * he, the God who darts ætherial flame,
Shot down to ſave her, and redeem her fame,
To young *Agenor* force divine he gave,
(*Antenor*'s offspring, haughty, bold and brave)
In aid of him, beſide the beech he ſat,
And wrapt, in clouds, reſtrained the hand of Fate.
When now the gen'rous youth *Achilles* ſpies,
Thick beats his heart, the troubled motions riſe,
(So, e'er a ſtorm, the waters heave and roll)
He ſtops, and queſtions thus his mighty ſoul.

What, ſhall I fly this terrour of the plain?
Like others fly, and be like others ſlain?
Vain hope! to ſhun him by the ſelf-ſame road
Yon' line of ſlaughter'd *Trojans* lately trod.

ỳ. 651. *What, ſhall I fly?* &c.] This is a very beautiful ſoliloquy of *Agenor*, ſuch a one as would naturally ariſe in the ſoul of a brave man, going upon a deſperate enterpriſe: he weighs every thing in the balance of reaſon; he ſets before himſelf the baſeneſs of flight, and the courage of his enemy, till at laſt the thirſt of glory preponderates all other conſiderations. From the concluſion of this ſpeech it is evident, that the ſtory of *Achilles*'s being invulnerable except in the heel, is an invention of latter ages; for had he been ſo, there had been nothing wonderful in his character. *Euſtathius.*

* *Apollo.*

No: with the common heap I ſcorn to fall —
What if they paſs'd me to the *Trojan* wall,
While I decline to yonder path, that leads
To *Ida*'s foreſts and ſurrounding ſhades?
So may I reach, conceal'd, the cooling flood,
From my tir'd body waſh the dirt and blood,
As ſoon as night her duſky veil extends,
Return in ſafety to my *Trojan* friends.
What if? —— But wherefore all this vain debate?
Stand I to doubt, within the reach of Fate?
Ev'n now perhaps, e'er yet I turn the wall,
The fierce *Achilles* ſees me, and I fall:
Such is his ſwiftneſs, 'tis in vain to fly,
And ſuch his valour, that who ſtands muſt die.
Howe'er 'tis better, fighting for the ſtate,
Here, and in publick view, to meet my fate.
Yet ſure He too is mortal; He may feel
(Like all the ſons of earth) the force of ſteel;
One only ſoul informs that dreadful frame;
And *Jove*'s ſole favour gives him all his fame.

He ſaid, and ſtood, collected in his might;
And all his beating boſom claim'd the fight.

So from ſome deep-grown wood a panther ſtarts,
Rous'd from his thicket by a ſtorm of darts:
Untaught to fear or fly, he hears the ſounds
Of ſhouting hunters, and of clam'rous hounds;
Tho' ſtruck, tho' wounded, ſcarce perceives the pain;
And the barb'd jav'lin ſtings his breaſt in vain:
On their whole war, untam'd the ſavage flies;
And tears his hunter, or beneath him dies.
Not leſs reſolv'd, *Antenor*'s valiant heir
Confronts *Achilles*, and awaits the war,
Diſdainful of retreat: high-held before,
His ſhield (a broad circumference) he bore;
Then graceful as he ſtood, in act to throw
The lifted jav'lin thus beſpoke the foe.
How proud *Achilles* glories in his fame!
And hopes this day to ſink the *Trojan* name
Beneath her ruins! Know, that hope is vain;
A thouſand woes, a thouſand toils remain.
Parents and children our juſt arms employ,
And ſtrong, and many, are the ſons of *Troy*.
Great as thou art, ev'n thou may'ſt ſtain with gore
Theſe *Phrygian* fields, and preſs a foreign ſhore

He ſaid: with matchleſs force the jav'lin flung
Smote on his knee; the hollow cuiſhes rung
Beneath the pointed ſteel; but ſafe from harms
He ſtands impaſſive in th' ætherial arms.
Then fiercely ruſhing on the daring foe,
His lifted arm prepares the fatal blow:
But jealous of his fame *Apollo* ſhrouds
The God-like *Trojan* in a veil of clouds.
Safe from purſuit, and ſhut from mortal view,
Diſmiſs'd with fame, the favour'd youth withdrew.
Meanwhile the God, to cover their eſcape,
Aſſumes *Agenor*'s habit, voice, and ſhape,

℣. 709. *Meanwhile the God, to cover their eſcape*, &c.] The Poet makes a double uſe of this fiction of *Apollo*'s deceiving *Achilles* in the ſhape of *Agenor*; by theſe means he draws him from the purſuit, and gives the *Trojans* time to enter the city, and at the ſame time brings *Agenor* handſomely off from the combat. The moral of this fable is, that Deſtiny would not yet ſuffer *Troy* to fall.

Euſtathius fancies that the occaſion of the fiction might be this: *Agenor* fled from *Achilles* to the banks of *Xanthus*, and might there conceal himſelf from the purſuer behind ſome covert that grew on the ſhores; this perhaps might be the whole of the ſtory. So plain a narration would have paſſed in the mouth of the hiſtorian, but the Poet dreſſes it in fiction, and tells us that *Apollo* (or Deſtiny) concealed him in a cloud from the ſight of his enemy.

Flies from the furious chief in this diſguiſe;
The furious chief ſtill follows where he flies.
Now o'er the fields they ſtretch with lengthen'd ſtrides,
Now urge the courſe where ſwift *Scamander* glides:
The God now, diſtant ſcarce a ſtride before,
Tempts his purſuit, and wheels about the ſhore;
While all the flying troops their ſpeed employ,
And pour on heaps into the walls of *Troy*:
No ſtop, no ſtay; no thought to aſk, or tell,
Who 'ſcap'd by flight, or who by battle fell.
'Twas tumult all, and violence of flight;
And ſudden joy confus'd, and mix'd affright:
Pale *Troy* againſt *Achilles* ſhuts her gate;
And nations breathe, deliver'd from their fate.

The ſame author farther obſerves, that *Achilles* by an unſeaſonable piece of vain-glory, in purſuing a ſingle enemy, gives time to a whole army to eſcape: he neither kills *Agenor*, nor overtakes the *Trojans*.

The End of the Fifth Volume.

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